

# CORONET

GUST

25c



*best sellers condensed in this issue*

**A BELL FOR ADANO** by John Hersey

**THE CURTAIN RISES** by Quentin Reynolds



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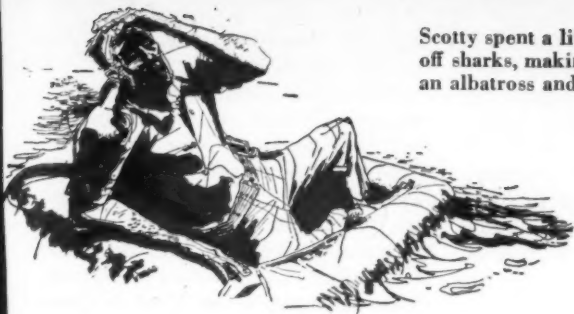
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**\*Cover Girl** This is the polka-dot suit that launched a thousand quips and the eye-ful who fills it out so neatly is Chili Williams—alias Marion Sorenson—the lovely, blonde Scandinavian from Minnesota. She's about 21, and pines to be a specialty singer. In case you pine for Chili, thank Ewing Krainin, photographer, for this kodachrome of her.

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Scotty spent a lively holiday season, fighting off sharks, making friends with a fish and an albatross and heartily cursing his rescuers

## **Raft of Troubles**

by SGT. GORDON D. MARSTON

"**B**EING OF SOUND mind, I do hereby declare this to be my last will and testament . . . to my wife, Sue, I . . ."

Lieutenant (jg) David A. Scott of Indianapolis, Navy fighter pilot, was nearing the end of eight days and nights in a rubber boat in St. George's Channel. Riotous Rabaul was only a few miles distant.

Known to his fellow squadron members as just plain "Scotty," he was writing his will on the gunwale of the little yellow colored craft. Exhausted, beaten down by a series of events that robbed him of his hope for rescue, Scotty was not exactly quitting but he was getting ready for the end.

He thought of the baby that was expected back home. And he thought of the hoped-for rescue party that had never come. Scotty wet the end of the stubby little pencil he was holding and added one line apart from the legal message:

"Where the hell were you?"

Eight or nine days in a rubber raft, in the light of other sagas of the Pacific, is hardly par for the

course. But Scotty's story borders on the bizarre. In it, among other things, you'll run across a bare-fisted fight with a shark, and Albert, the one-legged albatross.

It was December 24, 1943, the day before Christmas over Rabaul and everything was stirring. The show was billed as a fighter-strike and Scotty was in his Hellcat. Precisely it was 11:30 a.m. and the 25-year-old pilot with two Zeros to his credit, was 20 thousand feet above the city, that prized but bitter plum of the South Pacific.

Late-starting Zeros climbed into the sky and a fight was on. The Zero pilots were in their usual acrobatic form, doing amazing maneuvers with their remarkable planes. One Nip came off his flying trapeze long enough to make a fast pass at Scotty. He missed. So did Scotty, who then zoomed over Rabaul, circled and came back at 15 thousand feet. A hot fight was on down below. Scotty looked down and picked out one enemy plane that was in his league and dove for it. He scorched it, then burned it. It was officially No. 3 for the lieutenant. Scotty fol-

lowed the plane down and for a few seconds watched it writhe and fry. Pulling the stick back, he went up to 8,000, then heard a loud bang, like a door being slammed. A couple of cherries (tracers) went by. His oil pressure hit the bottom. A 20 mm. from an unseen Zero which dropped on the Hellcat had shot away the oil line.

Scotty was losing altitude as his gasping F6F passed over Duke of York Island. It was the drink for Scotty and he made for the middle of St. George's Channel. The other squadron members were heading for home now and one close by radioed: "Take it easy, Scotty, we'll have you picked up." Scotty was the equal of any pilot in the squadron; his gallant Hellcat, its lifeblood drained away, came down under control, tail first on the water and with two bounces.

There was a minute to get out of the plane. Scotty's left foot was jammed under the rudder bar, but he pulled loose of the shoe. Methodically, Scotty got out his raft and other safety gear. Just as he was about to inflate the rubber boat, one of the "boys" came down low and waved in matter-of-fact fashion. Scotty waved back and reflected it wouldn't be long before a Catalina came for him. Those chaps who fly the PBY-5's were always on tap.

Scotty turned to his raft. It was 10 feet under the water and going down, down, down behind the weight of the oxygen cylinder. The pilot paled for a moment, then found a line leading down to the raft. He yanked and tugged it to the surface, finally was ready to wait for rescue, even though his proximity to Rabaul and other nearby

Jap-held territory was hardly a comforting thought.

Behind the paddles, Scotty took a bearing. He was in mid-channel. A half mile away a New Zealander was in a similar predicament. The first impulse was to row over and join him, but Scotty decided to keep the position he had been last seen holding. That was a bad guess. A few hours later the New Zealand airman was rescued. Scotty wasn't.

Christmas Eve was spent on St. George, not with St. Nicholas. During the night, small boats fretted in nearby waters. Scotty didn't sleep, but daylight showed the channel clear. Christmas Day he kept his eyes on the sky and his thoughts on many things, including the turkey he was missing. Tiny fish played around the boat, and three jumped in. Although he was well supplied with rations, Scotty thumbnailed scales off them and ate them whole.

LATE THAT afternoon Scotty cancelled hope of rescue on Christmas. At dusk he was paddling out to the open sea. He slept his second night, and did his fitful slumbering off Cape St. George.

Daybreak of the 26th found Scotty back in his original St. George's Channel spot. At least it might expedite recovery, he thought. Shortly before noon he saw his squadron heading for Rabaul. He was certain they'd be looking for him on the second leg of the Rabaul round trip. He saw them heading homeward and he mirrored his signals. One plane flew right over him. Disgusted, the castaway pilot decided to head for New Ireland. He was too sick at heart to have an appetite. By mid-afternoon he was

stalled by strong channel currents. So he headed for New Britain.

With twilight marching steadily through the blaze of a Pacific sunset, Scotty put out his bucket sea anchor and made ready to "settle down." He was as cramped as a Washington boarding house. The inevitable shark put in its appearance and nosed around the raft. Scotty plugged him with his .45 pistol. The shark dropped out of sight and a storm blew up.

The next day found him in Cape St. George once more. Early in the forenoon an albatross circled around and made a perfect one-legged landing on the boat. The missing leg was a mystery, but Scotty welcomed the visitor, promptly nicknamed him Albert, the Albatross. Scotty recalled school days and the story of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. In a modern vein, Scotty recalled a pilot pal who had killed an albatross and extracted oil from its neck to fix up a rusty pistol. But Albert was not one for killing.

Another caller came an hour later. A fair sized fish, not unlike a small mouth bass but definitely not one, came alongside. He looked playful. Scotty scratched the fish's back, named him George . . . George, the friendly fish. So now the official family read, from left to right, Scotty, Albert and George.

The strange trio passed the remainder of the day in uneventful fashion. A cold night came with Scotty huddled up, Albert com- placent on his aft roost and George lying about a foot away in the water.

December 28th broke hazily in Scotty's mind. Sunburned and exhausted, worn raw in the nerve

department, he nonetheless called on his ingenuity and rigged a sail, crude but effective. He took the two paddles, tied them together, then inserted one end into his canteen between the cover and the canteen itself. This gave him a mast about four feet high after he had secured the canteen to his knee with several turns of stout cord. From his fishing kit, he put together sections and ran the slender pole up inside the elastic band of the goggles he wore. Between the two "masts" he fixed a piece of sail cloth.

Albert, the Albatross, looked on skeptically. With no sign of rescue, Scotty decided to sail toward Bougainville, but the wind was negligible.

THE SIXTH DAY arrived in a dead calm. This was a day never to be forgotten by the one-time pressman for the *Indianapolis News*. About noon he saw a PBY-5 flying boat approaching with fighter escort. He knew the search was on, but the plane was too far away. Later the plane flew by, much closer, but Scotty could not flag it down. It made one teasing turn toward him, then droned off in the horizon.

Scotty was not only disheartened. He was mad. So was Albert the Albatross who, in effect, threw in the towel. Albert flapped his wings, headed off into the wind, never to be seen again. Scotty looked for George and he, too, was gone.

Then trouble really came. A shark attacked the boat, first in a series of gentle bumps. Scotty grabbed his pistol, but it was badly rusted by this time and would not work automatically. He struggled to get a cartridge into the chamber,

but it slipped out of his grasp and dropped to the bottom of the raft.

The shark was infuriated with the strange yellow object. It went down under the boat and rammed upward. The boat was lifted out of the water and banged down again. The fury of the attack increased. Scotty began beating the shark over the head with the butt of the pistol. When the pistol twisted out of his grip, Scotty approached the hysterical. He began to beat his opponent on the head with his fists.

The frail craft rocked with the battle. Suddenly the shark rolled over on its back just as Scotty swung. His fist skidded against the first row of teeth. They looked like rows of theatre seats. The blow took the skin off his knuckles.

Scotty decided to switch tactics. So did the shark. It dove deep, came up under the craft and rolled over in an attempt to sink its teeth into the bottom of the boat. Considerable damage was done before Scotty got out his fluorescein sea dye maker, 12 ounces of which will cover an area of about 50 feet and can be seen for eight miles from 10 thousand feet up on a clear day. Scotty dashed the dye into the face of the shark, who turned and gave up the attack as suddenly as it had started.

Scotty settled back in the raft, shaking like a leaf and yelling to nobody in particular.

A hissing sound and bubbles in the water meant that his battered and torn raft, his "home" was sinking! A hasty survey of the situation revealed 18 small holes and five rips in the fabric. Scotty got out special plugs to screw into some of the holes, then stuffed his stockings

and bandages from his first aid box into others. Considerable water had come in, but the flow was gradual. He began a program of inflating his boat at half-hour intervals.

Scotty's spirits sunk to a new low. He drank all of his water supply and set himself for the end, convinced that the raft would never stay afloat. His hope for succor was at the vanishing point. Moreover, he was now many miles from his reported position on the original day of the forced water landing.

On the seventh day Scotty cursed the rashness which prompted him to consume all his water. The boat was not leaking so rapidly and he was able to keep pace with the flow. About 11 in the forenoon a heavy rain squall came up; water again was plentiful. He brightened up, decided to make another try for New Ireland. In the late afternoon sharks appeared again. This time Scotty had his pistol working and killed three before an attack could be instigated.

ON THE last day of 1943 Scotty switched his New Ireland plans in favor of a possible nautical trek to Bougainville, a long way off, but still in the direction of friends. He seriously doubted his ability to make it. In preparation for the end, Scotty drew up his will. Then he grimly wrote that ironic line: "Where the hell were you?"

Noon produced a sizzling sun and a plane in the distance flying low and parallel to his position. Scotty slipped a tracer bullet into the chamber of his pistol. Frantically he threw over more of his sea dye marker, then took down his sail and spread it out on the water. He used

his mirror, sending sun-reflection signals.

Those aboard the plane didn't see Scotty. Then the plane made a turn and headed right for him. Not a Catalina, it went over Scotty and sped on for nearly a mile. Scotty's hopes hit rock bottom, but recovered with incredible speed when, after a wide turn, the New Zealand plane on search patrol came back to drop food and smoke bombs. The radio operator already was sending for a rescue plane, one that could make a water landing.

Rescue did not come that day, but Scotty's spirits were gleeful.

When sharks reappeared, he confidently shot two of them. During the night a storm came up and Scotty was blown 15 miles off his reported position.

New Year's Day was his ninth and Scotty celebrated. Bright and early two Catalinas, escorted by fighters, circled over his position of the previous day. Scotty prayed that they would extend their search radius into his new area. He watched intently, then lit a smoke bomb. The PBY-5 flew over him, then landed.

After 196 terrible hours, Scotty's troubles were over.



### Artifices of War



■ WITH ONE OF the cleverest ruses of the war, the British Navy has had many an enemy admiral tearing his hair at the incredible inaccuracy of his ship's shooting. The British simply wait for a moment when a salvo from the enemy vessel is due, then they let go with all their depth charge throwers. Unable to see them doing that, the enemy spots the charges exploding and figures that that's where his shells are hitting. Result: he corrects his fire so that it hits even wider of the mark, while the British Navy put theirs where it counts.

■ THE RAF HAS sometimes pulled a neat one. Once over a city marked for blasting, British planes would drop thousands of strips of paper, black on one side, and covered with tinfoil on the other. The strips play havoc with ground radio locators, which work on the principle that radio waves from the ground are reflected by the metal of the plane. Thus from the angle of deflection and

time needed for the trip the plane's position is figured. But the tinfoil also reflects the waves, giving the impression that the air is full of planes coming from all directions at all altitudes.

■ OVER GERMANY, Allied pilots have to beware a clever Nazi deception: strings of phosphorous lights set up a few miles from the target. When flashed on, they looked like incendiaries dropped by our own planes to light up the target. The Nazi idea was to get our bombs dumped harmlessly in the wrong area.

■ IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, American night bombers have to take care, when approaching Jap targets, that they're not joined by a lone enemy reconnaissance plane flying a parallel course at the same altitude but out of range. For as they near the target, the Jap plane signals altitude and speed to anti-aircraft crews so that the ack-ack is deadly accurate.

—LAWRENCE GALTON



This Park Avenue swell who sports British tweeds and speaks four languages can scout up more thrills and talent per circus than anybody



## Agent for Human Oddities

by WESLEY PRICE

AFTER THE PEACE, a one-time actor named Leo Grund will again be fighting for a seat on a trans-Atlantic Clipper, hoping that he can find Tonsor the Elephant and Lea the Lion somewhere in bomb-blasted Europe. That is, if they haven't been cooked and eaten by a hungry populace.

Tonsor, trained as a comedy barber, is one of the world's most valuable elephants. He drapes a sheet over his customer, daubs on gallons of lather, and strops a four-foot razor. Then he shaves his victim, relentlessly. At the end he hoses off the client with a mighty and hilarious squirt from his trunk. Grund discovered Tonsor in the *Circus Schumann*, in Copenhagen, just before the Nazi invasion. If he can find the elephant again after the war, he'll bring him to the U.S.A. for Ringling Brothers.

He'll import Lea the Lion, too, if Lea is alive, although there may be a little cop trouble because Lea wanders around loose like a cocker spaniel. No leash. Lea's trainer used to ride down the Champs Elysee in an open-top automobile,

with Lea sitting beside him. In the *Cirque Médrano*, in Paris, Lea perched upright on an upholstered sofa and ate her dinner off a table, without grabbing.

Leo Grund has probably imported more death-defying wonders and novelty acts than any man in the world. The job sounds like a natural for a retired acrobat. Actually Grund is a Park Avenue swell, who wears expensively correct British tweeds, and speaks French, German, Italian and English. Fluently, with a Viennese slur.

Born into a family of conservative Austrian bankers, he had a brief but prodigious career as a child star in European films. He came to the U. S. as a youth, with a trunkful of incredible French shoes—needle pointed, patent leather, cloth-topped—and a letter of introduction to the late Otto Kahn, multi-millionaire.

Grund, who looks like a blond matinee idol, appeared in several stage plays before discovering that he preferred management to acting. When he had to choose between the male lead in a Theatre Guild



production and an offer to become an agent for circus acts, he quit the theatre. For the past 13 years he has been signing daredevils and human oddities for George A. Hamid, Inc., largest outdoor show booking agency in the world.

It is big business. Americans spend upwards of 40 million dollars a year to see intrepid girls stick their heads in lions' mouths, or get themselves shot out of cannon. These spine-chilling monkeyshines go on at 25 circuses, 250 carnivals, more than three thousand fairs, and numberless volunteer firemen's row-de-dows.

Most of the sensational acts seen here come from Europe. Sixty per cent of them are from Germany. Grund says: "The Fritzies have cool nerve, an instinct for precision, and the patience to drill for years and years on feats of skill and strength. Americans are too impatient for the work."

But Americans excel at showmanship, he says, and at dreaming up spectacular thrill routines. Typical was Hell Driver Earl M. "Lucky" Teter, star attraction on the Hamid books until his luck ran out in Indianapolis in 1942. Teter was killed jumping an automobile 40 feet over a bus, a stunt he had done safely often enough before. Only an American could have devised the Teter show, in which a gang of motor maniacs staged head-on collisions, and turned speeding cars over on their backs at 40 miles per hour.

Until war intervened, Grund used to spend three months of every year scouting Europe for killer-dillers. He took in the big permanent circuses in France, Germany

and Denmark, and the great variety halls like the Palladium in London, Wintergarten in Berlin, and Gaumont in Paris. He went on to the obscure traveling carnivals in Poland and the Balkans. Some of his best finds came at the end of a two-day journey in third class coaches, sharing his hard wooden seat with chickens, cheeses, peasants and sacks of potatoes.

Grund's bad dreams are all about highly trained performers killing themselves through carelessness. The list of avoidable accidents is long. Brava the Great, who capered expertly atop a 150-foot pole, ignored two warnings that his climbing rope was frayed. In Boston the rope parted while he was descending amid cheers. He fell to his death.

Carelessness crippled Léon Collet, who used to hang by one toe on the end of a twirling trapeze, a hundred feet in the air. His brother, Henri, hung by a toe at the other end; no straps or safety devices. Centrifugal force stretched their bodies out parallel with the ground. One day in Atlantic City Leon twisted slightly to yell a message to his wife Vera, in the crowd far below. He slipped, fell, and broke most of the bones in his body. After three years he was able to walk without canes, but he doesn't fly through the air any more. His wife does that, and the act, known as *Les Kimris*, has become tops in the business.

Vabanque was the most careless performer of all. He had a break-away trapeze act when Grund first saw him at the National in Copenhagen. He would leap from a high trapeze to a bar 20 feet below; the

bar would break, and Vabanque would take a sickening plunge toward the arena floor—until brought up short by a thin rope strapped to his ankle. Opening night in Copenhagen he used a new rope. The theatre manager warned him to cut the rope four feet shorter than usual; new ropes stretch, and Vabanque might hit the floor in his drop. Vabanque carelessly cut off an unmeasured bit. The manager secretly cut off another foot, on his own account. Vabanque leaped, the rope stretched, and he hit just hard enough to lay open his scalp.

"The guy's crazy," the Copenhagen manager told Grund. "He doesn't care about his own life."

Grund brought Vabanque to this country, substituted a non-stretchable wire for the rope, and forbade Vabanque to rehearse unless he, Grund, was present. One day Grund arrived 10 minutes late. Vabanque was being lifted into an ambulance. Weeks later, when he could talk, he explained: it was all the fault of his ankle strap. He had bought it new—a fine leather strap. Well, practically leather, anyway. It cost 25 cents, in a cut-rate store. "A bargain," said Vabanque. The bargain included three months in a plaster cast.

By contrast, Grund cites the Five Aerial Albanis, a Hungarian family which has handed down its technique through seven generations. In all that time no member of the troupe has had an accident.

Sometimes an act looks so dangerous that police refuse to permit performances. Out West, where authorities are more liberal, they used to let Daredevil Frank Fraser

crash airplanes into frame buildings, with dynamite charges wired inside the wings to multiply the uproar. Chicago approved of this virile enterprise; but the Boston cops offered to jug Fraser if he brought one of his lunatic airplanes within 10 miles of City Hall.

Other acts get by, but have hidden dangers. The Great Peters used to leap off a platform with his neck in a noose, "hanging" himself twice a day. Wiseacres yawned and spoke knowingly of a rubber noose with a two-way stretch. Actually the "hanging" was difficult. Peters used a real noose. He saved himself from a broken neck by a lightning grab at the rope over his head for a split second, to break the fall. The swift, practiced motion went unnoticed. In St. Louis he missed his grab for the first time.

That time he hanged, dead.

AMATEURS pester Grund. A Midwestern inventor offered an act wherein a steel-shod man walks upside down on a large magnetized plate. Grund asked: What if the electric current fails suddenly? The inventor hadn't thought of that.

A girl with large teeth wanted to do an iron-jaw slide on a wire from the top of the Empire State building to the Chrysler tower. All Grund had to do, she said, was string the wire—a mere eight blocks—and get police permission. He declined.

The most fantastic act discovered by Grund was Blacaman, a bearded giant with platinum teeth. Blacaman is a one-man circus. He starts his show—Grund saw it in Poland—by hauling six huge crocodiles from a tank, and thumping them down on a table. He pries open

their jaws and transfixes them with a ferocious glare. The crocs stiffen, hypnotized. Blacaman bows, and flashes his platinum molars at the audience. He snaps his fingers, the crocs look alive, and he dumps them back into the tanks.

Then Blacaman walks up a ladder of swords barefoot. He lies on a bed of broken glass, while attendants pile rocks on his chest and jump on him. He is buried alive for 15 minutes, in a wooden box. For a breather, he hypnotizes a dozen roosters and rabbits. In the finale Blacaman appears in a loin cloth and wrestles four lions. Then he lashes them to a frenzy, folds his arms on his chest, and stares at them until they are hypnotized.

Grund decided not to book this phenomenon, because the act was too unwieldy. It carried 12 assistants, a freight car full of apparatus, 12 crocs and 16 lions, more than twice the number of man-eaters Blacaman needed. He liked spares.

A slow routine can spoil an otherwise good act. A man in Budapest supported a long heavy pole on king-size stomach muscles. The pole was surmounted by a tiny track, and the wife pedalled a bicycle up there, in circles. Grund signed the pair. The act flopped here because it took riggers a boring five minutes to hoist the apparatus onto the notable stomach.

Sometimes Grund rewrites an act to supply a needed thrill. For example, the Stonleys, who had a balancing trick: reading from top to bottom, there was a girl standing on the shoulders of a man, who stood on a shifting platform, which rested on a rolling ball, which rode

on another platform, which was on top of a high pole. Got it?

The trick was difficult, but not dramatic. Berlin audiences liked it, but for America, Grund raised the pole higher and put a cageful of roaring lions around its foot. The lions watched the Stonleys overhead, licking their chops. Circus audiences loved it.

AMERICAN show-goers are more critical than Europeans, Grund says. Abroad, the emphasis is on hard tricks and sweat. Costumes are old-fashioned, musical accompaniment is lugubrious. The sense of showmanship is feeble; some performers haven't even learned to smile. They just grunt and perspire. Grund demands that the 20 minute routines that satisfied Europe be packed into eight fast minutes for the U. S. "If you have to sit 20 minutes to see an act," he says, "it becomes a bore. Even if he stands on his head and juggles the whole house."

Most of the 12 minutes Grund trims out of an act is waste motion—clumsy methods of setting up apparatus, stage waits and bows. The European insists on taking bows. And bows. And bows. "There is a juggler," says Grund. "He juggles and bows, juggles and bows. At the end he bows interminably. You say, 'It's enough, I hope he goes now.' He comes back and bows. He cannot work in vaudeville, because he cannot finish in seven or eight minutes."

If American acts stay in Europe too long they become slack. Grund knows an American bicycle act which was a sensation in Berlin and Paris. They stayed eight years,

working all the time at top prices. Chased home by war, they could get no bookings here. They had lost their American showmanship. The act took longer, and it had become complicated. Even the costumes were inferior.

Grund has become adept at dealing with the Europeans whom he books. The United States baffles the newcomers. They don't know how big an American dollar is. They are amazed that bread is served free with restaurant meals. They complain about dirty streets.

Most troublesome was the Spaniard whom Grund picked up in Paris. He had a marvelously trained riderless horse. The Spaniard insisted that the horse travel by first class liner, in a specially cotton padded stall, with day and night guards. Furthermore, Grund had to guarantee that the horse would never, never come in contact with another horse. Billy Rose took over the Spaniard and his animal, groaning: "There aren't enough horses here, I have to bring one from Europe at 600 dollars a week."

War has raised hob with the daredevil industry. No foreign acts have been imported in five years.

Those that stayed here have been whittled down by the draft, retirements and accidents.

Before the war there were 500 acts on the Hamid books. Today he has about 250. Nevertheless, his clients gross about 1,750,000 dollars annually, more than double the pre-war figure. Standard acts worth 500 dollars a week in 1942 now command 1,000. But most trained showmen risk their necks for a lot less than 5,000 dollars a year. Money has to be split among members of the act, and the season lasts only 20 or 30 weeks.

Grund is waiting for the day when he can scout Europe's circuses again, if there is any circus left—or any Europe. This time, he hopes, the Russians will relax and let the world see talent that has been locked behind Soviet borders for decades.

Somewhere behind the Urals, according to rumor, there is a fabulous troupe of trained camels. Grund believes the rumor, although camels are notoriously the most intractable, stubborn and perverse of beasts. "If anybody could train a camel to do tricks," he says, "a Russian could."

### ***Way to a Woman's Heart***

THE TRAMP WALKED UP to a prosperous-looking house and knocked on the door. When the lady answered, he asked for a bite to eat.

"But you look like an able-bodied man," said the housewife. You ought to be strong enough to be in the Navy or at least in defense work."

"I know, Ma'm, and you seem to be beautiful enough to go on the stage, or into the movies, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

"Step into the kitchen and I'll see if I can find you a steak."

—*Bremerton Ship's Log*

## Post Exchange



While driving his jeep through a small town, a soldier ran through an open air market and accidentally knocked over a barrel of potatoes, a case of apples, some oranges and some melons. He finally bounced to a stop in the middle of the block and looked back at the wreckage.

The merchant, who had run out into the middle of the street, shouted to him, "Don't bother to back up. I'll kick the eggs over myself."



A rookie, stopped short by a lieutenant for failing to salute, was asked his name. "Mortimer Monroe Lundberg," the boy blurted.

"Say 'sir' when you speak to an officer, soldier."

The recruit corrected himself snappily, "Sir Mortimer Monroe Lundberg."



Just given the Distinguished Service Medal, a soldier was asked what his wife thought of the decoration.

"She doesn't know I got it," was the reply. "It isn't my turn to write."



A Marine fighter pilot started it one day over Rabaul, New Britain. Now if you should listen in on the fighter radio frequency during an air battle, you'd hear something like this:

"I'm the Green Hornet! Bzzzzzz—watch me sting this Jap!" Or "Here comes Jaaack Aaaaarmstrong the Aaaaall

Aaaaamerican Bbboy—ratt-atat-tatt"... "Wheee, I'm Dead Eye Dick and I never miss!" ... "Which way did they go, pardner?" ... "Stop, you villain—I'll pay the mortgage! Take this and that and that and that!"



Taking a busman's holiday, a soldier home on furlough went for a walk in the mountains. As he rounded a turn in the road he saw a hillbilly playing checkers with a dog. Highly impressed, the soldier remarked that he thought the dog was extremely clever.

"Naw, he ain't so smart," the native drawled. "I just beat him two games."



A letter arrived at home from the boy in Boot Camp: "Dear Dad: Let's hear from you more often, even if it's only five or ten dollars."



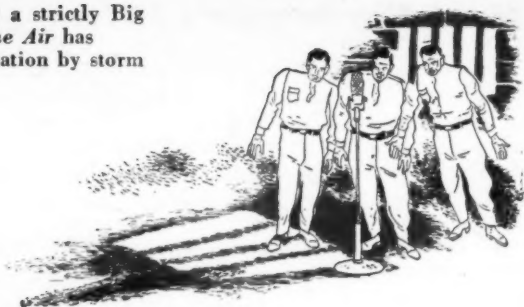
A patient came to a field hospital with the complaint that he was unable to sleep at night. The doctor's advice was for the soldier to eat something before going to bed.

"But, Doctor," the patient reminded him, "two months ago you told me never to eat anything before going to bed."

The good doctor blinked, and then in full professional dignity replied, "My boy, that was two months ago. Science has made enormous strides since then."



Originated and performed by a strictly Big House cast, *San Quentin on the Air* has taken the air waves and the nation by storm



## **San Quentin Serenade**

by DEAN JENNINGS

FOUR THOUSAND radio listeners of all ages, responding to an announcer's call for song requests, flooded the mails in a California community one week recently. Every one urged the young tenor to sing *My Ideal*.

The principal in this cascade of fan mail for a single song was not Frank Sinatra. It was not even the great groaner, Bing Crosby. The lad in the case was one John Joseph Trudrung, who does all his singing behind the walls of the state penitentiary on what might be called radio's miracle show: "San Quentin on the Air."

In a short two years, fed by some magic growth hormone that still eludes radio's masterminds, the San Quentin show has grown from a humble local station sustainer to a transcontinental giant. Veteran producers at Mutual studios are aghast at the two hundred thousand letters which have already poured in from enthusiastic listeners in every state and half the countries of the world.

At this moment the publishers of Tin Pan Alley, those canny

prophets who can feel success earthquakes without seismographs, are falling over each other in the rush to have their new songs plugged on the prison show. It makes sense, too, for the records show that during one series 7 of 10 numbers first played on this program eventually made the Hit Parade. On the piano pounding circuit this is merely stupendous, particularly if you consider that "San Quentin on the Air" sells nothing but faith and hope, without the charity, has no sponsors, commercials or big names and performs with a strictly Big House cast. Nine large manufacturing companies have offered fabulous sums to sponsor the show, but San Quentin says: "No dice." And therein lies a tale.

The man who released this newest geni of the radio is John A. Hendricks, who entered San Quentin 12 years ago carrying a life ticket. A master musician who could write a symphony around a piccolo, Hendricks wrote editorials for the *Etude* magazine, continued his popular column in *Cue* magazine and spent his spare time composing and



studying. Since there were hundreds of other men in the prison who needed the spiritual lift music can give, it was inevitable they would get together.

Hendricks was made director of the prison band. He put it together with patience and nerve, plus a broken-down Steinway, trombones that wouldn't slide, dented horns that looked like parts of a mountaineer's still and fiddles even Jack Benny wouldn't touch. In a few years the band was so good it won a California critics' prize and written praise from the greats of the orchestra world. But it was still a prison band, locked up like its men.

One day Hendricks talked to Clinton T. Duffy, the young prison clerk who had been made warden with the help of a petition from more than three thousand inmates.

"Warden," he said, "I had a letter the other day from a mother whose boy has just come here. She's scared to death because she read about some other prison where a youngster was stabbed and where there's a lot of shooting and man-handling going on. I've told her it isn't like that here. I told her you believe in giving a fellow a chance, treating your men like human beings and teaching them something so they'll go out and be good neighbors in their home towns. Why not tell all the mothers? Why not tell everybody?"

"How?"

"On the radio!"

Duffy agreed to help, and persuaded interested members of the State Prison Board to give Hendricks a chance. The band leader worked feverishly. In the huge mess hall he found Johnny Trudrung, a

handsome ex-sailor with a voice like a technicolor sunset. One of the big shops yielded Milton White, a colored singer who could draw tears out of a loan shark. A contest for announcers was won by Johnny White, a good-looking young man from the warden's office.

With these men as a starter and a nondescript band, Hendricks built his first show. Warden Duffy offered it to the most powerful network station in San Francisco.

"What!" said its manager. "A bunch of cons? I should say not!"

The warden tried a second station and a third. Neither wanted any part of San Quentin. He wrote to a fourth and a fifth. They told him they wouldn't touch a prison show even if Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart were in the cast. But when he sent his dog-eared script to the sixth station, which happened to be KFRC in San Francisco, the imaginative managers agreed to a trial series.

Since that time, some two years ago, "San Quentin on the Air" has graduated to the big time on a format which honestly reflects the hope and fear, the joy and pride of forgotten men. Hendricks has even convinced the scoffing minority among his fellow inmates who feared the institution was turning sissy. They're with him one hundred per cent since the night he did a favor for Graham Hill.

Hill, a Los Angeles killer with a long record, came to San Quentin to die in the lethal gas chamber.

The night before his execution, Warden Duffy went to see him in condemned row, and asked if he had any special request.

"Yes," Hill nodded. "I would

like to have a phonograph record of *Tales from the Vienna Woods*."

"Sure," said Duffy. "I'll get it."

But Duffy couldn't find the record in the prison collection, and it was too late to get one in San Francisco, 30 miles away. Hearing the prison orchestra at rehearsal in the empty auditorium, Duffy went in to ask Hendricks for suggestions.

"I'm sorry, Warden," Hendricks said. "I haven't got that record. I haven't even got the score. But don't worry. We'll do something."

It was then midnight, and the musicians were ready to quit for the day. But when Hendricks told them about Hill's request, they picked up their instruments and took their places. "Now, fellows," Hendricks said, "you'll have to play this number from memory, and we're going to do it right. Okay?"

"Okay," they chorused.

At two a.m., after the fourth attempt, Hendricks was satisfied. His men had never done finer work. He brought in a recording machine, raised his baton and the orchestra swung into Strauss' gay and immortal composition. The finished record was rushed to the death cell, and Hill was still playing it, smiling, when they came to take him away.

Hendricks' almost feverish creed for good musicianship and entertainment appeal against obvious handicaps of equipment and personnel soon reached KFRC's listeners. By the time the first series was ended, "San Quentin on the Air" was crowding many of the commercial favorites, and the prison radio crew was promptly signed for a new and longer schedule.

Among the early supporters of the show was peppery, gallic Pierre

Monteux, nationally known conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. One night Monteux heard Hendricks conducting his own arrangement of *Ballad for Americans*. The following afternoon Monteux popped up at rehearsal time in the prison auditorium.

"I could not resist this," he said to the open-mouthed Hendricks. "May I borrow your baton?"

Hendricks nodded dumbly, and handed over the wand.

"Now," Monteux grinned. "We will play."

For a solid hour the fiery little conductor led the amazed but inspired inmates through a kaleidoscope of tone, as Hendricks watched with tears in his eyes. And finally, leaving as abruptly as he had come, Monteux stuffed Hendricks' arrangement into his briefcase.

"I am going on vacation," he said. "I will study this, and teach it to my men. Thank you—and good luck."

BEFORE THE year was out, Edward G. Robinson, Leo Carrillo, Preston Foster, Warden Lewis E. Lawes and many others visited San Quentin. Cesar Romero came, and spoke to all the inmates over the prison's inter-cell hookup. The San Rafael Scouts donated neat and colorful uniforms for the band, and new instruments were purchased with money earned by inmates from the sale of hobby goods such as wallets, wood carvings, costume jewelry and tooled leather.

Perhaps the most pleased man behind the walls was Warden Duffy himself. By this time he was a seasoned member of the cast, devoting three minutes of each half-

hour show to an impassioned plea for public understanding of penal reform, delinquency, human salvage and other subjects close to his heart. Because his father was a prison guard, and he himself was born and brought up on the prison reservation, Clint Duffy knows the real soul of the man behind bars.

His remarkable four-year record speaks for itself. The inmates have purchased more than 475 thousand dollars' worth of War Bonds, distributed eight million ration books without a loss, led the nation's prisons in the variety and quantity of war goods produced and donated thousands of pints of blood. And finally, Duffy has reduced parole violations to a new low.

LAST YEAR the program's smashing success precipitated a crisis that nearly threatened to knock it off the air. It began in the prison glee club, a featured part of the show, when 18 of the original 20 men were paroled, sent to rural camps for crop harvesting, or freed to enter the Army, Merchant Marine or defense plants. Then, because of good behavior records, half the members of the band went out the big gates. Many are now playing in name bands. Others have joined symphonic groups. One of the announcers was hired by the Mutual Network. Finally, Milton White got his big break.

For several months the "sepia song stylist," as he called himself, had featured his own version of that heavy blues ballad, *Ole Rockin' Chair's Got Me*. It went like this:

*"Ole rockin' chair's got me,  
An' this time it's a thorn in my side;  
If I only had a parole, Warden,*

*By rules and regulations I'd sure  
abide.*

*Well, it looks like I just can't get  
from dis cabin heah,*

*It seems like these folks ain't nevah  
gon' let me go nowhere.*

*Jest settin' round heah, wishin' and  
thinkin'*

*How that Navy or them shipyards  
could use me out there . . ."*

White put so much indigo into the number that the parole board finally melted and fixed a release date. But then he learned there was still a "hold" on him at the Illinois State Penitentiary for a long forgotten parole violation. He got out his song, dusted it off, and sobbed it out over the air waves, hoping they would hear it in Illinois. They did. White left San Quentin a few weeks later, and is now working days at a shipyard, singing nights in USO centers.

His departure was the blockbuster that flattened the radio cast—and San Quentin went off the air.

Within four days 22 thousand letters of protest reached KFRC and the warden's office. The network announced the program would be restored as soon as Hendricks rounded up a new cast.

In January of this year "San Quentin on the Air" blossomed out on Mutual's transcontinental network. Its familiar theme song, *As Time Goes By*, heralded the show that holds the highest Hooper rating of any Mutual program on the Pacific Coast.

Hendricks, Johnny Trudrung and Johnny White, the latter known to the radio audience only as "Inmate Announcer No. 68558," each receive no less than two hundred personal letters a week.

The show, written by Johnny White, is broadcast from a long unused mess hall, converted to a sound-proof studio and stage by inmate labor. Every man connected with the show is an inmate, although the network has a technician standing by in case of line trouble. There isn't a guard or a shotgun in sight, for Clint Duffy wants it that way.

Hendricks has a monumental pride in his boys and they, in turn, give him an almost fanatical devotion. During the last series, for example, saxophonist Don Short was granted an immediate parole after years of trying for freedom. But Short flatly refused to leave the penitentiary, and stayed to finish out the radio schedule. And one recent night, when Hendricks suffered a mild heart attack, the entire cast sat up all night outside the prison hospital until they were assured that "the Major," as they call him, was out of danger.

During the last series, John Joseph Trudrung, who sings with his pretty wife's picture held alongside the mike, introduced 10 new songs, never heard on the air. Seven of them, including *You'll Never Know*, *Daybreak*, *Lamplighter's Serenade* and *The Singing Sands of Alamosa*, subsequently climbed to that pinnacle of popular music, the Hit Parade.

New York, Chicago and Hollywood music publishers now air-mail Hendricks from 18 to 25 untried songs a week, hoping he will start them to fame and fortune. But right now Hendricks is concentrating on only one fledgling ballad, entitled *Some Day Soon*. The composer? John A. Hendricks.

Incidentally, there is more than wishful thinking in the title. Hendricks, along with Trudrung and Johnny White, hopes to have his freedom soon. All three have been buried under offers that range from church choirs to Broadway musicals and Hollywood colossals. This is very disturbing stuff to the entrepreneurs at Mutual, who envision a turnover of such proportions that the whole show will again fall flat on its face—and stay there.

But Duffy and Hendricks both believe the theme and the show are greater than any of its honestly humble components. There are other Johnny Trudrungs and Johnny Whites in the great penitentiary; there are other voices and skilled fingers learning the game from Hendricks' patient teaching.

And they'll be there, winning unseen friends, so long as Clint Duffy believes there is no man whose soul cannot be reached by music, tolerance and understanding.

### **Improving on the Dictionary**

**Arab:** A fellow who gets out of bed and takes the sheet with him.

**Optimist:** A man who marries his secretary, thinking he'll be able to keep dictating to her.

**Squaw:** A pistol packin' mamma with a rear gunner.

**Hula Girl:** A swing shift in a grass skirt.—BOB HOPE in *Marine Corps Chevron*

**Gay Nineties:** When the men looked gay and the women looked 90.

—BERTRAM HALE

**Bachelor:** An eligible mass of obstinacy surrounded by suspicion.—*She*

One of American democracy's truest symbols is the little-known Court of Claims where citizens may file suits against Uncle Sam



## **You Can Sue Your Government**

by HELEN AND CLEM WYLE

MRS. JONES was madder than a hornet. She had leased her small building in Oklahoma City to the federal government for use by the W.P.A. But when it was vacated a few years later, some of the fixtures were broken, the walls defaced, and the floors scratched. Mrs. Jones asked to be compensated for the damage, but the W.P.A. refused. The building, it maintained, had been subjected to normal wear and tear.

Fortunately, Mrs. Jones did not have to swallow this decision. For our government does not insist it "can do no wrong." Proof of this is the existence of the Court of Claims, where citizens may file suits against the United States, just as Mrs. Jones did.

The Court of Claims—located in Washington, D. C.—functions very much like any other court, except that there are no jury trials. Cases are argued before a Chief Justice and four associate judges who render an average of five hundred decisions a year. Mrs. Jones recovered 4,395 dollars. Others have received anywhere from a mere

dollar and a half to nearly a hundred thousand dollars.

As you might expect, a wide variety of plaintiffs come to the Court of Claims. Some are taxpayers seeking refunds. The decisions of the court on income tax matters can hardly be described as light reading. In other tax cases, though, you do come across some interesting information. The court found Cracker Jack was not a cereal, as its manufacturer claimed. And the verdict that it was a confectionery made it subject to the state candy tax.

Inventors, too, have their day in court. One of the first was Hezekiah Thistle, who back in the 1850's contended—wrongly, it developed—that Uncle Sam had infringed on his method of constructing "pack saddles for horses and mules." Since Thistle, hundreds more have exhibited their inventions.

The sums sought by these inventors are usually in the seven-digit class and range as high as four hundred and a half million dollars. Yet most plaintiffs seem to wind up empty-handed. This phe-



nomenon is due to the important fact that their patents were not infringed upon.

If the United States does not pay a bill there is usually some valid reason. It refuses, for one thing, to be flim-flammed, as some unscrupulous dealers in defective merchandise keep learning. Nor will it stand for being overcharged.

For instance, a steamship company transported some Gold Star Mothers to Europe in 1930 at Uncle Sam's request. When it was discovered that the United States had been charged a higher rate than the general public, authorities deducted the difference. This action led to litigation. The steamship company was the loser.

Since the United States enters into tens of thousands of business contracts each year, it is inevitable that a certain number will give rise to disputes. For example, the builder who erected a court house, customs house and post office in Detroit, was awarded an additional 56 thousand dollars. The government had demanded changes in the plans after operations were under way.

Disposing of cases like this one has been one of the chief functions of the court ever since it was founded back in 1855. Before then, Congress itself handled all claims, but in that year it decided it could no longer cope with their increasing number. In fact, the lawmakers were so far behind schedule that Sam P. Todd, a Naval purser, who had advanced salaries to part of his crew during the War of 1812, had not yet been reimbursed. His case, by the way, was the first on the docket of the new court.

Originally, the powers of the Court of Claims were sharply curtailed, but today it has jurisdiction over nearly every type of case except those based on negligence. The reason for such a limitation is a matter of conjecture. One explanation is that it discourages fortune hunters from bringing baseless personal injury actions.

But although you can't sue the United States for negligence, should you be hit by a post office truck, chances are that Congress will compensate you. The more complicated negligence cases Congress generally turns over to the Court of Claims through special legislation. These are known as "Special Act" cases.

Just how does one go about suing the United States? Initially, a complaint is filed with the clerk of the Court of Claims, who sends a copy to Uncle Sam's lawyer, the Attorney General. Following his reply on the complaint, testimony is taken by a court's commissioner.

Since not every plaintiff or witness can come to Washington, these commissioners hold hearings in all parts of the country. The evidence is then submitted to the court's five judges, who also receive briefs from the opposing attorneys.

Should the plaintiff be awarded a judgment, it must be approved by Congress. And if the plaintiff loses, he may petition the Supreme Court to review his case—a right also enjoyed by the Attorney General, if he loses.

Many fascinating tales of adventure have been unearthed during the hearings on Indian claims. The records also contain some rather freakish cases.

An Ohio firm asked for one





dollar and seven cents. It resented the government calling in its Liberty Bond on June 15, 1934, when its maturity date was October 15, 1934. The sum asked for was its loss in interest.

A prisoner in the Atlanta penitentiary declared in his complaint: "I want five dollars for my rehabilitation. I'm entitled to the fee."

To these plaintiffs the judges who heard the cases said: "No."

Even romance has crept into the august tribunal. During the Civil War, a Confederate general deposited three swords with his young sweetheart. Next day, Union troops took them from her and sent them to the President as a gift.

The general died soon afterwards. When the war was over, his family demanded the return of the swords. So did the sweetheart. The President had the Court of Claims dispose of the matter. Concerned more with legality than love, it decided in favor of the family.

Housed at first in a small room in the Capitol building, the Court of Claims was subsequently moved to a suite in the Willard Hotel, then to its present home, formerly the old Corcoran Art Gallery.

Ironically enough, this venerable court—though one of the truest symbols of American democracy—

has rarely attracted any attention. It has been slighted by history, ignored by law schools, and hardly mentioned in the press. No wonder then that the Court of Claims is called the "Unknown Court."

There are signs, however, that it will soon emerge from obscurity. After the war, many capital observers say, the court will be swamped with litigants. Farmers will ask compensation for crops ruined during military maneuvers. Transportation companies will seek reparation for damages done to their carriers by troops in transit. War contractors will want to recover for breach of contract.

Then there will be valuation suits. Some of the land, buildings, ships and other properties taken over by the government during the past three years have not been paid for—at the owners' request. They consider the government offer too low and want the Court of Claims to fix the value.

The rush hasn't started yet. Evidently, prospective plaintiffs are more concerned now with winning a war than winning a lawsuit. They know, too, that they have no need for concern. When peace comes, the Court of Claims—which has already mapped out plans for a busy future—will be ready.

### ***Family Trees***

ON A FRENCH-OWNED island of the Solomons group, the U.S. Army chopped down a number of palm trees to build an airfield. The Frenchmen promptly submitted a bill for damages for exactly *twice* the number of trees destroyed. Asked why, they pointed out that coconut palms are said to be either male or female, and added: "So for every palm tree cut down, Messieurs, another dies of a broken heart!"

—TOM GOOTÉE



Did you know there's a Tito of Spain who may be that country's next president? A confidante of the Spanish underground forecasts the future



## Story Behind Spain's Next President

by ALLAN CHASE

Allan Chase makes here another of his famous prophecies. Check its six points against coming events.

1. The Germans will try to salvage fascism in Spain by junking Franco and bringing in the discredited monarchy.

2. The monarchy will then be abolished in a short but bloody revolution. This will take place within 60 days of the establishment of a Bourbon regime.

3. When the Junta starts its large-scale operations against the fascist troops, a large section of the world press will make the mistake of minimizing the Spanish underground as Tito was belittled.

4. There will be no Spanish Republic-in-Exile. The Republic which follows the monarchy will be built around leaders who have been prominent in the underground struggle inside Spain since 1939.

5. The next elected president of the Spanish republic will be a man who has been in Spain since 1931. His voice is heard frequently on radio stations, his words are read daily in the underground press.

6. The democratic triumph in Spain will lead to a democratic revival in Latin America.

**D**URING THE SPANISH War, the German Wehrmacht brought up some new electrically-fired artillery and pounded Madrid. The republican city authorities immediately boarded up Madrid's most cherished public statues. In April, 1939, when the Axis forces took Madrid, the fascist officials made a public ceremony of removing the

boards from the statue of Cibeles. "And now," said Count de Valleno, Madrid's new mayor, as he watched the last board ripped away, "Cibeles can see with her own eyes the face of the new Spain."

One week later, Madrilenos awoke to discover that the lovely Cibeles carried a large, hand-lettered sign in her hands. It read:

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fanta  
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PLEASE COVER ME UP AGAIN. I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH!

Scarcely had the frenzied fascist officials torn this sign to shreds when a new sign appeared on the statue of Neptune, a block away from Cibeles. Madrid's stone Neptune still gripped his triton, but on the prongs was a sign reading: EITHER GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT OR TAKE MY FORK AWAY! DOESN'T ANYONE EAT IN THIS TOWN?

The statue gags were the first manifestos of the Spanish republican underground. Its last manifesto will be issued the week of Franco's fall. It will reach the people before this Christmas.

BETWEEN THE day the sign was hung on Neptune's fork and that day last September when the underground announced the formation of the Supreme Council of National Union, the anti-Axis underground had transformed itself from the ragged remnants of an exhausted army into a disciplined force of fantastic potency. This republican "shadow army" started out with over 500 thousand of the toughest veteran soldiers of Europe in its ranks. Nowhere in occupied Europe—neither in Yugoslavia, nor in France, nor even in Nazi-occupied Russia—can there be found a body of soldiers with more experience in fighting Axis troops or more reasons to hate the armies of fascism.

Remember, it was in 1936 that Hitler's legions descended upon Spain, and Guernica was a searing Spanish memory long before the Jap bombs pulverized Pearl Harbor.

Thousands of republican soldiers fled with their guns to the mountains after the fall of Madrid. Of the

republican soldiers who returned to what remained of their towns and villages in 1939, a vast majority had no intention of settling down to passive acceptance of the fascist triumph. They soon learned that they could function as saboteurs; and their comrades in the hills began to operate as guerrilla bands.

Since September, 1939, the Spanish underground has concentrated on German fascism as its arch enemy. The leaders of all the anti-fascist elements in Spain quickly realized that Franco would last only as long as his master Hitler lasted, and that the way to free Spain, therefore, was to destroy Hitler.

Through their close liaison with the people, for example, the guerrillas are generally informed well in advance of all shipments of war supplies to Germany. Recently the peasants of the small Catalonian town of Pola were suddenly ordered to turn over thousands of heads of cattle to the Falange. Special trucks belonging to the Falange scoured the countryside picking up cattle. The peasants quickly learned that the beef was to be put on board trains bound for Germany via France. They sent a delegation to the hills to contact the guerrillas.

The underground bands waited until the cattle were loaded on the trains. Then, amalgamating their forces so that they actually outnumbered the Pola garrison, they swooped down on the town, killed the chief of the Falange, the mayor and a number of civil guards and blew up two trains. Their objective won, the guerrillas took the guns of the fascist garrison, accepted into their ranks some of the town's young men, and returned to the hills.

When they cannot directly attack the German penetration in Spain, the guerrillas manage to convey valuable information about German fortifications and industrial installations to the intelligence services of the United Nations. It was the Spanish underground which was responsible for recent incidents in which the British Navy stopped two Spanish ships, one off Cuesta and the other off Málaga, and discovered that they were carrying cargoes of excellent automatic pistols from Argentine to Germany.

The underground which put the finger on them is now busy making other reports. These include excellent sketches and maps of the fortifications manned by Nazi troops in Algorta; the Euzkalduna shipyards which repair German warships battered by British and American guns; the factory in the San Fernando (Cadiz) naval base which repairs machine guns and mortars for the German army.

When they can manage it, the guerrillas always try to outnumber the garrison they attack. When this proves impossible, they will try to use guile rather than force. The underground G.H.Q. in the Sierras de Granada region this year pulled off a quiet little coup which is now the talk of Spain. The guerrillas needed 100 thousand pesetas in a hurry—a grafting fascist official had offered to sell them some vitally needed arms for this price. They called a council of war, discussed various means of getting their hands on this sum, and finally dispatched a note to Melchor Ramos, a landowner and Falange leader.

The note ordered Ramos to have 100 thousand pesetas ready for de-

livery to the guerrillas at his farm on a given Wednesday morning. He did the expected thing. At the time set by the guerrillas' note that morning, every tree on the farm concealed a civil guard. Fascist soldiers took up positions in the attic, the cellar, the spare rooms of Ramos' house. And a regular army colonel arrived to supervise the springing of the trap.

The colonel and the frightened landowner repaired to the fascist's study, where they shared a bottle of sherry and examined Ramos' strong box. Just to play safe, the landowner had drawn 100 thousand pesetas from the bank. After an hour or so, the colonel emerged from the room, alone, and inspected the guards. "Stay at your posts," he ordered. He marched to his car, and was many miles away before a startled lieutenant discovered that the "colonel" was actually a guerrilla chieftain, and that the 100 thousand pesetas were gone.

In September, 1943, representatives of all the anti-fascist factions in the Spanish underground met in a secret congress in Spain. Out of this meeting came the Junta Suprema de Unión Nacional which finally brought all the guerrilla and sabotage units of the underground into one central command. Within hours of the drafting of its historic six-point manifesto, the details were transmitted to the people via two powerful illegal radio stations in the Pyrenees and the Levant, the seven daily underground papers, and the scores of weekly magazines published by the underground.

Point one of the Junta's program is the severance of all the bonds which tie Spain to Hitler and the

extension to Spain of the principles of the Atlantic Charter and the Moscow Conference. The other points call for the elimination of fascism, an amnesty for all of Franco's political prisoners, the re-establishment of the Four Freedoms in Spain, the confiscation of fortunes made under the Nazi-Falange regime, the calling of free elections which will determine the political future of the country and a government which would join the United Nations in the war against the Axis.

The Junta was formed by the republicans, the socialists, the communists, the Basque and Catalan nationalists, the U.G.T. and the C.N.T.—Spain's two big trade union groups—and various unaffiliated anti-fascists. It immediately began negotiations with the leaders of many Catholic groups who had become disillusioned with Franco. On November 16, 1943, these Catholic organizations formally joined forces with their former enemies in the common fight against Hitlerism. The hundreds of Basque and Catalan priests who have languished in Franco's dungeons since 1939 know now that their hour of deliverance is near at hand.

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Allan Chase is the author of *Falange*, the best-seller that exposed Spanish fascist penetration of Latin America and showed that "you can't do business with Franco." The book, which Rep. John M. Coffee called "the most significant warning to the American people since *Mein Kampf*," inspired a Congressional investigation of the Falangist movement. Allan Chase has been waging a private war against Franco for the past seven years and is in intimate touch with the Spanish underground; he also has a flair for prophecy as this article may well prove.

The men and women of the underground armies of Spain are preparing to strike at the fascists on a scale equal to that employed by Tito's Partisans in Yugoslavia. These military operations will in a real sense create a third front for Hitler. It is not too difficult to predict what will follow the resumption of military operations against Hitler in Spain.

One can clearly foresee:

1. Anxious to retain their control of Spain as a base of post-war commercial and political operations, the Germans will try to salvage fascism in Spain by junking Franco and bringing in the discredited monarchy and a government headed by characters like Gil Robles, the Spanish Laval, and Count Gomez de Jordana, Franco's present foreign minister. Appeasement forces in London and Washington will in the beginning fall for the fake anti-fascist line peddled by this monarchy.

2. The Spanish people, who voted the monarchy out of existence in 1931, are today more fervently anti-monarchist than ever. Since the monarchy, as a sop to London and Washington, will be forced to free Franco's political (that is, republican) prisoners, the people will not rise against the monarchy immediately. But the minute it becomes plain that it is simply a new façade for the men who now control Spain, the monarchy will be abolished in a short but bloody revolution. This will take place within 60 days of the establishment of the Bourbon regime.

3. When the Junta starts its large scale operations against the fascist troops, a large section of the world press will make the mistake of minimizing the Spanish underground as Tito



was earlier belittled. The New York Times, always wrong on Spain, will be the worst offender in this respect. The more realistic New York Herald-Tribune will immediately recognize the unified underground as the major factor in the War for Spain. The Times, like A. A. Berle and James Dunn of the State Department, will accept the monarchy at its face value. Since the monarchy will come in towards the end of the year, it won't be until the spring of 1945 that the Herald-Tribune will laugh last.

4. *There will be no Spanish Republic-in-Exile.* The Republic which follows the monarchy will be built around leaders who have been in the forefront of the underground struggle inside Spain since 1939. The few Spanish exiles who will be taken into this government will be drawn from the ranks of those Spaniards who continued the active fight against Franco from abroad. The pathetic inactivity of certain prominent Spanish exiles has cost them their standing with the people.

5. *The next elected president of the Spanish republic will be a man who has been in Spain since 1939.* He fought valiantly during the three years of the Spanish War, and since then he has functioned both as a guerrilla and a political leader. His voice is heard frequently on the underground radio stations, his words are read daily in the underground press. He had a hand in the spectacular sabotage plots which destroyed sections of the naval base at El Ferrol in May and June, 1943, and he was one of the men who organized the squads which dynamite coal trains bound for Germany.

His closest counterpart in Euro-

pean life today is Marshal Tito. Like the Slav leader, he is a man of the Left fighting to establish a democratic rather than a marxist government in a land now occupied by the Axis. His name will originally break in the American press as the leader of a guerrilla army. London and Moscow will recognize his leadership long before he gains acceptance in Washington. Despite our diplomatic rudeness, he and the underground will lend valuable military aid to the American forces in the Mediterranean and Southern France.

6. *The democratic triumph in Spain will lead to an immediate democratic revival throughout Latin America.* This will not only end fascism south of our borders but, by raising the living standards of Latin America, it will create a greater market for United States exports of manufactured goods. It will also disrupt the present plans of the German cartels to establish a post-war Ibero-American fascist Axis functioning out of a totalitarian Spain. In short, if the Third World War is prevented it will be in Spain—where the Second could have been prevented in 1936.

### **Royal Portrait**

Presenting their Royal Highnesses Rudiki of Pride's Hill and Raña of Chaman, who between them have walked off with 121 prize ribbons as the "Best Afghans of the Show." For 5,000 years the forbears of these rare and aristocratic hounds were the pampered pets and hunting dogs of royalty in Egypt, Afghanistan and Persia. And though many a royal house has long since disappeared from history, the Afghan continues to reign. Ylla (who photographed the picture story *Babes in Zooland* for the May Coronet) reports that Rudiki and Rana posed with a royal dignity which did tradition proud.



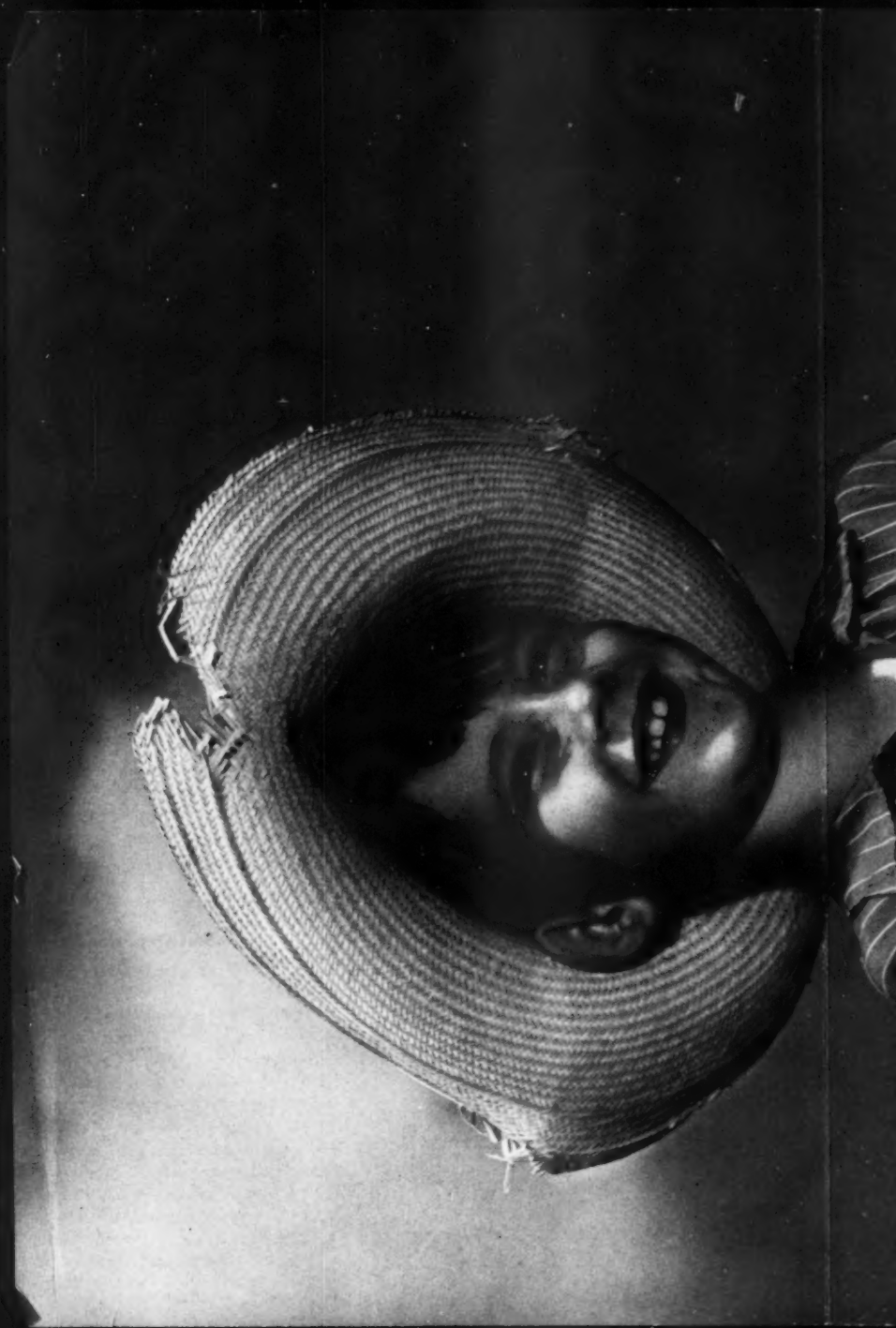


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This may look like a bitter pill for some fond mamas to swallow; yet, if taken with a dose of common sense, it can be helpful

## Too Much Mother

by MOLLY CASTLE and AIKEN WELCH

LITTLE PETER D., age nine, was an attractive child. He was tidy, polite, intelligent, and apparently very happy. Yet the experts in New York City's Bureau of Child Guidance knew that sooner or later he would suffer a nervous breakdown.

The reason—Peter's mother. The boy had never been allowed to make a decision in his life. He had never chosen what to wear, where to play, what to eat or to read. His mother forbade him to go to the playground because he might cut his head on a swing, or tear

his clothes on a jungle gym, or pick up germs from the seesaw. She walked him to school every day, because of the "rough little boys" in the next block who always yelled, "Peter is a si—sssy . . . sticks to his mo—other . . ."

Bureau files show that Peter did have a breakdown. It was caused by something as simple as a problem in arithmetic—how to divide three apples between two boys. He stood silent for many seconds. The children around him were eagerly waving their hands. Suddenly Peter broke into uncontrollable sobs and had to be taken to the school nurse.

The nurse learned that Peter was afraid to tell his mother about his failure. "She might even *die*," he sobbed hysterically. Further questioning revealed that when the boy returned from spending an afternoon at a schoolmate's house, his mother had told him that in another few hours he wouldn't have found her alive. Peter had never gone out playing again, for fear she would "die of worry."

Peter's mother is just one of the

### Farm Friendship

An armful of chicken—feathered brand—is something to grin about, and eight-year-old Teddy Swain does just that. Blue jeans and a tattered hat are vacation togs for this Brooklyn-reared lad, who hies forth to a farm in upper New York State some the last day of school. To perch on a hay mound, his rooster pal squawking at indignantly at the proceedings, was a small boy's idea of paradise. Who could resist that infectious beam of complete contentment? Certainly not photographer Hugh Laimaillet (FPG), who grinned right back at him and snapped this picture.

many thousand mothers in this country who are bad for their children. Pediatricians, heart specialists, psychiatrists and the family doctor all agree that a large percentage of the ailments—both physical and psychological—which they treat in their offices, began with Mother. The latest testimony to the harmfulness of mothers—and to a lesser extent, of fathers—is the large proportion of psychiatric rejections in the armed forces. According to our Army psychiatrists, "the most important factor is found to be a disturbance in family background."

The domineering mother creates juvenile delinquents, boys who make life miserable for the little fellow, neurotics who can't live happily with their wives. The situation becomes worse in wartime, for with millions of fathers gone from their homes, millions of mothers become more jealously protective, more emotional, more demanding of their children.

Child psychologists consider the difficulty a true disease, and term the cause "Maternal Overprotection." In other words, too much mother. A mother may dominate in two ways—actively, by possessing the child, or passively, by surrendering to him. One mother bullies her child, another gives in to him, but actually they are just opposite sides of the same bad penny. In either case the child learns to cope with his mother, and in so doing develops neuroses which may well ruin his whole life.

Perhaps the mother is the bossy type. All right, he'll swallow the string beans. Let the old tyrant force them down by holding his

nose. In two minutes they'll land back in her lap. Let her scold! Jimmy can tell by her face that she's terrified. A visit to the doctor follows. Jimmy has become a "feeding problem."

Psychologists estimate that 75 to 90 per cent of all so-called feeding problems (except those caused by an organic disease) are mother-caused. After 24 hours of hospital care, the problems vanish. Bed wetting is similarly caused; the more a mother fusses, argues, pleads or scolds, the more tenacious the habit becomes. This problem is almost one hundred per cent mother-caused. Like the feeding difficulties, it is a child's way of revenging himself upon a domineering mother.

A WELL KNOWN cardiac specialist who deals with children suffering from the heart involvement following rheumatic fever, claims that nine out of ten mothers of afflicted children are a worse problem than the disease. The mother hovers so fearfully over her child that she produces one of two undesirable effects: either he becomes rebellious and refuses to take measures the doctor has ordered to guard against further attacks, or he gives in to his mother's worries, develops qualms of his own, and becomes a victim of self-pity. This can make him a self-willed invalid for the rest of his life.

Girls as well as boys can be victimized by mother love. One girl became so weary of her mother's constant emotional demands that on one occasion she refused to kiss her goodbye. A street accident killed the mother. When she heard

the news the girl could only think "Now I am free!" Today she is in an insane asylum, torn between her hatred for her mother and a profound sense of guilt.

The domineering mother does not relax her hold as the child grows up. As outside forces appear—a career, a sweetheart, independent ideas—she is more apt to tighten it. An example is a young Army captain whose mother almost literally drove him crazy.

His father was an Army officer who died when the boy was quite young, leaving the mother to dote on the baby boy. From the age of six he showed an interest in everything military. The mother, apprehensive lest it should some day take him away from her, decided that he would become a writer.

More than encouraging this notion, she at one point locked him into a room for six hours every day, refusing to let him out until he had finished the requisite number of words. He finished a novel which no publisher would find acceptable.

Soon after, he became a problem. In spite of influence, he couldn't keep a job. Once a psychiatrist told the mother that her boy was suffering from an infantile mother attachment. She withdrew her boy and told the story later as an amusing anecdote. "Why, I let Hilton do anything he likes," she said.

So she did. She let him bring home the girls he liked, and she ridiculed them so cleverly that they made no second visit. Once he got himself engaged. His mother laughed him out of it.

His military daydream became his secret life. He read and studied soldiering at all available libraries.

He knew better than to take his books home; his mother would discourage those as successfully as she had discouraged West Point.

When the war broke out, his mother not only opposed his enlisting but found him a job that technically deferred him. He bided his time, and vaguely saw a way out. When the draft board called him up for review the boy made it plain that he was eager to go. In no time at all, he was sent to officers' candidate school and, in time, earned a captaincy.

Once he began to break the prison bars, they came down in a hurry. Without consulting his mother, he married a pretty WAC. After an interval of recriminations and tears, his mother accepted the girl and they are now friends. But what saved the boy was War and not his mother.

His psychiatrist commented that all such stories do not end happily. More often than not, the boy does not marry. If he does, he is apt to make a poor husband. His wife never, in his opinion, lives up to the high standards of his adoring, indulgent mother.

THE REASONS for mothers' harming their children are as various as the methods they take to do it. Mothers identify themselves with their children, giving them "the things I've always wanted." An example is the widow of a famous violinist who tormented her unmusical child into studying the violin until he developed a dangerous neurosis. Some psychologists believe that women often subconsciously hate their children and without knowing it, wish to do

them harm. A mother might resent the responsibility of bringing up children, or she might be unhappy with their father; in either case, she takes it out on the children. And very often, she simply does not have enough to do.

It is hard for a mother to realize that she can be bad for her child, yet there are almost no mothers who, if the situation is explained to them, will refuse to do something about it. Psychiatrists consider too-much-mother more a scientific than a moral problem; educate your mothers, and you have it licked.

The most drastic curative action is to take the children away from home, at least temporarily. Hospital treatment is sometimes necessary. Good nursery schools can restore a child to normalcy in about six months. Though treatment is not always successful, in one test group only 2 per cent were not reclaimed, 77 per cent showed considerable improvement, 11 per cent were completely adjusted. Even

partial adjustment of an otherwise dependent weak-willed child is infinitely worthwhile.

But more important for a permanently happy home is the re-education of parents. In some cities child study groups prosper, and young mothers meet, discuss their problems, and try to deal with them in some scientific and impersonal fashion. In a large percentage of cases, mothers need to find interests outside their children; by throwing their excess emotion into work of their own, the pressure on their children is relieved. Psychoanalysis is often necessary for the mother—not for the child.

Some doctors hold that nature alone has a solution: the large family, where the mother is too busy either to dominate or submit to any one child. It is generally agreed that children of large families are less apt to develop neuroses.

Of course the one sure cure-all is common sense, but that, psychiatrists agree, is hard to find.

### **Double Harness**

❖ THE insane asylum attendant rushed over to the head physician. "Doctor, a man outside wants to know if we have lost any male inmates."

"Why?" asked the medical man.

"Someone ran away with his wife!"

—*Tulane U. Urchin*

❖ SOMEBODY TELEPHONED the minister and asked to be married the following Sunday after church. The minister didn't catch the name. When the time came he said:

"Will those who wish to be united in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony please come to the altar?"

There was a stir as 12 women and one man came forward.—*WAC News*

❖ "MAN, AM I lucky," remarked a soldier smugly.

"How come?" asked his friend.

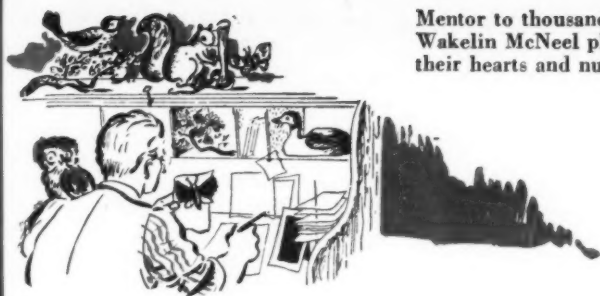
"I've got a wife and cigarette lighter," was the answer, "and they're both working." —*Pocatello Bombardier*

❖ "POP, IT SAYS here in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until he marries her," remarked the precocious lad as he read the paper.

"Why single out Africa?"

—*Camp San Luis Obispo Shot 'n' Shell*





Mentor to thousands of school children,  
Wakelin McNeel plants a love of nature in  
their hearts and nurtures it with fervor

## Wisconsin's Ranger Mac

by PHIL DROTNING

AN AROUSED farmer stormed into a small, backwoods schoolhouse in northern Wisconsin and demanded of the teacher:

"What have you been doing to my son?"

The astounded schoolmarm, who couldn't recall birching the visitor's child, or committing any similar atrocity, stammered out a request for further information.

"My boy and I," the father explained, "have gone hunting every weekend the year around since he learned how to walk, but last Saturday, when I asked him if he wanted to go for a tramp and do some shooting, he refused.

"He said, 'Ranger Mac says you aren't playing fair.' Who is this Ranger Mac guy, anyway?"

The teacher told the irate father about Ranger Mac, a nature enthusiast who objects to hunting out-of-season, but he could have obtained the same information from any one of hundreds of thousands of school children in Wisconsin and nearby states.

In real life Ranger Mac is jovial, 60-year-old Wakelin McNeel, a

heavy-set ex-forester with a ruddy complexion and sandy-gray hair, who was promoted to state leader of 4-H clubs in Wisconsin because he "liked kids." Eleven years ago he went on the air over University of Wisconsin Radio Station WHA, at Madison, to stimulate interest in nature subjects among the school children of the state. Since that time he has greeted his youthful "trail-hitters" every Monday morning during the school year.

The *Afield With Ranger Mac* broadcasts over WHA—oldest of the nation's existing broadcasting stations—are heard annually by 40 thousand pupils in hundreds of state graded schools, as part of the *Wisconsin School of the Air* curriculum. Although he won the George Foster Peabody award for the best educational radio program in 1942, Mac has shattered every rule of broadcasting technique. His flagrant disregard for all accepted radio standards at first created turmoil among WHA staff members, but the unprecedented success of his program has quieted that ruckus.

H. B. McCarty, director of

WHA, admits that he was appalled the first time he heard Mac broadcast, particularly because of the recurrent, booming emphasis placed on each succeeding point. Mac thunders out his ideas while the needle on the engineer's control mechanism surges back and forth as blast after blast rocks the mike.

Each of Mac's broadcasts is a simple, homespun discussion of nature. His associates feel that his outstanding success is due to development of a new approach to conservation problems, but if you asked Mac, he wouldn't even realize that he had a new approach. Unlike most conservationists, who preach the necessity for saving forests and wild life by painting grim pictures of a world without trees, deer, or ducks, Mac teaches the children to love and appreciate the beauties of nature and to *want* to preserve them. Actually, he doesn't *teach* anything, but his own nature-love is so great that it somehow is transmitted to his listeners. His ability is something indefinable. He succeeds because of his energy, enthusiasm, honesty and true love for children. The kids feel it, and they respond.

As an individual, Mac is hopelessly modest, and biographical information about the man is scanty. Ask one of his friends to tell you a bit about Ranger Mac, and he'll reply: "Oh, Mac's a great guy. Wonderful teacher. The kids are crazy about him. Do I know any stories about him? Well, let's see. No, offhand, I can't say I do."

Typical example of Mac's modesty is his persistent refusal to use the personal pronoun in his broadcasts. In his 10 years of radio work,

no one remembers his ever saying "I" did anything. It's always, "Ranger Mac took a hike," or, "Ranger Mac saw a baby squirrel." Production men at WHA have pleaded with Mac to refer to himself as "I," reasoning that his references to Ranger Mac as another person will confuse the listeners. But Mac remains strictly impersonal, with no complaints from his radio audience.

McNeel discusses nature subjects of all types, but because of his early training in forestry, which even took him to the Black Forest of Germany, he devotes much of his time to trees. An excellent indication of his influence is the Wisconsin school forest program, which he has developed, promoted, and managed. Mac borrowed the idea from Australia, where children were planting trees in tracts of land near their schools. It looked to him like a good way to begin the restoration of thousands of acres of cut-over timber land which devastate northern Wisconsin.

Under the ex-forester's brilliant leadership, school children have planted more than seven million trees in 214 school forest plots which comprise nearly 12 thousand acres of the cutover. They have made a substantial contribution to the timber resources of America and have gained priceless knowledge as they worked. School forests, usually acquired by the school board through donation or tax delinquency, are constantly increasing in number, and the plantings have grown from a few thousand seedlings a year to nearly one and one-half million in 1942. An even greater number was planted

in 1943, but a final tabulation has not yet been made.

And yet, the school forest plantings represent only a part of the conservation work which Mac has stimulated. Many additional seedlings have been planted by children's clubs and by individual children on their own farm wood lots. These latter plantings please their godfather most, for they justify his firm belief that the way to preserve the one-third of Wisconsin's timber which grows in farm wood lots is to educate the children, and gradually through them, their parents.

"I don't believe that the planting of a few million trees, however important that may be, is the most significant point in the school forest program," Mac says. "The training the children get now, which will carry over into adulthood, is what counts. They are learning to build up their own heritage, and that of the nation.

"A tree planter is a tree protector," Mac believes. "Through participation the children learn to love trees, and as future owners of the land on which they live, they will be interested in maintaining wood lots and preserving timber stands."

Mac does his "bookkeeping" at a battered, roll-top desk in Agricultural Hall on the Wisconsin University campus. The office is cluttered with twigs, cocoons, and other evidences of his naturalistic inclinations. The naturalist's heavy mail bag indicates the interest, both juvenile and adult, which is shown in his programs. A typical day's mail contained more than 250 inquiries ranging from "how to tell when a dog is sick," to "how

can we stop the bluejays from raiding other birds' nests?" Children turn to him for every kind of advice. A typical sample:

Dear Ranger Mac:

Another boy and I got into an argument in class one morning. He said that the porcupine could shoot his quills. But I said that was just a saying. So the teacher told us to write to you. So we did to settle the argument. So will you please write me a letter telling whether the porcupine shoots his quills or not?

One of your trail-hitters,  
John Jones

Mac replied that personal contact will be necessary before the boys ever feel the sting of a porcupine quill, and included a lot of incidental facts about the animals.

"They're all nice kids," he says. "I really feel that I am missing a great opportunity by not giving more time to each of them. I should answer their letters more carefully. I try to frame my programs so they won't invite too much mail, because I just can't take care of it. Last year I had a program called *What is Your Favorite Tree?* Result? I had 1,500 letters to answer."

Once, in his early years of broadcasting when he wasn't too hopelessly swamped with mail, Mac offered a prize to the first listener who sent in a cocoon. Three Wisconsin schools dismissed their classes as soon as the program was over, so that all the children could go cocoon hunting. Within five minutes after the end of the program, two children found a cocoon in the woods near their schoolhouse.

Mac's youthful listeners have shown their appreciation in myriad

ways. Fairview school, in West Allis, Wisconsin, published a monthly magazine, the *Fairview Trail-Hitter*, which was dedicated to Ranger Mac. A young girl, crippled and confined to a wheelchair, collected specimens of nearly every type of Wisconsin wild flower, which she mounted in a book and presented to Mac to show her appreciation for his program. It is a great tribute to McNeel, for in gathering the flowers in the collection she painfully wheeled herself through the fields, sometimes aided by a younger brother.

When Mac presented a program on bird and animal tracks recently, he asked his listeners to see how many trails they could identify from his descriptions. The replies are still coming in, but at last count nearly a thousand letters had been received, more than half of them signed by a dozen or more children.

Among the replies was one from the fifth grade of the Janesville, Wisconsin, School for the Blind. It was written in Braille, with penciled translations by Jean Miller, "secretary." The sightless children had identified all of the tracks.

McNeel's radio work began as a hobby, and has remained one for

10 years. His 4-H Club work is still the occupation for which he is paid, and in it he travels the state encouraging conservation and nature studies. The research and writing essential to production of the program is done on Sunday, Mac's "day off." He takes no time from his regular job except the half-hour for his Monday morning broadcast.

Much in demand as a school lecturer, the nature enthusiast reports that children who have heard him regularly on the air are always disappointed to see a business-like man in a dignified business suit.

"I guess they expect to see me wearing a wide-brimmed hat, boots, and breeches," Mac commented. "As a matter of fact, I do dress that way when we go out planting trees or are doing outdoor work, but I've always felt it would be out of place on the speaker's platform."

Mac closes all of his broadcasts and public lectures with the same heartwarming thought, an old Indian farewell which he accompanies with sign language when on the lecture platform:

"May the Great Spirit put sunshine in your heart, today and forevermore, *heap much!*"

### Tip-off

IT WAS IN THE DAYS of the "coach and four." A well-to-do traveler had stopped at a wayside livery stable for a check-up on his equipage. When the stable boy had finished his duties and saw that the tourist was about to set off, he remarked to his customer:

"I say, Sir, when you gets to the ferry slip and goes to buy your ticket and finds you have lost your pocketbook, don't think you have lost it here—cause it ain't been out of your pocket since you stopped."

He got his tip.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

# ***Invasion of England***

by E. V. KNOX



IN MY OPINION, which is as worthless as anybody else's, the ordinary Englishman can be hit by a few hundred thousand Americans and not notice it. For he has been hit by harder and heavier things before. Bombs, for instance.

A lot of Englishmen never notice anything at all, as a matter of fact. All about London for example there stand (instead of clubs, apartment blocks, private houses and stores) Emergency Water Supply Tanks. These are labeled *very* clearly in large white letters "E.W.S." I wrote a piece of verse the other day and titled it "E.W.S." Thereafter a well known gentleman wrote and asked me "What is 'E.W.S.'?"

To which I replied, "There are three of them near the place where you work, and one of them in the ruins of the house next door to your own, and (quite against the law) you swim in it." Would that man know what G.I. meant, or observe that half the big London buildings which remained after the bombings have been taken over by American enlisted men? One Amer-

ican soldier even walked up the steps of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square recently and asked, "What club is this?" He had to be told that we English were still keeping it for our own.

Perhaps if you want to know the real impact of the American armies on Great Britain you shouldn't ask a man. A girl I know said, "Every American when he comes in tells you about his life in his home town, states whether he is married or not, and says how nice it is to see a real coal fire. After a while he shivers a bit, and allows there is something to be said for real central heating. Most Americans are either too polite or too rude. But they always send you sweets and flowers."

"Candies," I said reproachfully, "and blooms."

I said that because I myself am so sensitive. I notice Americans. I talk to them. I like to make them feel at home. I have studied the little book called *A Short Guide to Great Britain* issued to American soldiers, and I want to put them at their ease. When I get on a bus and find myself next to an American soldier I don't ask him why he is chewing gum, I ask him about West Point and whether he comes from Harvard or from Yale. I say airily, "I suppose you find your Big Dust Belt rather irritating" or "Well, how are things going in Seattle?" or "This must be

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*E. V. Knox is not just another English journalist recording the great American invasion of his native isle. As editor of the world-famous, 104-year-old English institution and humor-periodical known as Punch, he's custodian and overseer of all that's best in British humor. He can also turn out a very funny piece on his own.*



rather different from Broadway and the Bronx." And my chief grievance against them is that they are so taciturn. They look at me as if I were a fool.

I enter a railway compartment full of them and (remembering my manners) I say, "How bloody awful the seats are in this wagon" because I have learned that though the word "bloody" is not used in England it is a common adjective in the U.S.A. "How this locomotive jolts," I continue, "over the railroad ties. We might as well be in a freight car." There is dead silence. I go on to commiserate with them over our habit of icing our living apartments and not icing our food. Silence. I try again. "You wouldn't be asked to eat a meal like this in Connecticut," I say, airily offering one of them a dried egg sandwich. But they don't respond. They are not hearty. Even when I tell them they won't be able to get a Coca-Cola at the nearest drugstore, but there is warm beer at the pub, I don't seem to be getting over as well as I might.

An American lady over here introduced me to her baby which was traveling around the living-room on all fours about as fast as a jeep. She had what I should have called a rich southern accent (though she told me it wasn't) and she had a nurse from Lancashire.

She said to me about this baby, "Yes, he's growing up a proper little cockney, isn't he?" All I can say is that if that child ever learns to talk any kind of cockney he'll have to go places even quicker than he goes now.

But as I said before, everybody in England isn't as sensitive as I am about the American invasion. Our restaurants, for instance. And some of our shopkeepers. When I hear an American officer say, "Taking a girl out to a simple meal after a theatre costs me about 15 pounds" (what is that in money?) or when I have to caution an American sailor who is being asked to pay three guineas for a worthless little silver teaspoon, I realize that some merchants in London are absorbing the shock quite well.

There is one other thing I ought to say. Not so long ago this city suddenly began to look like a meadow full of mushrooms. They had white stalks and white round tops. They were the American Military Police. I saw one at Waterloo Station, tall, rather like Gary Cooper but handsomer. I went up to him and asked for his autograph, but he said he was too busy.

Interviewed about my impressions of America, I have just one complaint to make. Whatever I say to them, Americans *will* treat me as a foreigner.

\* \* \*

**T**AKING AN AIR RAID warden's test, Groucho Marx was visibly bored by the long list of questions, some of them not too pertinent. Towards the end, the examiner asked Groucho what he would do if he came home and found his wife had put her head in the oven and turned on the gas.

"Baste her every 15 minutes," yawned Groucho.

—JULIE JOHNSON

A hard-hitting Texan, Maury Maverick goes berserk when he meets up with gobbledygook words and red tape; but he gets things done



## A Maverick in Washington

by CAROL HUGHES

"NUTS!" said Maury Maverick, chairman of the Smaller War Plants Corporation, "to hell with this! Take a letter—issue a bulletin!" The Directive read: "To everybody on my staff. Stay off this gobbledygook language. It only fouls people up. For the Lord's sake be short and say what you're talking about. Anyone using the words 'activation' or 'implementation' will be shot."

Everybody knew exactly what Maury Maverick was talking about. Everybody usually does. That's why he's doing such a good job as the godfather of free enterprise in America. As chairman and general manager of the Smaller War Plants Corporation (SWPC) he fights the cause of the little businessman; leases him machinery; lends him money.

SWPC vigorously represents small business. Its job is to preserve the small business enterprises through the war-expansion program, and to plan for renewed civilian output and re-conversion after the war. Maverick means to see the job is done. He will brook

no fuzziness, no Washington delays. Bluff and brusque in manner, the chairman says: "Small business isn't so small." By Department of Commerce reckoning the giant in Maverick's hands represents almost 90 per cent of American manufacturers. These "small business" firms account for 45 per cent of the workers employed and for 34 per cent of American business in dollar volume.

For that reason speed is the keynote of SWPC. There is no hip-hip-hooraying in the organization. Launching a series of weekly staff meetings, Maverick eliminated the early confusion through man-to-man talks. In one week the SWPC helped place approximately 350 contracts and 330 sub-contracts with a total value of 31 million dollars among small business men over the country. This necessitated seven hard work days for the chairman. "I mean to get results or get the hell out," Maverick says tersely, "and furthermore, every civilian alive who can read will know exactly what I am talking about. You can shock the people

with the truth if they know what you are talking about."

Almost everything else in Washington was created by the Executive order of the President, but Congress created the SWPC June 11, 1942, handing the new prodigy 150 million dollars and named Maverick chairman on January 12, 1944, to spend it. That made Maverick very happy. Being a strictly "uplift" character, he's having a wonderful time uplifting small business. Zip, bing, goes a million dollars—government money. "Hot diggity," chortles Maverick, reaching for the next "cause" on his list.

The cause is just. Prior to March 9, 1944, according to the Truman Committee, about one hundred firms gobbled up 70 per cent of all war contracts. The 165 thousand small factories got the leftovers. Maury Maverick and his SWPC are out to change all that. Already much has been done. Today the small manufacturer can, without cost, receive assistance in solving any research problem. He has at his disposal, through the SWPC, 11 Science Advisory Committees, some members of which are also members of the National Academy of Science, The American Chemical Society and the American Institute of Physics.

ANOTHER PLAN under way will make available to small industry some 45 thousand alien patents and patent applications seized since the outbreak of the war, are available to small business through the SWPC and the Alien Property Custodian. "We mean to see that these patents never get back into the hands of the Germans or of any monopolies or

cartels," says the hard-headed, San Antonio-born Texan.

Maverick is not against big business. He sees nothing wrong if it is honest big business, but thinks the central government must do everything necessary for the preservation of small business. He also favors government spending to make the country what he considers it could be. What he considers it could be is not what many think it should be. Maverick's plan is to mark out the land in regional areas according to their potential. One section might be devoted exclusively to mining, another to cattle raising, another to manufacturing. For these sweeping plans he has been criticised severely.

He doesn't mind criticism. "No man who goes into politics can sit on Mount Olympus talking sweet philosophy and get elected," says he flatly. He admits that he has practiced demagoguery and that he might do it again, wind, weather and the voters being propitious. "Further, I see nothing wrong with a Texan standing for what is right and being called a 'liberal.'"

Some critics have thumbnailed him in prussic acid: "show-off Maverick," "an eccentric," "a baffling phenomenon." Yet, one of his most severe critics admits: "Fundamentally, he is too honest. You cannot bully or cajole him into surrender on a point of principle."

It is his very simplicity which makes him appear complex. A large-bodied man of 48, built like a Texas bull, he is one of the frankest men alive. Mixed with a Don Quixote romanticism and the efficiency and hard-headedness of a Henry Ford, these quirks manifest

themselves in his stock-in-trade crusading. He has an abiding passion for art; a driving will to "do good." He hates living in Washington, thinks all cities are terrible. He bristles at routine and when hard-pressed or thwarted, his rages are famous; words flow from his mouth with the sting of a whiplash. Yet, he has a kind of tragic austerity. He peers at the world through thick-rimmed glasses—ready to attack or defend. He's good at both.

At the age of 17, while on his way by boat to the Virginia Military Institute, he wandered down into the steerage to see how "poor people" traveled. Invited to eat, he was assured the food was terrible. It was, but before he got much knowledge of the subject the steward discovered him, and calling him an "agitator" ordered him to eat First Class. "I felt like weeping the rest of the trip," he confesses, "but I had been told Mavericks never cry."

Later, he discovered that wasn't quite the truth. He cried plenty. It was during the first World War. Wounded and unable to guide his horse to the Allied lines, he ran into a squad of Germans—26 of them. "I was scared to death," he says, "my knees banged up against the horse. The tears wouldn't stay put. I think even the horse was scared. I knew I was going to be shot at any moment." Liverish with terror and worn out with bawling, he would have surrendered on the spot. "But they beat me to it," he says in amazement. "In the worst English I have ever heard, they begged me to save their lives." Very brave and patronizing now, he pointed to the Allied lines

and said truculently, "Beat it."

To this day he is glad there wasn't a reporter around; thinks he might have got stuck on his medals. He was a good soldier. He received the Purple Heart and the Silver Star. "Both are very pretty," he says fondly, "but I didn't deserve them."

The Maverick itch to crusade for the underdog is stronger than the Maverick urge for personal glory. He got himself involved with the Depression. Donning old clothes and letting his whiskers grow, he headed for the jungle of down-and-outers. He wasn't a good bum, but he meant well. Organizing a "colony" in San Antonio, he proposed that the men-of-the-road share and share alike with their booty, no matter how they had obtained it.

As long as the inhabitants had little money, the colony flourished; as soon as they got on their feet, they moved on. When the government began to grant relief, Maverick was out of business. He still has respect for his lowly parishioners. "They were good people," he affirms, "no better and no worse than any other people. How can you talk to a man about having self-reliance and the initiative of our forefathers when he has to grow corn on a pavement? He isn't living in the country of his forefathers."

Maverick believes firmly that the government should remove worry from the minds of certain classes of people by a system of social security, old age pensions and conservation of natural resources through nationalization. "Rural American

life is planless, headless and hopeless," says he.

When not in violent motion on SWPC business, Chairman Maverick spends his time writing historical pamphlets on such topics as The Great Seal, the Declaration of Independence, and various historical figures. He is seriously interested in American history, but not mawkish. He collects old books, historical documents, pill boxes and old coins. Likes to ride a horse, but not in a cowboy hat.

In Congress he was a militant uplifter, invariably in the front ranks of the progressives. He went all out for TVA, federal housing, slum clearance and the conservation of forests. While the press gave him front-page notices on stunts like riding a horse into the House of Representatives, he was busy with legislation. Through his efforts the Venereal Disease Bill and the Cancer Research Bill became law. "No human being should suffer for lack of medical care," he says. "There should be a law against it."

Many people fought the Maverick liberalism. He lost his next election. Certain critics, proclaiming it a political funeral, sent flowers to the deceased. The corpse expressed itself with a vigorous

kick and popped up head of SWPC. It's a very cheerful and optimistic ghost. Through Maverick, the services of SWPC have spread throughout the country. Research laboratories, technical advice and highly trained men are available in each of its fourteen regional offices at strategic headquarters throughout the nation.

Plans are under way for post-war SWPC. Maverick thinks a great service can be performed in that period of instability, but would like SWPC made a permanent part of government. He wants small business to have an equivalent of the research laboratories of the big business companies. SWPC already has the rudiments. Asserting his belief in free competition, he maintains vigorously that he abhors State Socialism, but sees nothing wrong with Government sharing in what used to be private business. Unless SWPC is extended by Congress, it expires July, 1945.

Warning against this, Maverick stoutly protests, "We cannot stop spending when peace breaks out. If we do not combine government spending with private enterprise, there'll be hell to pay. I have asked for 350 million dollars—and I mean to get it." Chances are he will.

### Compensation

M<sup>R.</sup> BROWN ARRIVED HOME from work to find his wife waiting expectantly. "Yes, dear," he said before she could word the question, "I asked the boss for a raise today. But he says the government won't allow it. He did say though—"

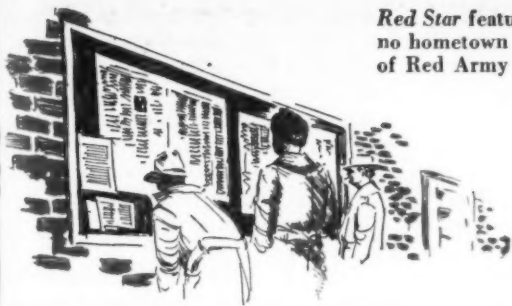
"Yes?" said Mrs. Brown hopefully.

"—That I could use the firm's stationery for my private correspondence."

—WILLARD OWEN



*Red Star* features no comics, no pin-up gals, no hometown news, but it's the favorite paper of Red Army man and Moscow civilian alike



## **The Red Army Goes to Press**

by HARRISON SALISBURY, *UP Correspondent*

IN LONDON, should you want to subscribe to *The Times*, you write a letter to the editor who carefully adds your name to a long waiting list. Then you wait until enough subscribers to *The Times* have died and, perhaps, a year or so after you have written your letter, you begin to get the newspaper.

In Moscow it is even more difficult to become a subscriber to one of the three principal papers—the “central” papers, as they are called—*Izvestia*, *Pravda* and *Krasnaia Zvezda*. *Krasnaia Zvezda*, of course, is *Red Star*, and on its masthead appears the same star, together with crossed hammer and sickle, which twinkles in glowing red enamel in the lamb’s wool of every Red Army man’s cap.

In Russia, as everywhere else in the world, there is wartime newsprint restriction. Possibly, by waiting a long time and pulling wires, a private citizen or ordinary working man in Moscow might become a subscriber to *Pravda*, the Communist Party newspaper, or *Izvestia*, the Soviet government paper. But he will never become a subscriber to

*Krasnaia Zvezda*. There just aren’t enough copies to go around and even foreign correspondents—probably the most privileged class in Russia outside the top hierarchy of Soviet officialdom—got on the subscription list at the start of the war only after much wangling.

So, if you have lived in Moscow and wanted to read *Red Star* you would do as thousands of Muscovites do—you would read it on one of the hundreds of thousands of public bulletin boards where papers are posted each day under glass.

Even here your difficulties would not end. Until the war began, *Red Star* was not a newspaper of general circulation or interest. It was a technical Red Army newspaper. The newspapers posted at the street corners of Moscow and other Russian cities were *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. Naturally the most frequently and easily reached bulletin boards have been preempted by these papers. So *Red Star* has had to take positions on side streets or around awkward corners. If you are a *Red Star* fan in Moscow—and most of Moscow is—you probably

will walk five or six blocks out of your way to work in the morning to see what your favorite front correspondent has to say about the Red Army's latest breakthrough.

It may seem surprising to Americans but you can only guess at what *Red Star's* circulation is. There are no official figures. My guess—and it is only a wild stab in the dark—is that it is in the neighborhood of 500 thousand copies a day.

*Red Star* is a "central" paper—therefore its circulation in some way compares with that of *Izvestia* and *Pravda*, which had pre-war circulations of two or three million daily. But *Red Star* was a technical paper and is not likely to have published more than 100 thousand copies. *Red Star's* circulation has boomed since the war. For instance, every Red Army division gets about 150 copies—one for every hundred men, or thereabouts. That accounts for 50 to 70 thousand copies. The paper also goes to every factory director, every factory library—and there are thousands of these—every local Soviet (town, city or village council), and to all the ranking government officials. There's only one more factor in this little guessing contest—*Red Star* has a fine, modern, but rather small plant, and is published only in Moscow. That may or may not add up to a circulation roughly comparable to that of the New York *World-Telegram* or the Chicago *Daily News*, but there's little doubt that it is the world's biggest army newspaper, even when you figure in the half dozen editions of *Stars and Stripes*.

It would be hard to find two papers which contrast more sharply than *Red Star* and *Stars and Stripes*.

There are no comic strips, no gee-eye jokes, no pin-up gals, no puppet poets in *Red Star*. *Red Star* does not print the results of the Moscow soccer league or the hockey matches, nor the Moscow race-results, and it doesn't go in for "hometown" news, "personals," or humor.

Like the Red Army and, indeed, the Russian people, it is in dead earnest. It sees nothing light or humorous about the war and it does not encourage its readers to laugh. It is designed to teach the Red Army man to be a better soldier and to teach the Red Army officers to be better leaders.

WHEN GERMANY attacked Russia the reaction of Soviet writers was the same as that of American writers after Pearl Harbor—they wanted to get into the fight and do what they could. So some of the most prominent Soviet authors, poets and playwrights became war correspondents for *Red Star*.

Eugene Petrov, co-author of *The Little Golden Calf*, was a *Red Star* war correspondent. (He was killed when his plane crashed while evacuating him from Sevastopol in the last days before that fortress fell.) Konstantin Simonov, brilliant young poet and playwright whose war play, *The Russian People*, has been presented in London, is another. Possibly the best known *Red Star* correspondent is Ilya Ehrenburg, whose dispatches were followed with an almost breathless eagerness by the public during the critical days of the period brought to an end by the Stalingrad victory. On every front there is a *Red Star* man. In every great battle there are correspondents who, unlike their

American and British contemporaries, actually go into battle with the Red Army, take part in the fighting and then in a quiet moment while their comrades are resting, sit down and type out a report to *Red Star*. Up to the spring of 1944 the paper had lost 16 correspondents, killed in battle. About 60 Russian cameramen have been killed, many of them while taking pictures for *Red Star*.

There is keen competition between *Red Star* war correspondents and those of *Izvestia* and *Pravda* for stories, just as there is among American correspondents in the Pacific or in the European theatre. The *Izvestia* and *Pravda* men grouse about the *Red Star* men, complaining that Red Army commanders give them better breaks on transportation and communications. Incidentally, *Red Star* correspondents also cuss out the censors whom they claim cut all the guts and color out of their stories—a complaint with which any war correspondent will sympathize.

But unlike American papers, *Red Star* hasn't developed any brilliant young new war correspondents. Instead, it has drawn on the talents of the best Russian writers in other fields. The results, naturally, are uneven. Some of the best front stories of the war have been printed in *Red Star*—Petrov's correspondence from Sevastopol and Simonov's from inside Stalingrad during the siege—but some of the world's dullest have also been printed.

*Red Star* is a four-page paper, the same size and shape as the Daily Bugle at home, but it doesn't look much like an American paper. The formats of Russian newspapers are

almost identical and you have to look close to see which one you're reading. Page one is devoted to Stalin's Orders of the Day, printed in large type, usually filling about one-third of the page. The rest of the page is devoted to the war communique, which fills a column or two, an editorial, announcements of important army promotions, and possibly a small front story squeezed in at the bottom of the page. Page two is usually largely devoted to official orders, particularly acknowledgments by Stalin of contributions by towns and workers to the Red Army. Page three customarily carries two or three articles on tactics—how to use mortar fire against fixed positions, how to employ cavalry in swampy terrain and the like.

Page four is the foreign news page. It carries brief dispatches from the other Allied battlefronts, brief stories covering the highlights of the news in Washington and London, stories on conditions inside Axis Europe and quite often an informative analysis of some subject like the big Allied offensive in the west or the forthcoming U.S. presidential election. There are usually two or three photographs—a shot of captured German war material, busted-up tanks or a Soviet ski detachment making its way through the forest.

*Red Star* editorials and articles have been barometers of the progress of the war. In the opening months of the war and until after the victorious battle of Moscow, a single refrain ran through editorial after editorial and article after article: *Stops the enemy at all costs!* Personal stories of Red Army men

and women who had given their lives for their country appeared in almost every issue. The glory of death for the Soviet Fatherland was iterated and reiterated. Troops were told not to fear German planes. A little later the emphasis switched to German tanks. Red Army men were exhorted to stay in their trenches when the tanks came through and to allow them to pass overhead. Anti-tank gunners were instructed to stand at their posts until the German tanks came within open sight range. Again and again *Red Star* hammered at the thesis that Red Army men must stand at their positions and die if necessary to halt the German avalanche. In the summer of '42 after the sudden loss of Rostov and Novochoerkassk, a new theme appeared—a theme of self-criticism of the Red Army which flowered with the presentation of the sensational play by Alexander Korneihuk, present Ukraine foreign minister, called *Front*. This was a criticism of outworn tactics and foggy thinking by old-line Red Army commanders. It put the emphasis on quick, versatile thinking and improvisation.

At the same time campaigns were instituted for tighter discipline in the Red Army. Officers were told they must bear themselves as officers. Saluting was emphasized, as was personal appearance and the responsibility of an officer for the welfare of his men.

As the Germans drove east to the Volga in the summer and fall of '42, *Red Star* advanced a new doctrine—that loss of territory was not important. Instead, said *Red Star*, the important thing was to destroy Germans, to kill German soldiers and

wreck their equipment. Reflecting the Army's needs, *Red Star* campaigned for increased production of mortars by the arms industry.

With the passing of the Stalin-grad crisis and the gradual shift of the Red Army to the offensive, the character of *Red Star* changed. No longer were Red soldiers exhorted about their duties. Instead, articles and editorials placed the emphasis on how more Germans could be killed, how tactics could be improved. The basic points—stand and fight the Germans and die a hero's death—had succeeded.

With the passing of the crisis, the campaign identified most closely with Ehrenburg was launched—the campaign to eliminate the distinction between “good” Germans and “bad” Germans. Ehrenburg launched this drive at a time when official government policy continued to encourage such organizations as the Free Germany Committee. Nonetheless, *Red Star* gave him ample space for his articles although it did not directly support these views editorially. About this time, too, *Red Star* increasingly referred to “Russian” troops and the “Russian” contribution to the war—recognition of the fact that the largest of the Soviet Republics had borne the major brunt of the war.

THE EDITOR of *Red Star* is Maj. Gen. Nikolai Talinsky, a professor of military history who wrote tactical studies and reviews for *Red Star* before assuming its direction about six months ago. The editors and correspondents of *Red Star* have regular military rank, just as *Stars* and *Stripes* editors and writers do.

Probably the most popular of

*Red Star's* writers is Simonov. His series, "Days and Nights in Stalin-grad," published during the most critical period of the battle, was reprinted in *Izvestia* and *Pravda* and republished as a pamphlet which sold many hundred thousand copies. His poem, "Await Me," which first appeared in *Red Star*, is known by heart by almost every Red Army man—as well as their wives and sweethearts. Half a dozen Soviet composers have written music for the verses and even in remote Russian villages the poem is sung to local refrains.

The poem is a soldier's admonition to his sweetheart to wait until he comes back.

One stanza gives the mood of the verse:

"Await me and I shall return!  
But you must await me with your  
whole heart!  
Await me when the yellow rain makes  
you sad.  
Await me when the snow is falling  
Await me when the heat is stifling  
Await me when those who wait for  
others have ceased to wait. . . .  
Await me and I shall return and cheat  
Death."

It is no accident that *Red Star's* top writer put these hopes and fears into words which all Russia knows by heart.

### On the Dogwatch

A LITTLE OLD LADY was walking a little old dog along the Boulevard Montparnasse in Paris. A German officer stopped to pet the animal. Deciding to be polite, he commented on the weather and the color of the sky. The little lady answered quietly. "Ach," continued the officer, "the sky is lovely, but look at the streets! So bare, so empty, so sad! Is this your Paris, your smiling, enchanting, gay Paris?"

The little lady looked up determinedly into the officer's face and said with a sigh, "Oh sir, you should have come when you were not here."

—New York Times

H E WAS AN ELDERLY little man who habitually took his Scottie for an airing every evening at sundown. None of the neighbors paid any attention to him except Mrs. Green, who had lately planted a line of new saplings along the sidewalk. Evening after evening she watched the little dog wend his halting way along her property. Her irritation grew and grew. Finally she marched out and accosted the little man. "Mr. Smith," she said impressively, "we love our trees. We have gone to great trouble and expense to get them well started. In view of this, would you mind walking Sandy on the other side of the street?"

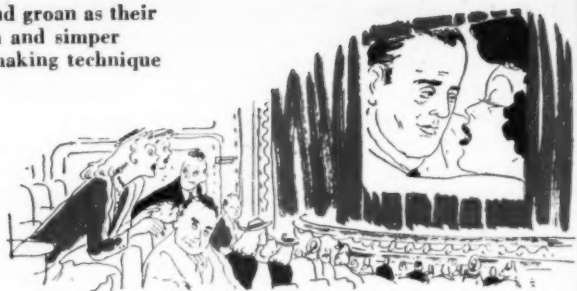
Mr. Smith looked startled, and then with great dignity he replied, "Mrs. Green, there is no need for concern. I walk Sandy around the block the long way, and by the time he reaches your trees, I'm sure it's only a gesture!"

—PAULA FRANK





He-man Americans glare and groan as their wives and sweethearts sigh and simper at Monsieur Boyer's love-making technique



## Those Eyes! That Voice!

by SIDNEY CARROLL

WHEN CHARLES BOYER left his native France and came to Hollywood to take his chances on the American screen, he was limited by two handicaps from the Film Capital viewpoint. The first—a big one—was the fact that he was a Frenchman, yet he didn't conform to certain ingrown Movietown ideas as to what a French actor should look like. He didn't wear a top hat and a cutaway coat, and bore no resemblance to a haberdasher's model. His hair wasn't long and slicked down with pomade. Why, he didn't even sport a waxed mustache, which was the best prop for comedy relief, at which French actors were supposed to excel in movies.

Yes, Monsieur Boyer had a hard time convincing Hollywood that he was French, an even harder one convincing studio heads that he could carry — and admirably — a serious dramatic role. It took him years to get that idea across. After he made his first important American film, a compelling drama called *Private Worlds*, which marked the first time on the talking screen

that a French actor played a heavy dramatic lead in an American film, critics were still wary of him. "For a Frenchman," they said, "he does very well."

The second handicap which Boyer had to overcome was the fact that he was—and is—a Latin lover. This is not as ambiguous as it sounds. Boyer came to Hollywood just when Movietown was changing its notions about the proper procedure for making love. Time was when your leading man was a very sleek fellow indeed. He was epitomized for all time in the unforgettable Rudolph Valentino. When Boyer appeared on the scene the passion flower hero of the Valentino vogue was on the way out. The Hollywood hero of today was emerging—a brawny, brisk gentleman by the name of Clark Gable, who had less of the chaise-longue in his look and more of the sock-in-the-puss approach. Boyer, with his Adriatic eyes, his Latin manners, his voice like a smooth-running motor, was something of a throwback to the Valentino era.

It is to Boyer's everlasting glory

that he managed to knock both handicaps into a couple of tri-cornered hats. Boyer today is one of the most prominent figures on the screen, in spite of the fact that he is a double anachronism. He continues to play the irresistible Frenchman in an era when all Frenchmen are supposed to be lousy lovers. And he is the impeccable apostle of smoothness and suavity at a time in our cinematic history when all Hollywood heroes have to act like Gable or Bogart or get the hell out of town. Boyer is the period piece in the modern smoking room.

The saga of Boyer's ascendancy in American films dates from *Private Worlds*. He made it nearly 10 years ago. A hundred million fans take it for granted that his career started then, in the year of his first triumph here, and that all that went before was simply birth and adolescence in France. But a handful of fans, just a few million of them, are aware of the fact that Boyer had a long and happy career on the French stage and screen before he ever saw Hollywood, and some lengthy and extremely unhappy trials and tribulations before he managed to make good in America. They know that when he arrived in our Bagdad he had to claw and scratch at the gates before they would even open wide enough to let him squeeze through. And but for a guardian angel, who happened to look like Walter Wanger, he would have gone back to France—a disillusioned, out-of-date French actor. He had to try three times before he made any kind of movie score.

Boyer was born 45 years ago in

the town of Figeac, France. His father sold farm machinery and Boyer was born in a back room over his father's shop. He was, for the town of Figeac, a prodigy. As a child, he had a remarkable memory. At the age of 10 he had memorized such roles as *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Boyer's father, a good honest bourgeois, wanted the boy to join any one of the three professions reserved for bright French lads—Medicine, Law, or Politics. But when Boyer was 10 his father died and Charles told his mother that he wanted to become an actor. His mother gave in to the fantastic request, but only on condition that her son finish his formal education. So Boyer finished his elementary schooling and at the age of 18 he made the long trek to Paris, entered the Sorbonne, and took a degree in Philosophy from this university.

That in itself was no mean accomplishment, for the Sorbonne isn't a playground, and young Boyer spent most of his time playing around in the company of actors and playwrights. With the actor Pierre Blanchard he lived in the Parisian streets and cafés, studying what actors like to call "types and characters." That sort of thing, which sounds almost pretentious in this country, has been a tradition with French actors ever since a member of their clan named Molière decided to spend his theatrical apprenticeship in the cafés, studying types and characters — and the wines. Boyer still studies his fellowman with a professional eye.

After the Sorbonne, Boyer immediately applied to the *Conservatoire du Drame*, which is the holy of

holies for young French actors, and was enrolled. Within a year he was given his first opportunity to appear in a Paris theatre. Monsieur Gémier, producer of the play *Les Jardins de Murcie*, came to Boyer and told him that his play was to open in 12 hours, and the leading man was ill. He had heard of Monsieur Boyer's remarkable memory. Could he—in a mere 12 hours—learn the lines and give a performance which would not disgrace *le Conservatoire*?

Charles Boyer took that tough assignment in stride. At the end of those 12 hours, Paris got its first real look at the young man with the compelling eyes, the melting voice and the veins in the forehead that pulsate so romantically. Paris—feminine Paris, at least—swooned. He was greeted with waves of hysterical applause and described as “a charming, well-mannered young actor of 21 with a flair for mystery.” Paris was delighted. And so was Monsieur Gémier who offered Boyer a part in his *Brande Pastorale*. The role drew high praise from critics, and Charles was cast in other plays while still continuing his class work at the *Conservatoire*.

Later Boyer met the successful French playwright, Henri Bernstein, and for eight years he played the leading roles in a fabulous succession of Bernstein hits. Before he was 30, he was one of the most popular actors in France.

Those were the days of silent movies, and Boyer sometimes stepped down from the pinnacle of his stage success to make a few silent movies. One year he took his own troupe on a tour through the countries of the Middle East.

When he came back to Paris, flushed with success, an international favorite instead of a provincially Parisian one, he learned for the first time that something had happened to the movies. They were talking.

Undaunted, Boyer proceeded to make French talking pictures. He became one of the most popular of French movie stars. In the silent days his eyes and his acting had caused his female adherents to sizzle and pop. When the talking screen revealed that he also had a dulcet voice, the ladies had convulsions. At the height of his career in the French cinema, America's movietown sent for him.

So it was an Old World famous Boyer who arrived in Hollywood in those first talkie days. There was only one hole in the pattern of his fame: he was unknown in America. And Hollywood, in one of its astigmatic moods, had no use for his European fame. Movietown was interested only in the fact that he could speak French.

In those days Hollywood made foreign language versions of its movies for the European market, and Boyer was hired simply to make French versions of M-G-M films. Nobody thought of putting him into American films, or of trying to give America a sample of that talent which had sent the ladies of Europe, Asia and Africa screaming for the smelling salts. Boyer himself knew his own possibilities and he asked for parts in English-speaking pictures. He got them! If you ever come across an old Jean Harlow film called *Red-Headed Woman*, look hard at the

actor who plays Jean Harlow's chauffeur. That was one sample of the roles Boyer was given.

Finally Boyer gave up the whole thing in disgust and went back to France. He took his European reputation out of moth balls and in no time at all he was right back at the top of the fame ladder.

It was when his European reputation became too great to ignore that the American movie-makers realized he might be made to produce his peculiar kind of alchemy—that trick of setting melting hearts on fire—in America. They sent for him again and gave him the leading role in a film called *Caravan*, opposite Loretta Young. He wore a wig of curly black ringlets for that one and played the role of a wandering gypsy minstrel. Both picture and Boyer were simultaneous flops. After the film was laid away Boyer decided to go home for good. He would continue to be a big frog in his own little pond. His mind was made up. No more Hollywood! And he would have made good that threat if he hadn't accidentally bumped into Walter Wanger, the well-known producer.

Wanger had a role for him, the role of a psychiatrist in a new type of picture called *Private Worlds*. The opus was to be a noble experiment. Psychiatry had never been dished out to American movie audiences, nor had there been a movie star who played French heroes on the screen since those rakish, silent antics of Adolphe Menjou. Besides, Menjou had been a comedian, and Boyer would play a heavy dramatic role. The whole thing was a gamble, but the des-

perate Boyer took it. *Private Worlds* was a great hit with the public and Boyer came into his own. He has been on top ever since.

Many of his admirers assume that his appeal is a purely physical one. Those eyes! That voice! The fact of the matter is that there are eyes more soulful which can be bought wholesale in the casting agencies of Hollywood, and voices with even more passionate undulations to match. The reason Boyer manages to go on and on, unrivaled in his field, is that acting is his business and he *knows* his business. Those years on the French stage have made him an excellent and an extremely versatile actor.

But the most surprising aspect of this greatest of Latin lovers is the paradox of his private life. He is, in his screen technique, blood cousin to the great movie lovers of yesterday; but there the resemblance ends. The Titans of the silent days lived private lives that were as tempestuous as their moments of make-believe. Boyer is a match for any of them on the screen, but when he leaves the set each night he enters another world.

He has been married for eight years to Pat Paterson, the English actress he met after he made *Private Worlds*. Their first-born, in the best French tradition, is a boy. The Boyer home is a mélange of classical and modern which Boyer designed himself. It has things like sliding panels and glass walls, but the center, the focal point of the house is the library. For, strange as it sounds, the favorite diversion of the Prince of Passion is a fireside and a good book. He has an enormous library, every inch of its walls cov-

ered with books. Boyer, the Beau Ideal, is a bibliophile at heart.

A few years ago Boyer built a two-story library in Hollywood, filled it with 10 thousand French books—many of which were rare and expensive—endowed it, and gave it to the public. It is one of the best French collections in the country and the building that houses it is certainly the best looking. Boyer designed it. It is decorated in cool green, with Lautrec posters on the walls and—as a sample of Monsieur Boyer's unorthodox approach to academics—a pool table in the main hall. Boyer keeps an office on the upstairs floor and when he isn't working at the studio he likes to spend his time in that office.

Boyer, however, has little time for his favorite pursuits these days, for most of his leisure time is spent in various kinds of war work: in making Free French broadcasts and records, and films for the OWI. These efforts give Boyer, the book lover, very little time for his hobby.

Boyer is also doubling in brass at present by turning his energies to the field of picture producing. The actor-producer is a rare bird in films because he must have a nice balance of divers talents. Boy-

er's first effort as a producer was *Flesh and Fantasy*, a film which was, in many ways, a true reflection of his personality, since it was imaginative, and quite eclectic.

All the time he was making this picture Boyer was the least conspicuous member of the company. The steady line of lady visitors from the hinterlands who always stream onto a Charles Boyer set in order to see the great man in action, were sorely disappointed whenever they saw him on the *Flesh and Fantasy* set. They saw him dressed in somber grays, his hands thrust deep into his pants pockets, standing off in corners, for all the world like any other businessman. He refused to exercise his producer's prerogatives by stomping up and down the stages and yelling for yes men. He didn't look anything like a great movie idol.

But those ladies would have been much more deeply disillusioned if they had been allowed to follow the great lover to his home; if they could have seen the impeccable Boyer of the magic voice, the love-laden eyes, bending over the crib to tickle the toes of his first-born, or shuffling off to the library in a bathrobe, to curl up with a drink, a smoke, and a good book.

### Contract

AT A RECENT MEETING of the council on books for our men in the armed forces, someone suggested printing a service edition of *The Ten Commandments* (a collection of short stories, each based on a Scriptural precept).

"It is much too long," objected one director.

"In that case," suggested Philip Van Doren Stern brightly, "we might select five and call it a *Treasury of the World's Best Commandments*."

—BENNETT CERF in *The Saturday Review of Literature*





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*Cinemelle*

***The Story of Dr. Wassell***

*Condensed from the full-color film to be released by Paramount*

## The Story of Dr. Wassell

With a commentary by VICE ADMIRAL ROSS T. MCINTIRE,  
The Surgeon General, U. S. Navy

MEN OF MEDICINE, the rural doctor and the renowned specialist alike, have together answered the call of War. Little publicity has been given to these men. But one such example has been brought to the screen in Paramount's story of Doctor Corydon M. Wassell, whose career has run the range from rural practice in Arkansas to research in China, and the evacuation of a corps of badly wounded sailors in his care when the Japanese hordes invaded Java. Described by President Roosevelt as "A Christlike shepherd devoted to his flock," Wassell had to disregard his orders

to bring about an escape which everyone thought impossible. The story is a tribute to his skill, but in a larger sense it typifies and is a tribute to American medical men in all the arenas of the present war who are dedicated to a timeless ideal—the saving of life at times when the odds appear against it.

This is Dr. Wassell, who was "driven out of Arkansas by hogs." Discouraged by narrow rural practice and overwhelmed by the pigs his patients paid him with, his interest was fired by a circular describing the great need for medical missionaries in China.





1. In China Dr. Wassell, like so many medical men in foreign lands, devoted himself to research—seeking to eradicate the terrible diseases that have plagued the people for centuries. Side by side with him worked Madeline Day, a Red Cross nurse.



2. Although deeply in love with his beautiful laboratory assistant, modest Wassell felt he had too little to offer her. When the coveted job as research head went to another man, he swallowed his double disappointment and left for an outpost clinic, alone.





**3.** Success was again snatched from him. Just after his own discovery of the disease carrier came word his rival had already found it. Feeling himself destined for failure, Wassell gave up both his love and his job, sought another way to serve mankind.

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4. But few men recognize the depths of their own strength. War brought a new, even more urgent need for doctors. At the crowded docks of Tjilatjap, Java, dead and wounded sailors from the crippled *Marblehead* and *Houston* were unloaded



5. . . . under the supervision of Lt. Commander Corydon M. Wassell. Calm and unhurried, his Arkansas drawl cutting through the babel of Dutch and Javanese, Wassell reassured each man, saw them comfortably aboard hospital trains.

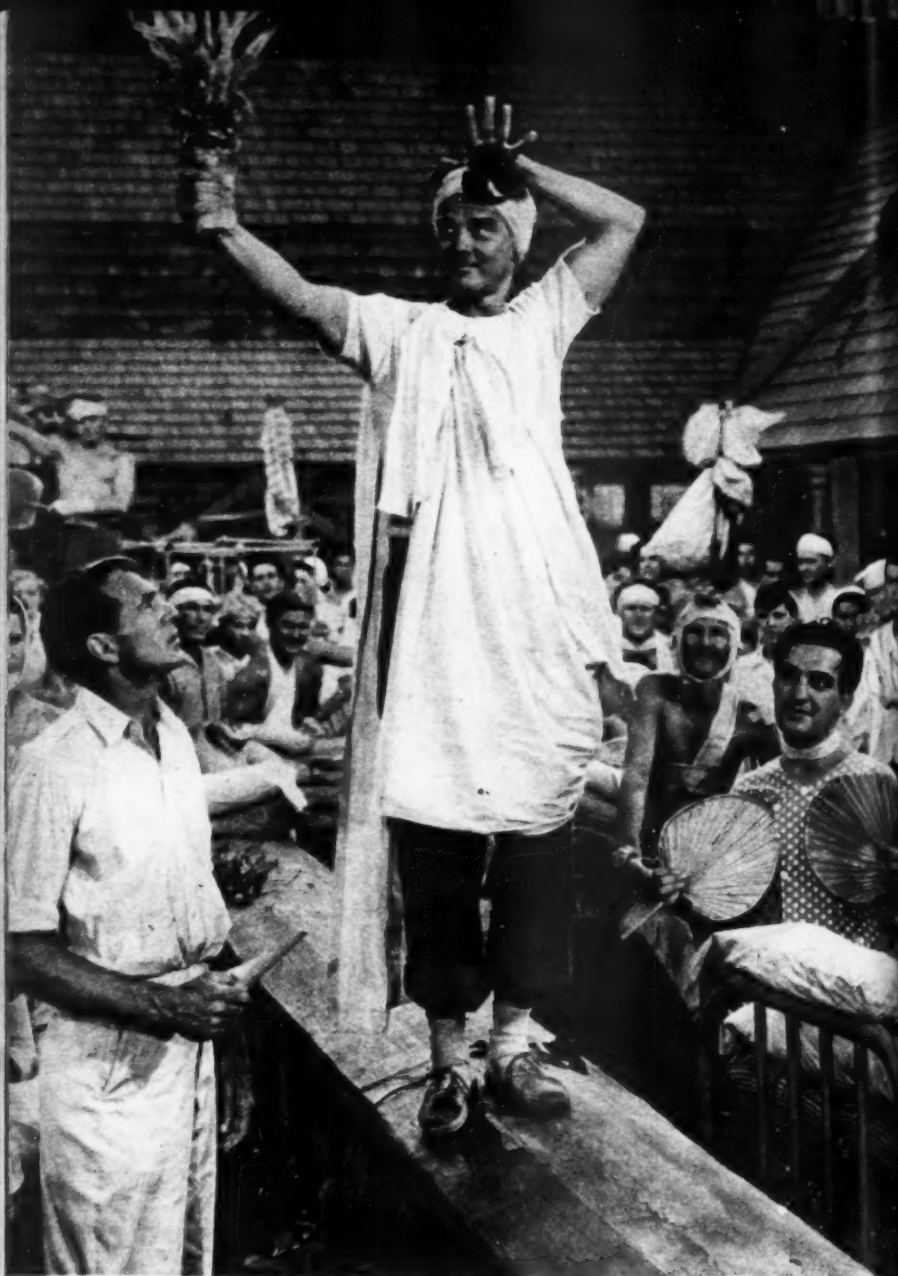


- 6.** Once at the modern Dutch hospital in Central Java, the wounded slowly regained health. Impromptu entertainment was provided by Three Martini, a Javanese nurse who had given her blood to "Hoppy." But already Jap pincers had closed on Java.

**7.**



7. The brief respite from danger was tragically shattered when the first bombs fell on the hospital. Despite Dr. Wassell's precautions one patient was mortally hit—Ping, his former Chinese assistant, who had joined the U.S. Navy when war came.



**B.** Wild rejoicing greeted the order to evacuate. Compassionate Wassell concealed the fact it was for walking wounded only—made his crucial decision. A doctor, dedicated to saving life, he could not abandon his stretcher cases to certain death.

9.

10.





9. Fully aware that he risked court martial for disobeying Navy orders, Wassell nevertheless brought them all back to Tjilatjap. Using every ruse to get the stretcher cases aboard the evacuation ship Pecos, he almost succeeded. But Commander Goggins



10. . . . the officer in charge, ordered them ashore. With Jap ships blockading the port, the Pecos was headed for trouble. Feeling he had failed his men—and thereby the ideals of his profession—Wassell shared their heartbreak as the Pecos sailed.



**11.** *Wassell and the wounded made the weary journey back to the interior, knowing the bridges were dynamited behind them. Capture by the Japanese seemed inevitable. The men were wrapt in sullen bitterness, feeling their sacrifices unappreciated.*

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12. *Total destruction greeted them at the hospital. Jap bombs had left a gutted wreck. Startled by a sound, Wassell found loyal Three Martini crouching in the wreckage, convinced that Hoppo would return to her since "her blood was in his veins."*



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**13.** *Bombs fell again and the men abandoned all hope. But Wassell, like any doctor, refused to give in to death without a fight. He intercepted a passing coast-bound British unit and, contrary to orders, begged a lift back to Tjilatjap.*

**15.**



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- 15.** *Less lucky were Hoppy and Three Martini. An exploding shell spun their jeep over a cliff, killing the driver. In the valley, camouflaged figures crept closer. Cradling a gun in his wounded hands, Hoppy prepared to kill as many Japs as he could.*





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**15.**



**14.** The long convoy raced desperately through the Javanese jungle. Heavy shelling blasted the road before them. Driving the heavy truck, the doctor called on quite un-medical skills as he succeeded in crossing a bridge just before a shell wrecked it.

**16.**



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- 16.** *At Tjilatjap escape almost eluded them. Again refusing to accept defeat, Wassell commandeered a rickety launch to overtake the departing Janssens, last ship out of Java, loaded his wounded aboard despite vehement protests from the Dutch captain.*



**17.** *Jap planes screamed toward the crowded decks; 17-year-old Melvin Francis (center above) needed no direction in this and other scenes. For this was a true story, and Francis, who lost an eye on the Marblehead, simply reenacted his own experience.*



**18.** *Safe at last in Australia, Wassell's momentary relaxation was interrupted by a call to the admiral's office. Expecting court martial, Wassell was stunned to find the admiral and staff listening to the radio. And suddenly President Roosevelt was speaking.*

**19.**

**20.**



19. *The quiet voice telling the inspiring story of the "simple, modest, retiring man" and his unfaltering devotion to his men brought new hope to Madeline as a rescue plane carried her ever closer to Australia and reconciliation with the man she loved.*



20. *And on the sunny grounds of an Australian hospital, Wassell's boys smiled in heart-felt agreement with the President's praise. Completing their happiness was later word that Hoppy, given up for dead, was alive. (The real Hoppy is still a prisoner.)*



**21.** Under Madeline's proud eyes, Wassell received the Navy Cross . . . "For especial devotion to duty and utter disregard of personal safety while in contact with enemy forces, during evacuation of the wounded of the United States Navy from Java."



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So-called highly respected citizens may be astonished to learn that their records in hotel files brand them as petty thieves

## Are You on a Hotel Blacklist?

by LESTER B. COLBY

HE HAD "ROUGHNECKED" on a rig in the oil fields, become wealthy by striking producing wells on his own and ended up a corporation executive. We were sitting in his suite in a Texas hotel during a convention. Gazing at his Gargantuan bulges, a friend remarked:

"He's the strongest man I've ever known."

Hearing this, the gentleman picked up a rocking chair, and in a few moments he had reduced it to a pile of wreckage—just to live up to his reputation. Shocking? To be sure it was, but hotel officials are accustomed to this and similar demonstrations on the part of guests.

Leakage, as the loss of hotel property at the hands of guests is sometimes called, either through carelessness, willful vandalism or outright theft, is estimated to run close to 10 million dollars a year.

To protect themselves against all this, and bad credits, bad checks, skips and other sins against them, most hotels today maintain what is called a "guest history." Few hotel patrons have heard of it. The guest history is a simple record of be-

haviorism. Usually it is recorded on cards, indexed and kept at finger tip in a filing cabinet. Code is generally used to designate the discovered shortcomings of guests.

The next time you register at a hotel note what the clerk does. The chances are that he will glance at your name and address. Then he will probably say:

"Just a moment, Mr. Murgatroyd. I'll see what we have."

Back somewhere out of your sight he will turn to your guest history card, if you have been there before, and in a couple of seconds will know about your past, be it good or bad. If you have sinned sufficiently he will blandly inform you:

"I'm sorry, sir, but all our rooms are taken."

Most well-organized larger hotels have excellent rogues' galleries. They maintain filed and indexed names, aliases, descriptions, records, and often pictures, of all known swindlers, rubber check artists, habitual skips and men and women wanted by the FBI or the police. In case of a suspect it is simple for a house detective to "lift" a finger-

print from a drinking glass, from the edge of a dresser or a door. The FBI or the police will be ready with the identification data.

Professional slickers, however, are only a lesser drain on hotels. It is the guest, man or woman, usually a respected citizen back home, who causes the heaviest losses. The leak is felt especially during wartime when it is difficult to replace linens, silver and other vital items.

Last fall a banquet in one of Chicago's largest hotels was attended by some 1,200 public employees from various cities—community and welfare leaders—an ideal gathering of moral people.

What happened? The hotel checked every piece of silver sent to the tables and after the dinner checked it back. Vanished were 387 pieces of flatware!

"We see the best people at their worst in hotels," is a line often quoted by hotel executives.

A little lady is leaving her hotel room to check out when a brass sign on the inside of the door catches her eye.

*"Stop, Have You Left Anything?"*

She glances back. Has she? Well, yes, the furniture and the rug! Otherwise she has done a pretty thorough job. When she reaches home her suitcases will give forth bath towels and face towels, a bath mat, a dresser scarf, a bed spread, a blanket, a small bedside lamp, a pitcher, glasses and an ashtray. A maid had carried out the soiled linen, else the guest might have had sheets and pillowcases.

An exaggeration? According to hotel men it can happen and does. Big trunks can help the game along. In one instance every detachable

article in the room, except the furniture, was removed from a famous old hotel in Detroit. After "packing" his trunks the guest pulled them into the hall, called the porter, and ordered them expressed to a distant town.

Fortunately his trail was wide open. The trunks were traced and the goods recovered.

The vast majority of hotel losses, however, running into box-car figures annually, do not come from systematic thievery. Here is how it happens: John Jones starts to pack his shoes on top of a white shirt. He grabs a towel to wrap up the shoes. Mary Jones, his wife, has some room left in her bag. Is everything in? She looks around. She spies a picture that will just fit over the table in her breakfast room.

A sudden impulse seizes her. Into the bag it goes. One towel, one picture! But how many Johns and how many Marys filch from the hotel in a year? Luckily for the hotels, most guests have consciences.

Still the losses are staggering. Some time ago a firm of hotel accountants made a compilation of linen losses, exclusive of discards, in 26 hotels, large, small and residential, with 19,500 rooms. The leakage for one year was:

208,428 face and hand towels	
at \$1.50 per doz. . .	\$26,053.50
26,412 sheets at \$10 a doz. . .	22,010.00
58,200 bath towels at \$3.75	
per doz. . . . .	18,187.50
34,320 pillowcases at \$2.75	
per doz. . . . .	7,865.00
1,260 blankets at \$5.50 ea.	6,930.00
1,272 bedspreads at \$3.00	
each . . . . .	3,816.00
7,692 bath mats at \$5.50	
per doz. . . . .	3,525.50

The figures cited reach a grand total of 337,584 pieces with a total value of nearly 90 thousand dollars. Some of it might be due to losses in the laundries and some percentage to employe thefts.

There are 15,851 recognized hotels in the United States with 1,275,186 rooms. If the losses for all are proportionate it means more than 1,300,000 sheets vanished, more than 10,400,000 face and hand towels. All the above listed items total more than 16,800,000 pieces. In money loss it would get pretty close to 5 million dollars. And all this for linens alone.

Operators of large "name" hotels say that their leakage through guest pilfering runs six times as great as that of the smaller houses. People who stop at famous houses often carry marked linens or silverware home for the same reason that the Indians used to take scalps. It is something to "show" to friends and neighbors. The trophies prove to the members of the bridge club that the travellers didn't stop at a tourist camp.

One of Chicago's largest hotels figures its losses in direct proportion to its number of guests. Twenty-seven hundred guests per day for a month means a loss of 2,700 hand towels and 1,800 bath towels. The ratio seldom varies. This hotel figures that silverware worth \$25,000, actual auditor's replacement value, is carried away annually by guests.

An exclusive New York hotel opened with a handsome "banjo clock" on the wall of each room. In less than two weeks 342 were missing. The famous Williamsburg Lodge, 76 rooms, started out with handsome and expensive ash trays

in every room. Eleven dozen of them were carried away in the first month. The manager of another hotel conceived the idea that his guests would appreciate silk down comforters. They did. Thirty days after he had placed 300 in service only five were left!

NOT SO LONG ago a young Army officer was invited to a home in a city close to the camp in which he was stationed. It so happened that his family held a major investment in a fine hotel in a large inland city. His host was one of the top men in his community. He lived in a show-type home surrounded with every evidence of wealth.

The dinner service was ornate. The soup tureen looked strangely familiar to the guest. The turkey was served on a huge silver platter, also strangely familiar. Vegetables came on in similar silver dishes. The butter plates and silver matched. And the coffee, too, in a handsome silver pot.

Every piece bore the crest of the family hotel. The officer was embarrassed but he finally remarked on the silver with admiration.

"I seem to recognize the crest."

The host, with a loud laugh, said to his wife: "Go ahead. Confess."

And she did, without a blush.

She told him how the family had been going to the hotel regularly for a number of years. On each visit they would have a dinner served in their room. Each time they packed one piece and carried it away. Finally they had a complete silver set. To them it was not larceny, just being smart, outwitting the hotel management.

The Army officer said nothing

ARRIVAL	ROOM	RATE	DEPARTURE	JOHN R. BLANK  1260 Blank Avenue Blank, Ohio  CRS			
2/5/42	1018	\$6.00	2/9/42				
4/16/42	861	\$6.00	4/19/42				
Ash tray missing							
8/23/42	961	\$7.00	8/25/42				
Bath towel missing				ARRIVAL			
				ROOM	RATE	DEPARTURE	
				2/6/43	921	\$6.00	2/10/43
10/1/42	840	\$6.00	10/11/42	cig. burn on table. Complain			
2 lt. bulbs, small pic missing				maid service, 2 small towels			
12/9/42	741	\$6.00	12/14/42	missing			
Bath mat missing				4/18/43	861	\$6.00	4/25/43
				Ash tray missing			

then. Nevertheless, in the guest history of that hotel today, there rests a card and on it is a sign in code which means, if you could decipher it: "Watch these people. They are thieves."

Every autumn a serious problem develops in hotels in many cities. It is born of the football games. Ever watch a football crowd on a chilly day? It's a ten to one bet that half of the blankets there come from hotels.

Most of them, of course, come back. But caked with mud and trampled on. How did they get out of the hotels? Can you picture one bellboy, or two or a half dozen with the manager thrown in, stopping a football crowd from carrying out the blankets? What hotel wants a riot in its lobby?

Not long ago two very charming motherly ladies remained for a number of days in a swank Chicago

hotel. One day the maid notified the housekeeper that two blankets were missing from the room. The housekeeper told the house detective. Professionally a house detective can go through a guest's luggage imperceptibly as a zephyr.

This house officer quickly located the blankets in the bottom of a trunk during a temporary absence of the estimable ladies. The blankets had been cut up, from a pattern, to make over into bathrobes. Ordinarily the blankets would merely have been removed. When the ladies settled their bill they found on it: "Two blankets, 14 dollars each. Total 28 dollars." They paid without a bat of the eye.

One day only a few weeks ago a maid in a fine hostelry noticed that a costly piece of drapery, a "vanity skirt," hung around a dressing table, seemed suddenly to be in a ruinous state. It was slit all around, like a

horse's fly net; fringed like a Spanish shawl.

The head housekeeper rushed to the room. A young lady there explained it all very easily.

"My husband has just graduated from medical college," she said, "I gave him a pair of surgical scissors as a graduation gift. He wanted to try them out on something."

And so it goes, on and on.

Playboys who throw bottles out of windows, vandals who break furniture, the criminally careless who ring tables with cigarette burns, all these gay, free spirits find their release in hotels.

The better resort hotels have some protection. They generally investigate those who seek reservations. A service organization does the job. The applicant is searched financially and his personal history and morals are gone into. Before the reservation is confirmed the hotel management knows him better than he knows himself.

The transient hotel has to rely on its guest history. Ten million dollars' worth of property is going

to be stolen annually. The hotel man knows that, and he knows that the major part of it is petty leakage by pilfering. No way has been found to stop it but at least he knows who is doing it and can crack down on the worst offenders.

On the facing page is a sample guest card, the kind most hotels use.

Here is the thread-like leak in the dike. Here is a man who is a known thief but who doesn't take quite enough to be refused a room. He no doubt regards himself as a regular citizen. He walks up to the desk and sets down his bags, welcome as flowers in May, he thinks. He doesn't know the bilious eye the clerk turns on him after a glance at the file. He doesn't know that his guest card bears the warning code signal, C R S, which means, "Check Room Supplies." In other words—"Watch this man. He steals."

On the other hand there is the clean card, the white card with just the list of your visits and no notation except a remark on the type of room you prefer. That card means, "Nice people."

### ***Inhuman Relations***

■ AN OLD LADY was on her way to church when she saw a mean little boy. "Young man," she said sternly, "why are you standing there throwing rocks at that little girl?"

"Because I dasn't go any closer," returned the lad. "She's got whooping cough."  
—*Banana Peelings*

■ MRS. RUMSTEAD HAD BEEN to her weekly club meeting, so her husband knew he was in for an earful of neighborhood gossip.

"Everyone in town is talking," reported the wife, "about the Jones' quarrel. Some are taking his part and some hers."

"And, I suppose," replied Mr. Rumstead grimly, "a few eccentric individuals are minding their own business."  
—*Whidbey Island Prop Wash*



## Unpainted Desert

by R. V. C. BODLEY



**T**HE SAHARA DESERT is always a region of romance and legend. A caravan of camels moves through the sandy desolation. We see the hawk-eyed sheiks veiling their faces in their burnouses against the fierce simoom, or wheeling their swift barbs, broad-faced, wide-nostriled, satin-skinned, with eyes like jewels. In the distance is an oasis, a tiny spot of green, a few slender palms around a brackish well. And there may be the white kepis and red trousers of an outpost of those lost men who came here to forget and to be forgotten—the Foreign Legion.

Ah, the mighty Sahara, bed of an ancient ocean, vast and uncontrollable, the land where time stands still.

And vast it is—about the same size as the United States—but it never was an ocean. In recent time, geologically speaking, the Sahara was a sub-tropical region with a system of rivers. When some cataclysm raised the land the rivers went underground. They still are there. Only a small area in the northwest is below sea level and there are the richest oases. They are luxuriant gardens, miles square, producing everything from strawberries to dates. The rest of the Sahara is a high, wind-swept plateau with mountains rising to a height of nearly 10 thousand feet. Only an eighth of it is sandy.

Millions of sheep are exported annually to Algeria and France from the Sahara. Much of the country is good grazing land for animals which are adapted to it. The Sahara sheep is long legged and can go for weeks without being watered. After a good rain the desert scrub is as rich as the grass of a New England meadow and the sheep find necessary moisture in the plants.

But the Arab, the sheik of the desert, with his noble legendary code of living, his stately camels and swift, beautiful horses, exotic bulbuls and lustrous-eyed gazelles, is a myth.

The Sahara Arab who is of any account is in the sheep business. He lives and works like a Western rancher. Many of the sheiks grow wealthy, even by western standards, from their great flocks.

One thing won't disappoint you, the sheiks live in tents, brown blanket tents—the better off he is the bigger tents he has and the more of them. He is a Moslem and will look down on you, but if you get friendly with him the only thing he has to talk of is the prospect for the sheep season. That is about all he knows. Suppose you drag the talk around to the Foreign Legion. The sheik may have heard of it but probably never saw the uniform. The Legion goes only where there is fighting and there is no fighting

in the Sahara. No member of the Legion ever sets foot there unless as a tourist. So there goes the Foreign Legion out of the desert picture.

Life in the tents is rough and practical. Female members of the establishment are hard working women, and they look it—what you see of them.

The horses are good enough, but they are rough and hardly ever get a touch of the curry comb or brush. The stately camels, ah, that is another subject.

The key to the character of the camel is his sneering, leering face. The one humped dromedary is the desert four-legged truck. His function is to transport tents, stores and women when the sheep move. He can carry up to 1,000 pounds and does it with vicious ill-grace, grumbling and groaning from the moment the load is tied on his back. He bears malice and will bite and kick and sometimes kill a herder. The camel's one special virtue is that he can fill the chambers around the walls of his stomach with water and go on that way for a week, eating sticks and weeds. When that reserve of water is gone and there is no moist pasture, the camel cracks up and dies. The saying about the last straw breaking the camel's back does not refer to loading. It is an

allusion to the suddenness of his refusal to go on living. The Arabs say that the camel dies on purpose to spite his owner.

If the camel is one of the most unpleasant of brutes, though, he is most useful. Camel's meat is eaten. Camel's milk is considered a delicacy. In a pinch the Arab will drink the sour fluid secreted around the camel's stomach. Camel wool provides tents and clothes. Its dung is fuel, and its hide is cut up for water bags, belts and sandals.

But as to being the faithful companion of the Arab in lonely treks across the burning sands—that is out. No Arab ever travels without company. No inducement would take him near the dunes country. And the last creature he would like to be alone with would be a camel.

Ageless beauty of the Sahara is the mirages. These are real, just as real as in the romances. No words can portray them. Let science try to explain their cause.

Yes, at the end, no disillusion can take away the immemorial beauty and fascination of the Sahara. It is an enchanting region, full of life and color and movement. Few men who have lived in it do not long to return to live and die in sight of its flowing lines, vast horizons and shimmering mirages.

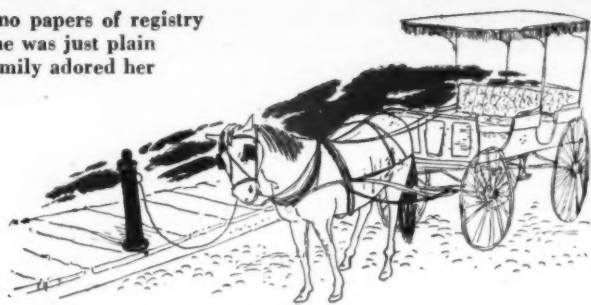
### ***Out of the Frying Pan . . .***

HENRY LIVED IN THE suburbs, and drove to and from work. One night his car stalled a little way from town. When midnight came and he had not yet put in an appearance, his wife anxiously sent telegrams to his six closest friends, asking whether they had seen Henry.

The next morning she received six answers, each reading, "Henry was with me last night."

—Stanford Chaparral

Nell had no pedigree, no papers of registry from famous stables. She was just plain horse, and the whole family adored her



## ***Our Nellie Was a Lady***

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

ROLLING ALONG at 90 miles an hour on a streamliner the other day, I glimpsed through the window a strange sight—a horse and buggy traveling about six miles an hour. I looked with envy, not contempt.

The glimpse into an almost forgotten age brought back many happy scenes of my youth—the spotlight of memory focusing upon a roly-poly, patient and pretty white mare. She was our family transportation, the pet of every one of us, really a member of the family, and her name was Nell—I can call her nothing else but Good Old Nell, for that is what she was.

She didn't have a pedigree and no papers of registry went with her when father plunked down 25 dollars for her. She was just plain horse, honest and faithful, and if there are any Green Pastures for her kind, I'm sure she's there frolicking over the meadows and still maintaining that mischievous gleam in her eye. She was good for four miles an hour when idling along, or eight whenever the driver stepped on the gas, and her range didn't

exceed 20 or 25 miles from home.

Yes, old Nell was just the family nag in the days before gas buggies made life fast and furious, but she worked wonders for us. Consider her duties on a typical summer day:

Under saddle and out with me shortly after dawn to round up the town herd and drive it to pasture—I made a nickel a trip. After breakfast, hitched to the buggy to take Dad down to his law office, and then back home to transport the womenfolk shopping and visiting. Downtown at noon to bring father home to dinner and his noonday nap. Nell was unhitched, watered and fed. At two o'clock she took him back to work. Then home, where she was saddled and my brother and I rode her out to the old swimming hole—he got the saddle and I rode behind him. Into the harness again at five to pick up the family head and bring him home to supper. Once more she was fed and rested. Then, occasionally, into her collar once more and out along the country road in the moonlight for the courting adventures of the older children. If the

evening was auspicious, she would get an apple for a reward. For this treat she was always grateful and nudged her giver appreciatively with her nose.

On Sundays and special days we rolled out the family carriage, stripped off its canvas and dusted it, gave Nell a bath, shortened the checkrein so as to arch her neck, and drove off to church, to parties or to show the town to guests. Just as faithfully, she pulled the road wagon loaded with groceries. She didn't even shirk or hang her head when we put her to a plow to turn over the garden soil. And when we boys rode her she was more than willing to lay back her ears and race like mad.

In pre-war years I suffered from claustrophobia unless I could go two or three hundred miles for a day or overnight vacation trip. Yet as I look back at the horse-and-buggy days, I was just as restless unless I could go 20 or 30 miles on a jaunt. I lived in Winfield, Kansas, a good western town with attractions all about us, much like other communities. And Old Nell met my needs as much as the auto does now.

More than that, Nell was a safety campaign on four legs. Six small children would ride her at one time, strung along from her neck to her tail. With them on her back she would walk like a tightrope expert, not even turning her head for fear of throwing a kid off balance. If she felt one sliding off over her tail she would stop instantly.

Once she saved a part of our family from drowning. My mother and brother and I had started for Uncle Oscar's farm on Grouse Creek. We had to ford Badger

Creek on the way. It had rained upstream and Badger had become a miniature torrent. Mother hesitated about driving in, but we boys pleaded and begged. Nell balked at the water's edge. Mother flicked her with the whip. The mare hesitated, then plunged in. In a second water raced over the axles, then over the buggy bottom and seat. We climbed up on the back of the seat, panicky with fright. Nell turned her head sharply upstream and began to swim, dragging the rig after her. She made shallower water, got on her feet, and with a terrific lunge pulled us out onto the bank on the other side. She didn't stop until we were up on high ground. Then she turned her head slowly and gave us what was suspiciously like a dirty look.

Old Nell could sense danger, too. She wouldn't go onto a railroad crossing if she heard a train whistle nearby. She would instinctively take the buggy around washouts or big rocks in the road, voluntarily walking in the rough. She would turn out for any rig approaching, and she seemed to have cat's eyes for night driving.

Only once did she ever lose her way and that was near midnight in the Big Pasture. It was three miles across, the night was pitchblack and the range was full of Texas longhorns, dangerous to man. We left it to Old Nell to keep to the trail, but she was dead tired and lost it. We kept on driving across rocks and gullies, completely encircled by bellowing steers, until we saw the gleam of the ranchhouse up the draw. We made for it, found the trail and got out safe.

Nell was a shrewd old girl and

could size up the driver as well as a trader could a horse. Let any of the womenfolk take the reins, and she would fall into an easy jog and keep it. Mother would peck at her with the buggy whip practically every step and Old Nell wouldn't prick up her ears nor even switch her tail at the irritation. If she'd see a nice bunch of grass at the edge of the road, she'd stop and nibble at it and nothing Mother could do would divert her. But let Dad or one of us boys take the reins and she would snap up as if to attention and then swing out in a spanking trot.

Nell could fool Mother in a dozen ways, such as spurting for 20 feet or so at a time—a sort of gesture of good will. But she always got well paid. Mother would often sneak out to the barn and give her an extra couple ears of corn or a hatful of apples. When we were out driving and came to a steep hill, Mother would make us boys get out and walk—sometimes even push. She did the same. I believe Old Nell gave us many a horse laugh as she pulled an empty rig up the grade.

When it came to courtship she was a sure first aid. You could wrap the lines around the whip and devote yourself to your lady love without fear of interruption. Nell would jog along, and there was no rear-view mirror to bother.

Old Nell was equal to any occasion. One day she stood at the hitching post in our driveway in Winfield, one rear foot at ease and her eyes drowsily closed. Suddenly there was a loud report across the street. A neighbor had accidentally shot himself. My brother cut the hitch strap, leaped into the buggy and raced for a doctor. He laid on

no whip, only clucked and talked to Old Nell. She laid back her ears, lowered her head and broke into a dead run. Never before or after did she go as on that hot July day. I'm sure no fire-team could have caught her. She was limp and winded and covered with foamy sweat when she dragged the buggy and doctor back but she kept the dead-run pace to the last yard, suddenly planting her feet as a brake and skidding through 10 feet of gravel to a stop.

A good sport Old Nell was, yet tricky in a gentle sort of way when she wanted to be. For instance, if you would swing the saddle on her back and start to tighten the belly-band, she would distend her sides and hold her breath while you tugged and pulled and cussed at the girth. As soon as you had it buckled tight as a drum, she would let go—and the band would be so loose you could slide your fist between it and her ribs. She'd turn and look at you very gravely. But if you made a fake gesture of buckling the band and, as soon as she had let her breath go suddenly, tightened it up on her, she'd turn and nip you quicker than a flash.

In the pasture she was ready to play a game of tag with you at any time. She could tell a hundred yards away whether you were out for a walk or were coming to get her for a chore. In the one case she'd let you come right up to her; in the other, she would turn and run to the other side of the pasture, her tail flying high in the wind as she snorted and cavorted in her defiance. Eventually, she'd come sidling up to you, sticking her head out for the halter or noose—I'd swear she was grinning all the time.



We often used Nell for bareback racing and trick riding and she'd play the game with us. My brother got so he could ride her bareback, standing up, at a gallop. One day he fell off and broke a couple of ribs. That ended the circus stunts.

Then we used to play runaway with her.

My brother or I would go up a hundred yards ahead, while the other would spur Nell, hitched to the buggy, into a dead run down the road. The driver would pull the rig from one side of the road to the other as the other made a running leap for the horse's bit, pulling her down to a dead stop. If Old Nell had ever been able to, and inclined to talk, she could have had our Dad after us with the buggy whip most of the time.

We drove and played with her for nearly 15 years. In her old age she got rheumatism in her hip and could only limp along. We bought

another white horse, also named Nell, to do the work. We changed her name to Neely, and kept both. I used to rub in bottles of "mustang liniment" on Old Nell's hip and it put her in shape for a while again. We kept a warm box-stall for her in wintertime and let her go out to pasture during the long summers. We visited her when we could, and she would come dragging up, rubbing her nose gently against us. Then one morning we found her stretched out lifeless near the pasture gate. She had tried to make it up to the barn and had failed.

It was goodbye to Good Old Nell, about the best quadruped pal I ever had. She was an equine saint, if ever there were one, and I keep her picture framed and hanging on my wall. I only wish I could be her equal in patience and loyalty. Being human, I can't. But whenever I think of her, I feel an urge to emulate some of her virtues.



### **Where There's a Laugh, There's Hope**

■ TRYING TO FIND a room in Washington is like trying to find "My Day" in the *Chicago Tribune* . . . Mr. Roosevelt has been President so long that when I was a boy my father said to me, "Bob, maybe some day you'll grow up to be Vice President . . . I've just found out what the D.C. means in Washington, D. C. It means damned confused.

■ I LIKED ENGLAND. It's a grand place. The girls whistle back at you there . . . At one of the hospitals I visited, I noticed that the soldier at the end of the ward had an M.P. beside him. I asked the colonel what was the matter with him, and he said he had anemia

and all sorts of things wrong with him. Later I went back to him and said, "What's the matter with you, fella?" and he said, "Say, did you give a pint of blood last year?" "Yes," I said, and he said, "Well, shake hands with the guy that got it!"

■ AT THE LAST military conference between Roosevelt and Churchill, they discussed where and when to attack the enemy and how to keep Eleanor out of the crossfire . . . They don't ask a guy's age any more. They just hand him a copy of *Esquire* and see what page he turns to—BOB HOPE at the White House Correspondents' dinner.

## Snore and You Sleep Alone

by E. K. GUBIN



A SNORER is a social tragedy at night. Trusting, hospitable people may invite a delightful personality for a week end. What a beautiful day, what a gay evening. But deep in the night at last, when everyone has turned in for sleep, they start awake from the first blissful ease. What is this choking and strangling, this steady vibrating rumble that makes the whole house resound? People who have fought in vain to ignore it sit up in bed. If the culprit is a woman, the hostess will probably go to her room and suggest, "Lie on your side, dear. Let me make you comfortable." Or a desperate host may stumble in to another man. "Hey! Roll over. Take a drink of water."

The sound of snoring is peculiarly disturbing to the human ear. This may be because snoring vibrations are sympathetic. The sounds follow the acoustic principles on which the saxophone, clarinet and oboe are constructed, but the snoring sounds are tuneless and torturing.

Sound volume of snoring has been measured by the audiometer. Zero on the audiometer is silence, for the average ear. The sound volume found in a noisy office or motor car is 40 decibels. A subway car may register up to 80 decibels. The snorer studied began at about 25 and rose to 40 decibels.

There is no single element that causes snoring. It may be the vibra-

tion of the soft palate, the relaxation of muscles governing the vocal cords, falling backward of the tongue, or an abnormal mouth or throat condition. Obstruction of nasal passages is a cause of hoarse and labored night breathing. A cold, a catarrhal condition, a sinus infection or allergies to some foods may set up these irritations.

If the nose is only partially obstructed there will be a wheezing type of snoring. This may change into a rattling snore when the obstruction dries and vibrates like a reed musical instrument. With complete stoppage, mouth breathing results, leading to a rattling snoring from the vibrations of the soft palate. Thus a snorer may give out with one snoring sound when he first falls asleep, and toward morning end up with another sound, equally torturing to his listeners.

The few scientists who have studied snoring say that one out of every eight persons snores more or less regularly. Babies, unable to control their muscles, snore frequently. Adolescents and young adults, having firm muscles, seldom snore. Snoring increases from the age of 30 on, because of a letdown in muscular control.

Relaxation of muscular control seems to start snoring in most people when sleeping on the back. In that position the soft palate or vocal cords are most likely to fall

into a position that obstructs normal breathing, the nasal passages may clog and the jaw may fall, causing mouth breathing. Devices to prevent sleeping on the back include tying hard objects between the shoulders or propping the sleeper to prevent turning on his back.

A Chicago doctor recently published a preliminary report of his work in trying to conquer snoring. Believing that the vibration of the soft palate was the major cause of snoring, he attempted to reduce the flutter of the soft palate and surrounding tissues by injecting a tissue hardening solution into those parts. He repeated the injections at weekly intervals for five to six weeks. While he was not successful in stopping snoring in all cases, his results were encouraging. Two of his case histories are as follows:

A 47-year-old woman with severe and constant snoring for five years, received four treatments at intervals of two to three weeks. At present there are periods of three to five weeks when she does not snore; the snore tone when present is less intense and can now be stopped by a change of position. Still under treatment.

A 58-year-old man snored severely.

He has taken two courses of treatment of six injections each. The snoring has continued but with definitely lowered pitch and intensity.

Because of the small number of patients treated, the doctor stated that his results were submitted only "with conservative enthusiasm." Snorers throughout the world will wait with interest more decisive tests of this new treatment.

Some sufferers can prevent themselves from snoring by thorough clearing of the nasal passages before going to bed. If too much matter forms during the night, medical advice should be sought immediately. If abnormal obstructions are in the nose or throat a doctor usually can take care of them.

One investigator states that it is impossible for a snorer to get a restful night's sleep. The snorer should remember that his condition is not a healthful one. But the condition of even the worst snorer is not hopeless. In most cases his affliction can be curbed. Due to the various causes existing, a thorough physical examination should be the first step. That may lead to revived popularity for him and joyful relief to family and friends.

### ***Sergeant-Minor***

**S**GT. THOMAS KINCAID of Columbus, Ohio, is one of those fighting heroes who are constantly being discovered in this war. He enlisted in the Army in January, 1942, and went to Egypt as a gunner with a combat squadron. He was on bombing missions over North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Greece and Germany. In the Ploesti oil field raid, he shot down two enemy planes. With three hundred hours of combat flying to his credit, he holds the Distinguished Flying Cross and the air medal with a silver and four bronze oak leaf clusters. But Tom was recently retired because of age. He was 16.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

The astonishing story of a Los Angeles minister militant who speaks his mind on many problems now facing America



## ***Apostle to Millionaires***

by ANN FIELDS

THE MEMBERS of First Congregational Church in Los Angeles love their minister. It is probable that many politicians hope he chokes. The parishioners, however, are not influenced. They have tendered the Reverend Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr. a lifetime invitation, and pray nightly for strength to stand the pace he sets.

Skillful, learned, possessed with a strange leadership, few people can both *look at* and *listen to* the lanky, stoop-shouldered Fifield without finding themselves under a hypnotic spell. Fascinated millionaires open their checkbooks in his presence, and little people affirm with solemnity: "Thank God he took to religion."

Today there are many who, pointing to his intense political interests, predict a future for the Los Angeles minister far removed from theology.

The inscrutable Fifield, with his lean look of breeding, says nothing. Ambition he has—plus plenty of determination.

But just what thumb the rising churchman has in what pie at any given moment remains a mystery.

Just where he is going to turn up, and at what gathering, is often a surprise to those gathered.

Recently, he "showed" at the meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers in New York City. Invited to speak, he amazed its staid membership with a lecture they won't soon forget. Proving in his opening lines that he knew as much about "big business" as the biggest of them, he went on to politics, confounding all present with his unexpected ministerial treatment.

Sensitive to what he calls "encroachment upon our American freedoms" he reminded the austere N.A.M. that certain trends were deeply menacing: the gold content of our money reduced; the upsetting of the Supreme Court; the state rapidly becoming master instead of servant.

Unhesitatingly, he spoke out against the "rising costs of government and the multitude of federal agencies attached to the executive branch." Unequivocally, he condemned "the menace of autocracy approaching through bureaucracy."

Direct-minded, crisp, he lashed out against any and all infringements upon his personal liberties; named names—pulled no punches.

When he had finished rumor reports that the N.A.M. applause could be heard in Hoboken. Later, the great industrialists were introduced to other talents abundant in the pastor. Believing as he does that religion is good for you, that you should have it, and therefore pay for it, he took the boys quietly aside. Under his magnetic spell they agreed with everything he said—and *highly*.

In order to understand some of the good minister's titanic undertakings, some of the power, purpose and possible accomplishments of his current campaigns it is necessary to go back to the beginning.

First Congregational Church was born in the early 'Twenties when Los Angeles was a racy, wholly western, fast-spending town with a robust vitality. Money was free, debts easy to incur. The town was a-borning.

The members of First Church built their magnificent structure, beautiful as a cathedral, on a palm-shaded drive in the heart of the residential section. There it stood with its dominating tower, its commanding site, rich, pompous, a mighty fortress—sufficient to house five times their number. There it stood, a financial "white elephant" with a 700 thousand dollar debt and its thousand members.

Bewitched by its massive monolithic structure of concrete, its 176-foot tower, its social halls, full-size stage, gymnasium, 50 closets, 56 classrooms, 18 toilets, kitchen, wedding chapel and three auditoriums,

the members went gaily into their temple of worship. And the dizzy 'Twenties went dismally into the dark 'Thirties.

Money was suddenly not free. The spectre of moving people, uprooted people, and a jobless congregation rose like Hamlet's ghost to haunt the hapless First Congregational membership. Shocked into overnight sanity they took a look at their debt. A cash deposit of five hundred dollars from each would still leave a deficit.

Signs of retreat were immediately obvious. The timid began to shy away. The faithful began to pray. The money-wise deacons went into the highways and byways searching for a leader. And one day they found him. He arrived at the church in the person of a gangling, six-foot, strong-faced young man from Grand Rapids, Michigan. He was uniquely handsome, with deep penetrating eyes, and an intimation of authority in his bearing. The 35-year-old Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr. came quietly to the church and accepted the pastorate.

Delighted that so promising a man would accept such a responsibility, the deacons breathed more freely. The new parson had a sound, practical background, his father before him had been a minister. Bringing along his charming wife, Helen Ramsay Fifield, the young minister took an elaborate English style home, crested the stairway window with the Fifield seal and settled down to his preaching.

"Looks as if he thinks the job has a future," cracked an ex-member of the congregation.

Members of First Church soon discovered the new parson didn't



talk much. In fact, he never got round to mentioning the subject of the debt at any time. He asked no one for money, made no suggestions for raising funds.

Everyone agreed he had a solid, potent, sermon-way. His was no pea-soup religion. *But what about the debt?*

The slow-moving Fifield looked squarely at the deacons: "Pay it, of course," he said sharply. The elders' eyebrows lifted.

"Money," said Dr. Fifield, as if in a soliloquy, "is something I never worry about. It's always there when you need it—when you don't, why bother? There are other things so much more important."

Sorrowfully, the deacons rose to go. No doubt about it, the new parson was good. He had a way about him that made it seem impious to question his sincerity. But how could they make him understand that their annual church interest charge was as big as the entire operating budget and was being paid out of capital? It was obvious the minister didn't understand money.

MONEY, THOUGH, was just what the minister *did* understand. In fact the high-thinking parson had investigated First Church much more rigidly than it had investigated him. He had conducted a private survey of the whole area. He had talked to the town's moneyed people—and he had paid a visit to the bankers who held the mortgage.

Now he had a plan. But it wasn't the sort of thing you explained to deacons. The idea began to unfold when the parson went on a spending spree that was destined to out-

rank that of Diamond Jim Brady.

First he divided his church into four constituent units, creating a High School Church, a Children's Church, a Church of Youth and a Regular Church School. Then he hired himself *four* ordained assistant ministers at a full-time salary. He put each church completely on its own and hired them full staffs of employes, secretaries, organists and record clerks.

Then the minister turned to dressing up the place, with everything plentiful except money. Five expensive vested choirs took their places in the various churches; a drama department was installed with an imported Yale instructor. Next the Reverend Fifield began a new project—he called it The College of Life. It cost First Church a small fortune to equip it—with 14 university professors.

Up and up shot expenses, and up went the deacons' blood pressure. At the end of the first Fifield year the operating budget had doubled and not a cent had been paid on the mortgage. First Congregational Church was involved in such a varied program that its doors were seldom closed: lunches, dinners, dramas, vespers, women's programs, educational features, lectures, speakers, teachers' classes, young people's dances and a forty-fold program.

With the budget staggering under its mighty load and the deficit hanging in the balance, the church went into its second Fifield year and the trustees went into a coma.

Super-charged with vitality now, the spending parson took to radio. Not just one program, but five, and the voice of Fifield became known

to millions. When the delicate subject of money was mentioned, the minister gave his stock quotation: "Let's don't worry about money."

To prove his point he devised new enterprises of vast and mighty scope. One was called the Sunday Evening Club, a gigantic and spectacular church project which imported such high-toned and expensive speakers as Will Durant and Mrs. Ruth Bryan Rohde—at fees ranging from 200 dollars a night up.

He went in heavily for printing, made up some 40 folders explaining in detail what was going on at First Church and began to circularize the nation.

Behind closed doors the Bewildered Founding Fathers met in high discomfort. The spectacle of a man trying to spend them rich was a high statistical absurdity. The 35 full-time, high salaried office workers, the four ministers, the consultant doctor, full-time cook, two janitors, and some 40 other employes had the treasurer's blood at boiling temperature. "This fiery baptism of spending has today come to an end," they said.

With Judgment Day at hand, the minister was called to the meeting. In stern tones the deacons told him that the honeymoon was over. Placidly, the parson sat and waited while they opened all the books. In worried loyalty they looked at expenditures for all the four churches; with mixed emotions they turned to the Drama Club, the Sunday Evening Club and the church membership.

They found that the College of Life had 28 thousand registrants, with fees ranging from one to three dollars. The Church of Youth had

a membership of 454, with a thriving balanced budget. The Sunday Evening Club had an average attendance of 900, with a collection that doubled expenditures. But it was the Regular Church membership that stopped the deacons. Pushing four thousand, its roster read like the *Wall Street Journal*; the advisory board was crammed with nationally known names such as Harry Chandler, Senator Albert W. Hawkes, Dr. Robert A. Millikan, Harvey S. Mudd and A. N. Kemp. The members of First Church were habitating with millionaires, and keeping company with well-known national figures.

THE MINISTER had not been hopelessly trying to spend them rich—he *had spent them rich*. What they had failed to see, the parson had known from the start: one thousand members could never pay a million dollar debt with the old operating budget, but four thousand could. His plan of expansion had been well conceived. Each month the assets of First Church, tangible and intangible, had multiplied.

The good deacons and trustees looked at the man who had made it all possible. He was sitting gaunt and forlorn in his corner, deep in his own thoughts. Already his mind was far ahead, planning new horizons. His hair was tinged with gray now, his appearance altered, but the same deep purpose was reflected in his eyes.

Some began to remember. *When had they seen him rest? When had the lights gone out in his home? How often had they seen him leaving his home in the early hours of dawn, going about his godly busi-*

ness? How late, how very late, had they seen him leave his church at night? Silently, they filed out and more than one gripped his hand.

On July 21, 1942, they held a mortgage burning ceremony at First Congregational Church. The members came in joy and triumph. Fittingly, there was inspired music and inspired talk. Eight long years had brought them to this day. They meant to enjoy it—and they did.

But already the militant Fifield was at work on a far greater, more far reaching enterprise. He had organized a national movement known as *Mobilization for Spiritual Ideals*. "Loss of Democratic processes in America," he says, "would be a spiritual catastrophe."

He means to see that they are not lost. His *Mobilization* stands for the preservation of basic freedoms—free press, free enterprise, free speech, free pulpit, and free assembly. It has enrolled some four million members of all faiths. Well-wishers and business associates in the enterprise range in magnitude from senators to business tycoons.

As its Director, Fifield has an Advisory Board made up of such well-known names as Roger W. Babson, Dr. Paul F. Cadman, Ely Culbertson, Will Durant, and Dr. Alfred W. Noyes.

It is into this program that Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr. pours his strength and his courage. It is to this end he speaks before the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers, and into this goes their money. The sum is not small. The organization is endowed with great power; there are City Chairmen and State Directors in every principal city throughout the United States.

If strange bedfellows climb aboard, they are welcome. But they had better come in a spirit of comradeship, with hearts dedicated for the Fifield cause of freedom. For the man-of-God can be a formidable opponent. As one ex-Los Angeles Mayor commented not so long ago: "If I had a political future today, I would spend my time in Fifield's office."

### Analysis

■ THEY'RE TELLING this story about Lord Beaverbrook and a famous actress: In a game of hypothetical questions, Beaverbrook asked the lady, "Would you live with a stranger if he paid you a million pounds?"

"Yes," she answered.

"And if he paid you five pounds?"

The irate lady fumed, "What do you think I am?"

"We've already established that," returned Beaverbrook. "Now we're trying to determine the degree."  
—*The U. of California Pelican*

■ WHEN GIVING THE BABY a bath, a thermometer is unnecessary. If the baby turns red, the water is too hot. If the baby turns blue, the water is too cold; if the baby turns white, you will know he needed the bath.

—*Ketchikan Lookout*

# The Best I Know

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN



MRS. WARRICK WAS an antique collector and her happiest days were spent nosing around in antique shops. One day she stopped before an object she had admired in the same store a week before. Her eyes fell on the price tag and she exploded:

"What! Three hundred dollars for this? Why, only last week you wanted just 250 for it!"

The dealer responded placidly, "But, madam, the cost of labor and materials has gone up considerably since then!"

—HARRY HICKORY  
*Atlanta, Ga.*

"DARLING," she confided, "if I marry you, I'll lose my job."

"But why can't we keep our marriage a secret?" protested the ardent though practical swain.

"We could—" and she hesitated. "But suppose we should have a baby?"

"Oh, we can tell the baby, of course."

—LOLA WEBSTER  
*Palestine, Ill.*

THE CHOIR IN the little country church was practicing a new anthem. "Now don't forget," cautioned the choirmaster, "the tenors will sing alone until we come to the gates of hell. Then you all come in."

—MRS. J. R. CARTER  
*Omaha, Nebr.*

ON A GET-TOGETHER in the States, two marines were recalling their days at Guadalcanal. One of them remarked that he had a real souvenir of the South Sea Islands—a native girl tattooed on his chest.

"None of that for me," decried the

other. "I go for good old American stuff. I have the White House, the American flag and Eleanor Roosevelt tattooed on my chest," and he opened his shirt to verify the claim.

"Well, I see the White House and the flag," remarked the first Marine, "but I don't see Mrs. Roosevelt."

In surprise, the second Marine glanced down. "Whaddaya know!" he exclaimed. "She's gone again!"

—EMAJO STAGE  
*Tulsa, Okla.*

HE WAS AN employer who believed in employe cooperation. In an effort to inspire a new spirit among his men, he called them together and offered to accept their suggestions for better working conditions.

"Whenever I enter the shop," he said, "I want to see every man cheerfully performing his task. Now you're to place in this box any ideas you have as to how that may be brought about."

A few days later he opened the box. Among the slips of paper was this suggestion: "Take the rubber heels off your shoes." —MARY H. VOLLHABER  
*North Hollywood, Calif.*

TWO IRISH CRONIES from Dublin were discussing the war. "Those Germans aren't going to have a chance, once the Irish Navy gets going," declared Mike.

"Irish Navy," scoffed Pat. "Why there ain't no such thing."

"It's the best in the world," defended Mike hotly.

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me we have battleships?"

"Sure, and enough to stretch across

the Irish Sea to England, be they laid end to end."

"Next thing you'll be telling me we've got destroyers."

"And that we have."

"Submarines?" queried Pat incredulously.

"As many as the fish in the sea."

"Well," challenged Pat, "if all this be true, where has the Irish fleet been hiding all this time?"

Mike sprang to attention. "Aha," and he spat out the words, "a spy!!"

—PATRICIA O'NEILL  
*New York, N. Y.*

THE ABSENT-MINDED professor was having a physical examination. "Stick out your tongue," commanded the doctor, "and say 'ah!'"

"Ah," obeyed the professor.

"It looks all right," nodded the M.D., "but why the postage stamp?"

"Oh-ho," said the professor. "So that's where I left it!"

—HENRY A. COURTNEY  
*Atlanta, Ga.*

IT WAS ON a troopship bound for Africa. There had been nothing but water in sight for days. Yet each morning the soldiers leaped for the portholes, hoping for a sight of land.

One of the boys took a disgusted look one morning and then growled, "I'll be darned—same place we were yesterday." —S/SGT. GILBERT HURT

*New York, N. Y.*

JACK AND FRED had known each other for years. One day Jack rushed into his friend's office and frantically requested a loan of a thousand dollars. Fred flatly refused.

"But Fred," pleaded Jack, "you, whom I consider my best friend, refuse when you know that if I don't get the money I'm ruined?"

"Yes," answered Fred stonily.

"But think back, Fred," moaned Jack. "When you first needed money to go in business, it was I who supplied

it. When your Bill wanted to go to college, you came to me to finance him. And when the missus toured the country three years ago, I loaned you the money. Didn't I do all this for you, Fred? Didn't I?"

"Sure," shrugged Fred. "But what have you done for me lately?"

—NAT GOLDBERG  
*Bronx, N. Y.*

SOME YEARS AGO, a Kentucky mountaineer made a trip on horseback to see the new railroad which terminated at the county seat. It was the first train in that part of the hinterlands and the natives were agog. Home again, the traveler was describing the great wonder to his wife:

"And Sary," he concluded, "as fast as that dern thing went, if it'd come in sideways instead of endways, it woulda swept the whole town away!"

—MARTHA H. LEDUKE  
*San Francisco, Calif.*

IT WAS THE LAST night of the revival meeting, and the evangelist was going strong on the subject of "Eternal Damnation." With all the eloquence at his command, he urged the congregation to flee from the wrath to come.

"Ah, my friends," he exclaimed, "on that last day, there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

In a rear pew an old woman arose.

"But I ain't got no teeth," she protested tremulously.

"Madam," shouted the evangelist, "teeth will be provided."

—CPL. SELWYN PATCHER  
*Barksdale Field, La.*

Have you heard a clever story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet cordially invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes to be used in *The Best I Know* or in the filler department. Payment of 10 dollars will be made for each one accepted. Address: *The Best I Know*, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, contributions will be carefully considered. In case of duplicates, it will be the usual case of the early bird.



Here's how radio, aided by new recording devices, beams the voices of our fighters in the fury of battle to folks on the home front



## How Battles Are Broadcast

by LARRY WOLTERS

BACK IN 1936 H. V. Kaltenborn, microphone in hand, climbed a haystack near Hendaye, France, and described a battle in progress in a pasture across the border near Irun, Spain. The crackle of guns and the bursts of shell-fire were heard over American radios, albeit dimly. This broadcast, like the Spanish Civil War itself, was a rehearsal for World War II.

Today, through radio and the new recording devices, the sound and fury of battles are beamed thousands of miles across the oceans into millions of living rooms.

Why broadcast the realism of battle into every home? Lieutenant-General Jacob L. Devers, when queried, put it this way: "It is strategically advisable because never before has the civilian population been so directly involved."

General Devers made this statement on the occasion of the first use of the Armour magnetic wire recorder aboard a bomber for broadcasting purposes. The "Jackie Ellen," a Flying Fortress, had just come back from a raid on a Paris airplane factory after meeting de-

termined enemy opposition all the way. But it had the whole story of combat safely recorded on wire the thickness of a human hair, and highlights of the raid were broadcast, only a few hours after the battle over Paris.

Now these magnetic wire recorders are being dispatched to all fronts, and are being used to make on-the-spot records of battle action of every type.

Proof of their dispatch was heard recently when NBC's nightly News of the World roundup was interrupted by the voice of George Thomas Folster, speaking from Bougainville in the South Pacific. While Army engineers unreeled wire linking him to the rear, Folster crawled to a lookout spot ahead of American lines and pictured a scene of terrible carnage and destruction, with sniper fire in the background, for a nationwide American audience.

A few days earlier a scheduled Mutual network program was interrupted by the voice of a Navy pilot speaking from his plane as he went into combat against the Japs:

"The target is just off my port wing," Lt. Joseph E. Butler, the pilot, of Irwinton, Georgia, began. "The target is a bridge about 240 feet long and I can hardly see it. My altitude is 10 thousand feet."

His voice was calm and sure, except when it was drowned out by the roar of his dive bomber.

"In the distance I can see the enemy's positions," he went on, "I can see a volcano smoking. In about a minute I will be ready to make my dive. Do you have any questions?"

This surprising query was addressed to Staff Sgt. James O. Hardin of the Marine Corps, a Marietta, Georgia, chap, stationed in a mobile unit within the front lines on Bougainville, who was monitoring Lt. Butler. Sgt. Hardin had no questions. "Go ahead, please," he said.

"I cannot hear you," said Lt. Butler. "So I will go ahead. I am coming on my target now. They are beginning to fire flak. My altitude is nine thousand feet."

Still in a matter-of-fact tone he went on reporting: "I am going down now, going almost straight down. My diving flaps are open. I am a little off the target, and I am swinging over to the right. They are shooting flak."

Anti-aircraft bursts splattered and Butler's voice was lost in the din. When it could be heard again: "I am doing three hundred knots. My altitude is four thousand feet—three thousand feet—two thousand—one thousand feet. I am going to release now—"

Amidst the concussion of enemy gunfire Butler's voice disappeared. Perhaps he had blacked-out as he

pulled out of the dive? At the mobile unit the marine sergeant called anxiously: "Lieutenant Butler, are you all right? Come in, please."

Finally Butler's voice, surmounting the uproar, returned "... but I just did make it. The bridge is going up in the air now, straight up, 75 to 100 feet, and I'm very low, just about at the tree tops. There are some Japs just ahead of me and I'm going to strafe them ... They are firing back. I have got to get out of here now." And then he got.

Lieutenant Butler had his hands full during the attack. He kept one hand on his controls, another on the mike and at just the right moment released a thousand-pound bomb that scored a direct hit, destroying the bridge. As he gave his "play by play" account of the hazardous attack his words were recorded and the transcription was swiftly wafted to America's fire-sides. This was the first broadcast of air combat from the South Pacific through the new radio recording system.

Colonel Edward M. Kirby, chief of the radio branch of the Army's bureau of public relations, after delivering the first of these recordings to England and North Africa, told of the Army's hope that the device would "bring a new dimension and flexibility" to radio's war coverage.

"Radio reporters heretofore have been anchored to stationary radio transmitters in a war of movement," said Col. Kirby. "If they go to the front they cannot broadcast until they return to their transmitters."

Using a wire recorder (a field unit, powered by dry cells, weighs

nine pounds) the reporter does not need to return to a transmitter. His story is all wrapped up on a spool of wire fitting into a box about as big as a double decker sandwich. Any pilot can slip such a spool carrying 66 minutes of sound into his pocket, fly it to the nearest station, where it can be censored if necessary, and promptly put on the air. A "mother" unit, weighing under 50 pounds, has a built-in, re-recording, playback and instantaneous erasure features. This is useful where editing is necessary. And the reporter handles the recorder without assistance.

The advantages of the recorder over apparatus in which the needle bounces out of the groove with vibrations or explosions were clearly demonstrated by Major Howard Nussbaum who made the complete four-hour wire transcription of the intercom talk aboard the Flying Fortress, "Jackie Ellen," when it raided Paris.

Since the American bombers operate in daylight, Major Nussbaum was able to give a clearer description of the whole operation than is possible aboard a night flying Lancaster. Nussbaum pictured a sky black with puffs of smoke, with the "Jackie Ellen" tossing and pitching like a bucking broncho on the blanket of flak. Despite the pitching movement the recorder got all the talk aboard the plane, including the sudden announcement: "We are being attacked. A Focke-Wulf 190 is coming in on us." Gunners went into action driving it off. Major Nussbaum kept right on recording.

Throughout this experiment there was one major point of difference

from that made aboard a Lancaster. No gunfire was heard because Major Nussbaum used the new lip microphone inside his oxygen mask. This mike over-rides all background noise. What his sound record lacked in realism, however, it made up in clarity.

Since this baptism the recorder has preserved the sound of battle on many fronts. It has been operated in dugouts, foxholes, shattered buildings, artillery O.P.'s and aboard warships. The sound of the shelling at Salerno and Anzio were carefully reeled in. At Anzio the recorder was lashed to the fire control bridge of a U.S. destroyer. By jeep and by hand it has been hauled up the steep trails of the Italian mountains and into the steaming Jap-infested jungles of the South Pacific.

From a position on Monte Gagliardo cliff pointing directly upward at Monte Cassino the recorder caught and preserved the story of the bombing of the Nazis in the ancient abbey.

The story of the razing of Cassino, as recorded at the edge of a dugout by Major Frank E. Pellegrin two thousand yards away, made one of the most realistic of war broadcasts.

"It is almost inconceivable unless you are here to realize how many shells and bombs can be poured into a target and have the German infantry survive," he reported. (An observation that later proved correct.)

"Dive bombers have hit a central German ammunition dump . . . There is a cloud of flame and smoke rising which is enveloping the town (explosions). Two of the dive

bombers have just finished their run and some of the bombers are falling and you can see the flash of the hit, and the planes as they pull out of the dive. You can hear them now, I guess." (He guessed right).

"You can't see very much now that German high explosives are coming up," he continued. "There's a small truck a few feet behind us which was just hit. There's a hole in its side. German shells are coming over so I'm taking cover."

Pellegrin didn't stay down long, however:

"I'm out of the dugout now," he soon announced. "The town is one maze of smoke. The smoke rises thousands of feet into the air. The town is almost obliterated . . . The infantry is all set to follow up the barrage under cover of smoke and flame, a job that only the infantry can do."

"Now 36 heavy bombers are overhead dropping bombs. Twenty-four medium bombers have just come in from Monte Cassino and dropped a load of bombs." (Heavy explosions in the background). "One hit the monastery. That makes 248 bombers over Cassino in nine waves."

At the end he announced simply: "This is Major Frank Pellegrin signing off from the Fifth Army front in Cassino."

In print it seems as casual as Bing Crosby winding up another Thursday night studio show. But listeners sometimes can detect the effect of battle on the observer by the tone of his voice. This was particularly noticeable in a broadcast titled "Night in a Foxhole" presented by WOR. In it Sergeant Fred Welker of Newcastle, Penn-

sylvania, spoke from a foxhole during the attack on Namur.

His description of the battle, recorded over nearly 24 hours, was necessarily disjointed. In the beginning his voice mirrored the confident marine, almost nonchalant as the shells burst around him. Early in the day he even injected a humorous note, describing a scrawny chicken running across the line of attack. He laughed and you felt that the marines had got a lift out of the hen's antics.

As the hours of fighting went on, his nervous reaction began to change. At the end of the long night he was all in and his words and tone reflected his exhaustion: "This sound of machine gun fire has been going on like this all night . . . My teeth are chattering so that I can hardly talk . . . It's awfully cold . . . It rained all night . . . and we have been sitting in it . . . there is tracer fire over us now . . . urrrrh, and the boys are pretty . . . cold."

With every labored word listeners shared that chill—the strain and loneliness. Thus is radio giving a new sense of reality to war and bringing it closer home.

### **Summer Idyll**

The quiet peace and tranquillity of Robert Pinney's landscape are hardly synonymous with his own personality. A South American jungle explorer and snake collector, Pinney is far more at home shooting wild animal life. Now a war correspondent overseas, he has taught at the New York School of Modern Photography and managed a studio specializing in advertising illustration. He also holds the distinction of being the youngest person ever to be admitted to the New York Academy of Science—as an Entomologist. Pinney's versatility is well demonstrated in this selection of his work.





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## On the V-Shift



**Sisters of the Service Clubs:** The soldier comes up to the blue-uniformed lady. "I want to get married and so does my girl. But her father is against us. I'm going on furlough. I'll see him in a couple of days and I want to talk him into it. Will you listen?" She does—to a long, prepared speech. "Convincing," she smiles. The young orator sighs in relief, thanks her, and a couple of weeks later comes back married.

The lady in blue is one of 1,500 hostesses, junior hostesses and librarians working in service clubs in Army posts throughout the country. They supervise the service club, guest house, and all the related activities. They provide a list of room accommodations and recreational facilities in towns near the camps. They care for women and children who are visiting soldiers.

These ladies in blue are civilians

in the employ of the Army. They're chosen for their good sense of humor, their ability to keep confidences, never to be shocked at problems and to be understanding and helpful. They live on the post. To every man in uniform, they're the sweet sisters of the service clubs.

**The Seaman Comes Home:** Sometime, when you can, go down to a large building at 25 South Street along New York's teeming waterfront. You'll know it by the lighthouse atop its 13 stories and the international code flags signaling QKF—"Welcome."

Inside, you'll find them by the hundreds—the merchant seamen who have fought and won this war's toughest battles. In the corner of the quiet writing room, a youngster will be penning a letter home. In the clubroom, beer and talk in a dozen languages will be flowing. There'll be a movie going on in the big auditorium, and church services in the chapel.

Once a seaman's lot, when he reached shore, was fast and futile. He arrived friendless, with no place to go, and ended up a day or two after landing with empty pockets, a hangover and nothing to show for months at sea.

The Seamen's Church Institute began 100 years ago as an evangelical mission. Today it has become club, hotel, mailing address, school,

### His Clownship—Lou Jacobs

This hilarious gentleman, who is wallowing out a tender song of love on a calliope, is Lou Jacobs, Ringling Brothers' ace buffoon. When you see a huge, red nose coming round the ring you can be sure Lou's not far behind, for that bulbous feature has been his trademark for years. The nose is made from a bright rubber ball, but Jacobs has been experimenting with putty models as his contribution to war economy. In Sarasota, Lou makes his home with a high wire act. He has a year-round passion for children and they return his devotion in kind.

LT. JOSEPH JANNEY STEINMETZ FROM FPG

and a dozen other things for any merchant mariner who wants to use it.

Here in a post office large enough to serve a town of 30 thousand they get their mail. Here they put in for rest and quiet after torpedoings. There's a library for them, a medical and dental clinic, a sick bay, an employment bureau and a funds bureau where, when in need, they can borrow money. There's even a school for those who advance in their calling.

In 11 months last year, the Institute provided over 360 thousand lodgings, served 1,200,000 meals and entertained 126 thousand persons in its auditorium alone. And since the start of the war, it has been refuge for the crews of over 100 torpedoed ships.

**Quick Salutes:** To the "45th Division News" for being typical of the best in frontline news for American troops. Its staff of five landed with the first troops in Sicily. By the next day they were searching a conquered town for a print shop and rushing its fugitive owner back from the hills. On the third day the paper was being printed on a hand-powered press. In Palermo they used a printing plant while it was still smoking from a bomb hit. In Salerno they printed under heavy enemy artillery fire. The newspaper's formula—telling readers what the division is doing, giving them "hero stuff," featuring human interest stories such as the one about the company that found a pig but had to move on before the chops could be finished—not only built morale, but measurably helped weld the 45th into a spirited fighting

unit . . . To a group of World War I pilots and a few non-military pilots who before Pearl Harbor put themselves in hock to get America ready for an air war. They were running private flying schools when in May, 1939, foreseeing trouble, General Hap Arnold called them to Washington, told them he had no funds, but asked them to organize a primary training program for Army pilots. In six weeks, without a contract of any kind, they set up hangars and mess halls and began to train flying cadets in groups of 40. Finally, by a bare two-vote majority, Congress provided funds. Then in 1940, with France falling, Arnold called them in again. Build schools to handle classes 10 times as large, he begged. In 40 days, they built schools costing from 200 thousand to 500 thousand dollars with their own funds and credit. It was some time before Congress repaid them. Recently Hap Arnold, reviewing the phenomenal growth of our Air Force from 21,556 men in 1939 to 2,385,000 now, with 30 thousand pilots trained each year, saluted these men. Without them, our Air Force might still be an infant and Hitler a happy man.

**Victory Treasure Trove:** A dust that finally knocks out the garden-er's worst pest: the Japanese beetle. (Peter Henderson and Co., N. Y.).

A chemical process that turns soft woods into hard and produces doors, windows and drawers that won't stick or become loose. (DuPont).

A painless method of filling teeth—an Army Dental Corps development. (Col. A. P. Mathews).

—LAWRENCE GALTON



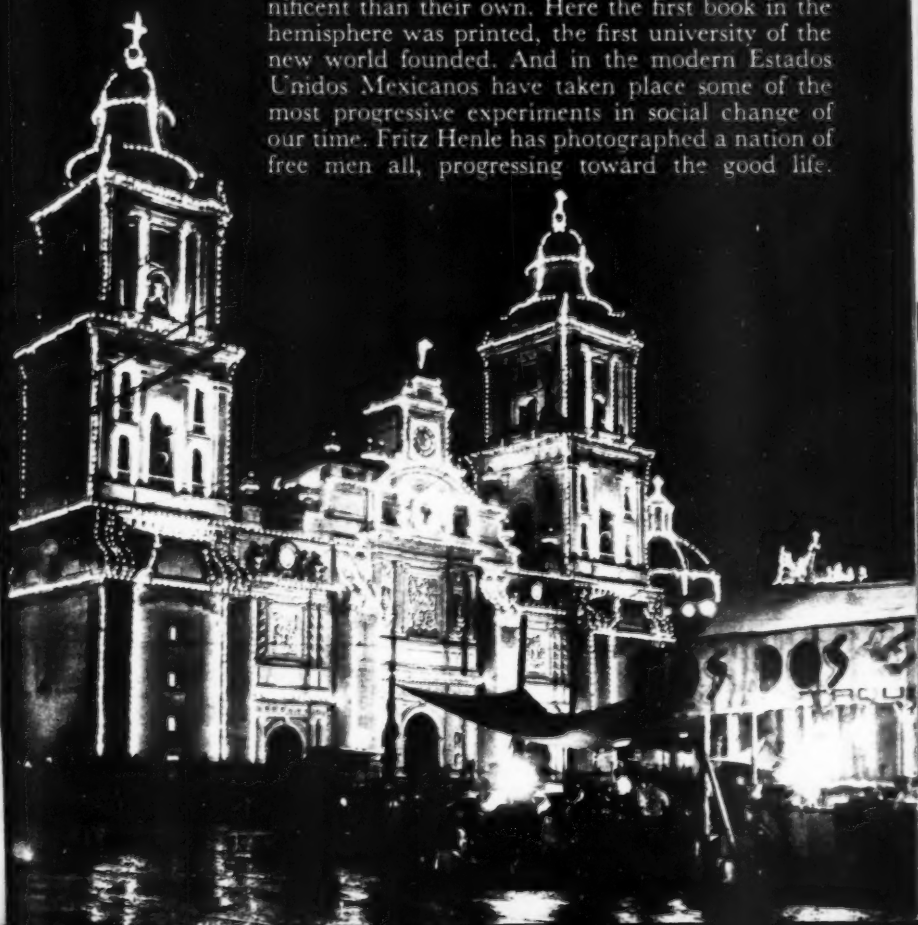
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## *Picture Story:*

### **Faces of Mexico**

by EZEQUIEL PADILLA, *Mexican Foreign Minister*

YOU'LL FIND THE exuberance of a young nation and the wisdom of great ages in a Mexican face. This counterpoint of old and new, of a culture ancient as an eighth century pyramid and new as Mexico City's skyscrapers, is symbolic of a nation whose past and present dwell visibly together. Here are ruins of the continent's oldest culture—one the conquering Spaniards deemed more magnificent than their own. Here the first book in the hemisphere was printed, the first university of the new world founded. And in the modern Estados Unidos Mexicanos have taken place some of the most progressive experiments in social change of our time. Fritz Henle has photographed a nation of free men all, progressing toward the good life.





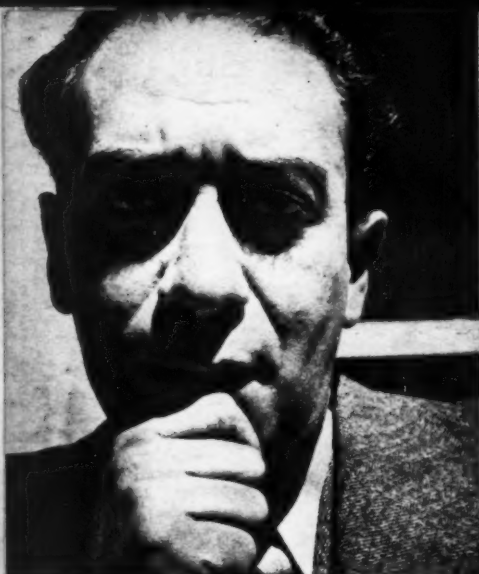


- 1.** *Mexico, mi tierra . . . from the time of the Aztec and Mayan the Indian has planted the land with maize, his staff of life. Mexico's people—some 20 million in all—reflect the intermingling of the Spaniard and the Indian.*

**2.**



2. *Against this backdrop of timelessness is the new Mexico, exemplified by the gay, modern capital, Mexico City; by mushrooming industry and new roads which are reaching into the hinterlands . . . and, of course, by schools.*



**3.** *These are some faces of the new Mexico—Lombardo Toledano, Latin-American labor leader.*



**4.** *Carlos Chavez, composer-conductor, writes music based on native themes and takes symphony to the provinces.*



**5.** *Cantinflas, the funniest comedian of them all, who outdraws any movie star, American or Mexican.*



**6.** *Frida Kahol, wife of Diego Rivera, a well known painter herself, who here wears a lovely Tehuan costume.*

**7.** *Diego Rivera, a well known painter, who here wears a lovely Tehuan costume.*



7. *Diego Rivera, whose face resembles the ancient carvings against which he poses, together with José Clemente Orozco and Siqueiros lead the great schools of Mexican painting and the art renaissance, born of the Revolution.*



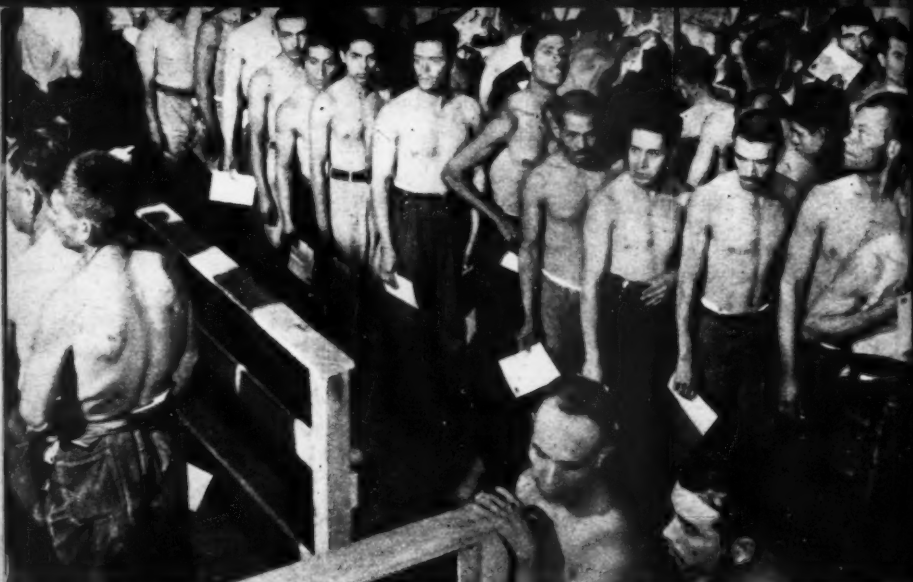
**8.** *The new Mexico was still being built with schools, dams, roads, and the industry which pulls up living standards when war broke and we became an ally, mine, factory and granary for the United Nations. Rubber, drugs, oil, seed and henequén . . .*

**9.**





9. pour across the border into the United States. In his fight for Mexico's right to control her sub-soil treasures, ex-president Cardenas demanded that a fair percentage of wealth exploited from the country should remain there, to benefit the people.



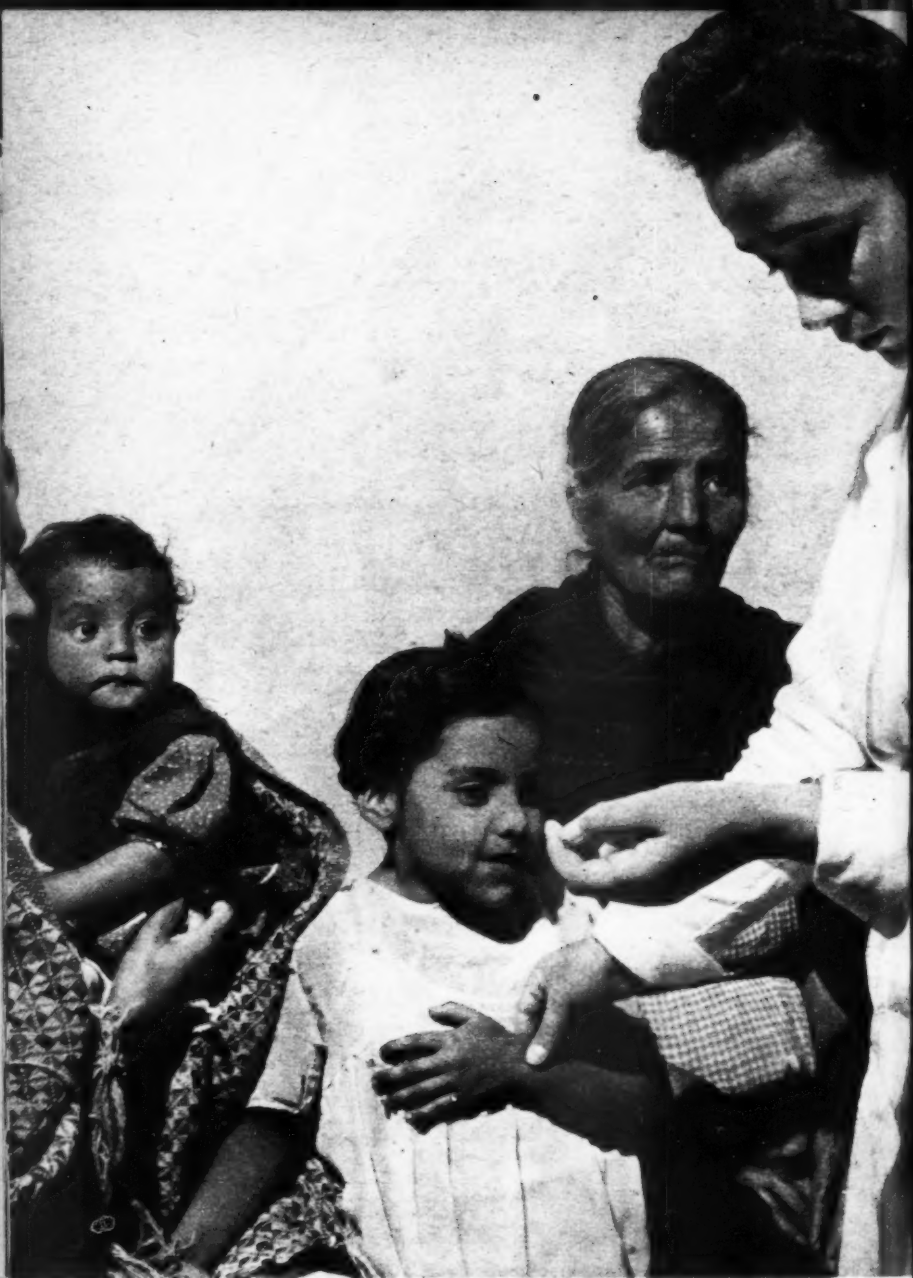
- 10.** *Mexico has sent 100 thousand of her best farm and railway workers to ease the man-power shortage in the United States . . . braceros from the hacienda lands which their ancestors worked for centuries.*



- 11.** *They present themselves to the alcalde's office in their native villages, there are given physical exams before they're allowed to accept contracts. Wearing the straw hats which characterize the country workmen . . .*



**12.** *they come from the agricultural states of Jalisco, Michoacan, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, leaving their land to labor in the United States, in sugar beet fields, in the fruit belts . . .*



**13.** leaving families like these behind, too. War, declared on May 22, 1942, after three Mexican oil tankers had been torpedoed by German subs, has brought hardship to the common people . . . in zooming costs of living and inflation.

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- 14.** *Even school boys, outfitted in junior versions of army conscript uniforms, are trained in the unchildish drills of combat. One hundred thousand men man the regular army and a million more the reserves. Mexican ships patrol a 1600 mile coastline.*



- 15.** *Twelve thousand Mexican citizens have joined the U.S. Army to get into the actual fighting. In the Revolution the soldaderas marched off to war with their menfolk, and when the men fell, the women took their places in the battleline.*





- 16.** *We are well aware now that all of us, on this continent, will be crushed down under the iron heel of oppression, or we shall all of us rise up victorious with the banner of American unity on high.*

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## It's a Crazy War



—Algiers (by cable to Coronet)

I USED TO KNOW a dog whose name I have forgotten. He was a pariah dog—pie dogs they're called—the color of a dirty khaki shirt. His mother was euphemistically named "Lady."

This pie dog was born in a desert about the same color as he was, and in that desert he spent the first few months of his life. His mother taught him his manners and they were good manners, but a dog needs a father. Some dogs I have known would have called this pie dog a sissy, the way he behaved sometimes on account of having to learn everything from women.

But he came out all right. The Army got moving, and with it moved Lady and her pups. The Army moved clean out of the desert and into a country where there were trees. This pie dog I am telling you about had never seen a tree.

I saw him meet his first tree, and I never have forgotten the demonstration of the deep true instinct which told him what a tree is for. He never was a sissy after that.

The memory of that pie dog strengthens my heart against the future. He was an Army dog, the way so many men and women are Army creatures these days. But the first chance he got to act the way he was supposed to act, he did it.

People sometimes do it too.

I have read a lot, for instance,

about a character named Ernie Pyle, the war correspondent. Ernie Pyle is a good war correspondent, and he looks like something the cat dragged in. Ernie Pyle is probably the sloppiest soldier in the whole Army. He is the antithesis of Lucius Beebe. He is a clown laughing down the foolish godhead of red tape. Some day maybe he will get shot for it.

You take another type. There was a time when the opposing armies in that desert were shunting back and forth along a bumpy road that runs by the Mediterranean. There was a piece of that road that branched off and ran down into the desert away from the sea. We called it the Axis by-pass.

And one day some important people—generals or something—came to that junction and saw to their great astonishment a German soldier squatting there with all his kit. It happened to be our territory at the time.

Well, it turned out that this soldier had been put ashore a couple of nights before, and all he knew was that he was supposed to go to this junction and wait for somebody. So he did. He believed in red tape. So he probably got to England before his fuhrer.

I don't believe in red tape, and that's why I am not a good soldier. It always is the screwballs, not the heroes, who interest me. I some-

times suspect that people are mostly born screwballs, and that heroism is only an instinct like that which leads a pie dog to a tree.

One time a Liberty ship came into Oran, and while she was lying alongside, the cops came aboard for a routine look-see.

What they saw, among other things, was a fellow in a worn battle-dress and an RAF cap. "Where are you going?" the cops asked. "America," said battledress. "Why?" said cop. "Join my new unit," said battledress. "Got any papers?" asked cop. "Sure," said battledress.

What he had was one sheet of ordinary notepaper and on it was written, "Please take this corporal to America." It was illegible, signed by some staff sergeant.

So they took him ashore and went through the checking, and in a couple of days they told him there was no such unit as the one he belonged to. "Just like 'em," said he. "Never keep their records straight."

There was a day when Montgomery's army opened the bag and found among the other prisoners a German officer who had been a professor of languages at Bonn. The British interrogating officer established the prisoner's identity, but

kept on talking to him in German although he realized that the prisoner's English probably was as good as anybody's.

Then he sat the prisoner in a corner of the truck because he had been called to the telephone. The telephone was talking about a local but somewhat important operation coming off that night. In those communications trucks the voice at the other end of the telephone can be heard all over the place.

And after he had finished discussing the operation in detail, the horrified officer remembered that the fellow in the corner must have understood every word. But the fellow wasn't in the corner. He was highailing across the sand.

The officer tallyhoed a jeep and gave chase. The fugitive darted into a rough and narrow wadi at which even the jeep blanched. But it happened that the driver of the jeep was a collegiate middle-distance champion. He got the professor, and the professor missed his iron cross.

Screwballs. All of them screwballs. But they're the ones who've made me come around to thinking that one of these days we shall see a tree and we will know what to do.

—CHESTER MORRISON

## "If"

SCANNING OVER THE job application forms to see if they had been properly filled out, a personnel director came across one which read: "Age of father, if living—120. Age of mother, if living—112."

He called the applicant over and asked in astonishment, "But your parents aren't that old, are they?"

"Oh no, sir," was the reply, "but they would have been, if living."

—WILLARD OWEN

## Portfolio of Personalities



Seven from "THE COLUMNISTS"

BY CHARLES FISHER

Excerpts from the book *The Columnists*, published at \$2.50 by M. Soskin, New York; copyright, 1944, by Charles Fisher

ON ANY GIVEN day some 25 million Americans reverently fold back their newspapers to the Brains Page and gasp in unison over the diverting report that Miss Millicent Rogers sleeps in a night dress lined with chinchilla fur.

Ten million other citizens of the Republic seek more portentous disclosures. They turn to another columnist and discover that the State Department is a dull and uninformed establishment, that the national administration still persists in blind and wayward muddling or that the labor movement is composed entirely of scoundrels.

Whatever the yearning of the millions of readers, the columnists of America will oblige. And inasmuch as each group includes a fantastically large number of subscribers, it is clear that these are golden days for columnning.

The columnist is the autocrat of the most prodigious breakfast table ever known. He is the voice beside the cracker barrel amplified to trans-continental dimensions. He is the only non-political figure on record who can clear his throat each day and say "Now, here's what I think . . ." with the assurance that millions will listen.

If Mr. Westbrook Pegler rises of a morning with his liver out of order, the ensuing choler may quite easily become a matter for national debate. If Miss Dorothy Thompson feels a tizzy coming on, she may address a nation instead of husband, household and cook.

The immediate reasons for this pleasant state of affairs lie, of course, in the gifts which each columnist brings to the practice of his profession. One prospers by

crying gossip in the streets, and one by an endless gentlemanly head-shaking over the state of the times. One parades his elaborate ill-temper. One offers daily, three-cent views of what is going forward in governing minds. One offers honest scholarship coupled with an attitude of disapproval. A few—a very few—pretend merely to conduct a reasonable discussion.

Before he becomes a columnist, a man sits at a table with other men and tosses his own ball of opinion into the push-and-shove of conversation. He is heeded for a moment, if he is lucky, or he is told coarsely that he is full of hop.

Once he starts extending his ideas to paper, however, he is overwhelmed by the solemn attention of the public. Learned judges agree with, or write respectful dissents to, such points of law as he makes out of a background of a couple of years hanging around the police courts. Public officials are flattered even by his criticisms.

Meanwhile, he finds life an agreeable mixture of opulence and notoriety. He is certainly entitled to take some pride in this, for he is following the most lonely trade on earth; success or failure are built almost entirely upon the stuff which is within himself. He lives by grace of his brains, style and wit. And once he has secured his space in the paper, the chips are down.

In a way, this should temper opinions of columnists. They are faulty and imperfect souls, no matter what their clients believe. But when they are seated at their typewriters they are, poor devils, beyond all human help.

For instance . . .



## Dorothy Thompson

Miss Dorothy Thompson, principal lady mental welter-weight of our current civilization, is one of the most overwhelming American females since Carry Nation. Circumstances, however, have not made it necessary for her to express herself by chopping saloons into small pieces. She has, instead, directed her monitorial attention to the whole world.

The 8,405,399 readers who attend upon her column find an endless procession of passionate certainties. Perhaps Miss Thompson, knowing that she has only three days a week (as against the six out of seven required of less fortunate columnists) in which to adjust the mechanisms of the universe, bears down a little harder than the rest.

Biographers have said that when Miss Thompson was married to

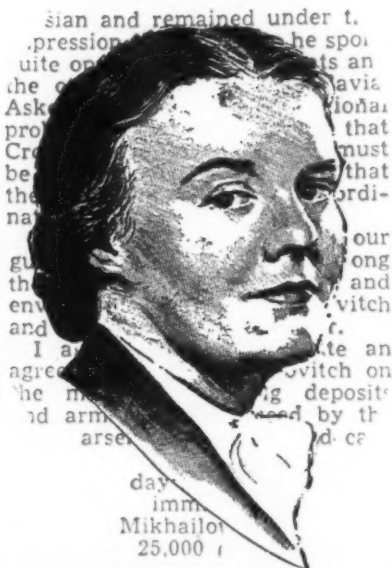
Sinclair Lewis, he got the nervous habit of referring to her favorite conversational subject as It. He meant world doings, or his wife's feelings about them. During the period of separation preceding their divorce, he'd drop in on her once in a while, amicably enough, but always hanging back in hall or foyer to inquire of some other guest whether she was talking about It. If she were, he'd slip away uneasily.

Dining with friends one evening at the time of the partition of Poland, she arrived a little late and stood like a pink and matronly figure of doom while the aimless pre-dinner conversation died away.

"The Russians are in Poland!" she thundered and then, turning to another guest, added clubbily, "Oh, hello, Otis dear."

A few of her friends feel that as she has become so unmistakably a grande dame and an oracle, she may be a trifle impatient with the awkward processes of democracy. There is no suggestion of this heresy in her writings, however. In formal interviews she still offers a mien of rather hastily pulled together modesty, much as she did when she was nominated for President of the United States. That was in 1937. The nomination appeared in a gossip column in the *London Evening Standard*. Miss Thompson discussed it with a tastefully balanced mixture of gravity and unassuming laughter. Any lady so elected, she said, would have to overcome a good deal of prejudice.

Lewis, to whom she was then still married, said that for his part he was disappointed. If his wife were President, he said, he could get to write "My Day."



## Walter Lippmann

Like many philosophers, Walter Lippmann is at home in the past and even more at home in the future, but unable to give his approval to very much of the present. Such practical advances as are achieved here and now seem to him grubby and inadequate.

He has been a continued success with customers and, at the moment, appears in 143 papers with a total circulation of approximately 10 million. It has been said that:

"He writes in language which is precise enough for a Supreme Court Justice, simple enough for a ward heeler, and entertaining enough to woo a magnate from his grapefruit."

During the '28 Presidential campaign, when the N. Y. *World* was supporting Al Smith, Lippmann prepared in behalf of that paper's policy a plausible defense of Tammany Hall—a series of articles which were recalled by embittered townsmen when, at the start of his columning career, he assailed Governor F. D. Roosevelt of New York State for his failure to fight Tammany.

The 1940 election found him in a state of some perturbation. He had not been as enthusiastic over Willkie as the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*, and there were conjectures that he might overcome his ancient objection to Roosevelt in consequence of a growing approval of the President's foreign policy. He settled the thing quite gracefully before election day by pointing out that he was living in Washington at the time and so could not vote.

Foreign developments have brought about his strongest praise of F.D.R. in more than a decade.

He was one of the few columnists who did not rail unreasonably at the secrecy surrounding the Teheran Conference.

Of the critics of the conference he wrote: "... they have such a long view of the distant future that they have little attention left for the nearest future and present."

Curiously, the criticism is the one to which he is most vulnerable himself. After a lifetime devoted to discussion of reform, he has been unable to see anything save flaws in the reforms which the New Deal has attempted or achieved.

But his comment on world affairs comes from a background of study and close observance which scarcely any contemporary journalist can touch. His book, *U. S. Foreign Policy*, was accepted almost as standard formula by most reviewers.



## Walter Winchell

There must be a good many thousands of newspaper readers who have turned to Winchell by habit, in search of some instructive anecdote on the more elegant methods of sinning, but who have ended up by sharing his fury at the small, dirty streams which wind their way incessantly through the national life. His column may be the most effective pro-American propaganda in the country.

None of the more solemn commentators reaches more than a fraction of his public, an incredible 25 million potential readers.

His unrestrained clawings of Congressmen have been debated on the floor of the House. Franklin D. Roosevelt has entertained him at the White House, opening the conversation, according to Winchell, by saying: "Walter, here's an item for you." Bundists, America-Firsters and Coughlinites have probably concentrated more sheer hatred upon his sleek head than upon that of any of their fellows.

He writes six columns a week: 312 a year. Striking an arbitrary average of 25 separate items per column, one comes to a total of more than 7,500 items a year.

One of his more diverting Broadway adventures involved the theatrical entrepreneurs, Lee and Jake Shubert, when he printed an anecdote which was overheard, he said, in the Astor Hotel lobby. The producers were complaining about a show which had flopped.

The playwright was not to blame, the manager said. Every business had flops. Look at the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia,



for instance. There was a real flop.

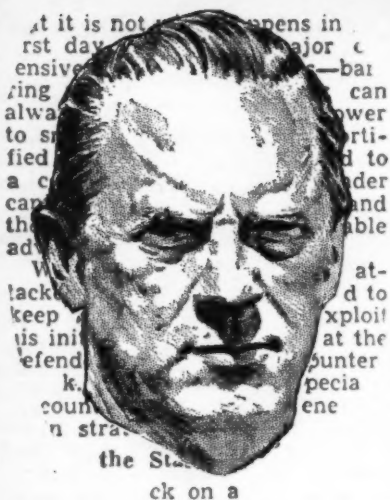
"Did he write that too?" Shubert groaned, according to Winchell.

He was instantly barred from all Shubert theatres. The order caused him to remark: "I can't go to the openings, eh? Well, I'll wait three days and go to the closings."

Winchell has quite successfully translated the feverishness of his prose to the air. Loosening his collar and shoving his hat to the back of his head, he clicks a telegraph key madly and shouts for the attention of "Mr. and Mrs. America."

Telegraph operators have complained that the sounds he makes with the keys are meaningless, but Winchell protests that real messages don't sound nearly so well.

At 47 he is a good-looking, somewhat foxy-faced man, with a manner compounded of brusqueness and unexpected courtesy.



## Westbrook Pegler

Neither labor nor the liberals have produced a champion so resourceful at invective as Pegler. His readers dote upon him accordingly, and cherish his cholers. His circulation has risen with his blood pressure. In a period when organized labor has courted the criticism which is his specialty, he reaches just a shade under 10 million subscribers a day.

During the grippe epidemic of 1943, Pegler contracted pneumonia. Friends were concerned.

"But one day," a friend said, "he jumped out of bed and sat down and did two vicious columns on Mrs. Roosevelt. We knew he was normal then."

Construction of his column occasions him great pain. Having read the newspapers in bed, he breakfasts and retires early to his study, whence emerge bad language, the sound of copy paper being yanked from the typewriter and ripped to

bits, and quantities of cigarette smoke. He has always been a hard writer; in his days as a sports reporter he would agonize in the press boxes of deserted stadiums until 11 p. m., his telegraph operator shivering resentfully at his side.

In the summer of 1912, INS hired him to help out at the Republican National Convention. On one occasion Pegler passed the desk where Arthur Brisbane was preparing some solemn reflection upon the meaning of the convention. Brisbane shoved a sheaf of copy into his hand and said: "Here, boy; run this down to the wire room."

"Run it yourself," said Pegler, from his dignified status as reporter pro-tem, instead of a copy boy.

In 1916 in London he was sent to a garden party at Buckingham Palace. He attended in blue serge suit and checkered cap, doffing the latter courteously as His Majesty appeared on the terrace. His Majesty amiably said that it was too hot to stand bareheaded in the sun, and advised the assembly to recover. But later the King appeared again, and again off came the hats of the guests. Except Pegler's.

"Uncover, you fool," somebody snorted behind him. "Don't have to, you fool," Pegler replied. "The King said to keep 'em on."

Pegler has more direct and tangible achievement in his background than most other columnists. He has ruined and jailed two major labor racketeers (Bioff and Scalise) by his energy and the force of his writing—winning the Pulitzer Prize for one of the campaigns.

One racketeer was obliging enough to wail as he was taken away: "I've been Peglerized!"

## Pearson and Allen

Some few years back, when the "Washington Merry-Go-Round" was a relatively obscure column, an aggrieved citizen stomped into Robert S. Allen's office and announced that it was his intention to slay him on the spot. Allen looked up from his typewriter.

"Mister," he said impatiently, "you'll have to wait in line."

Allen is now Lt. Colonel Allen of Army Intelligence, and his partner, Drew Pearson, is sole operator of the Merry-Go-Round. But the old incident serves to indicate the distance the column has come. Once, objectors to items were of no greater stature than U.S. Senators and anonymous lesser functionaries with burning hides. But lately, within a single week, the column has been ceremoniously assailed by the Secretary of State, and Pearson has publicly been called a chronic liar by the President.

It seems that small items stirred the Presidential caprices almost as much as uncharitable accounts of his official family. On an occasion when he made a journey to Warm Springs, the column gaily announced that he had neglected to cancel a standing order for Danish pastry, of which he was reportedly very fond. The stuff was piling up at the White House, they said.

Another time they spread the burning news that F.D.R.'s favorite song was *Home on the Range*. For months he couldn't evade it when he was within earshot of a band. The difficulty was that the tune was not his pet, but that of his secretary, the late Marvin McIntyre. Mr. Roosevelt, he detested it.

Perhaps it is simplest to point to two extremities of the Merry-Go-Round's occasional prophetic moods. It was impeccable in an advance declaration that England and France would not support Czechoslovakia at Munich. But its crystal was clouded when, in June of 1941, it asserted that Russia couldn't hold out for a month.

In his first year of conducting the column alone, Pearson's greatest "beat" was the famous story that General George S. Patton had struck an enlisted man.

But Pearson has not been so acute in all his writings. Last December he said United Nations harmony had been endangered at the Cairo Conference. General Chiang Kai-shek, he said, had been angry because neither Roosevelt nor Churchill met him.

As it happened, neither was in Cairo when Chiang got there.





## Ernie Pyle

Ernie Pyle is a columnist only in the sense that he has available each day a certain amount of newspaper space which he may fill with such matter as seems proper to him at the time. After two years on virulently active battlefronts, he has neglected to evolve seven better ways to win the war. He is only a passenger in the world, instead of carrying it around in his hip pocket. Yet he is probably the best known American writer of the war.

He is certainly the one whom newspaper readers regard with deepest affection. Why? Because he tells them where young Joe slept last night and how many blankets the boy had. Sometimes he tells them how he died.

Toward the end of the Sicilian campaign he became ill. He recovered, writing a little piece on a

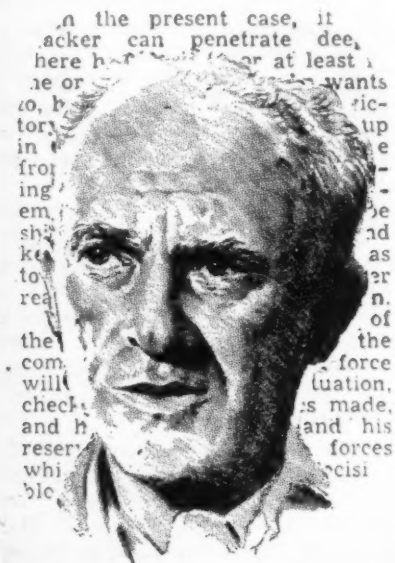
thing he called Battlefield Fever. You don't die of it, he said, but you think you're going to. "It's the perpetual dust choking you. The heat and the flies and dirty feet and the constant roar of the engines and the perpetual moving night and day and on through the night again . . . Yesterday is tomorrow and Troina is Randazzo . . . when will we ever stop . . . God, I'm so tired."

When he got back to America a little while later, in September of 1943, he apologized for not going on into Italy. He knew that the soldiers were more weary than he, he said. And he wrote:

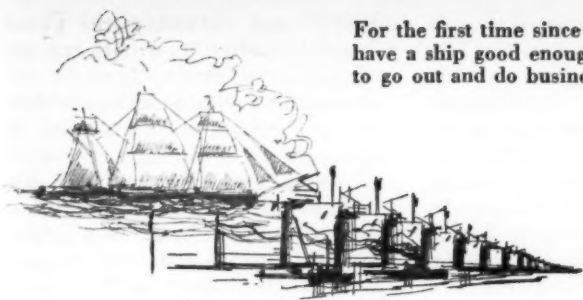
"I was fed up and bogged down. Of course you say other people are too and they keep going on. But if your job is to write about the war, you're apt to begin writing unconscious distortions and unwarranted pessimisms when you are tired. I had come to despise and be revolted by war out of any logical proportion. I couldn't find the Four Freedoms among the dead men . . . I was no longer seeing the things that you at home want to know about the soldiers."

Ernie went back to his home in Albuquerque for a rest. Radio and lecture people came after him with stupendous offers. He ignored them and rested. Then he traveled to New York to pick up some equipment before he went overseas again.

So he left for Italy on his third trip to the war, traveling light as usual. He made no speeches, wrote no essays on what is wrong with America. He had endangered his whole columning franchise for the rest he needed in order to get back to see how G.I. Joe was getting along in the mud.



For the first time since Clipper days we're to have a ship good enough and numerous enough to go out and do business. Watch her wake!



## ***Great Grandson of the Yankee Clipper***

by MARK HANDLEY

**I**F YOU ARE a little confused about the difference between the Liberty Ship and the Victory Ship, jot this down on your memo pad: the one to keep your eye on is the Victory Ship. Designed to clinch American dominance of the sealand, she climaxes the whole incredible story of our wartime shipbuilding, and is destined to become the most important commercial vessel in the world.

To the eye, this new ship is neat, clean-lined and businesslike, but nothing startling. The lines that count on a ship are all under water, and that's where she's got them. At war, she can run the pants off a Jap sub without half trying, and carry 10 thousand tons of cargo while doing it. Which means that instead of traveling in convoy she can strike out alone at nearly twice convoy speed—and measurably shorten the war.

In addition, she's one of the few items of our war production that will be immediately and vitally useful after the war. Most of our sleek and deadly engines of destruction, and most of our Liberty Ships,

will become obsolete junk when the war is over. Not so the Victory Ship. When the war ends, her real job just begins.

But the thing that sets shipping men to serenading her of an evening is that she's a masterpiece of ship design . . . and masterstrokes of ship design can make history. Among other achievements, they have preserved America as an independent nation, established her as the world's dominant commercial sea power (a hundred years ago) and populated California. The new masterpiece promises to add a brilliant chapter of her own.

Now since you're a citizen of the leading maritime nation of the world, it's time you brushed up on your seagoing lore.

Every ship ever built has been a compromise between speed, range, operating cost and cargo capacity.

Ships, therefore, have traditionally been custom-built for specific jobs, rather than mass-produced. If you're hauling a fancy cargo, such as millionaires, across the North Atlantic, you can shoot the works on speed. But if you're toting

copra from Pacific islands you'd go broke buying fuel if you shoved her through the water too fast.

During World War I, German subs sent shipping to the bottom so fast that a new factor was added to this multiple compromise—speed of construction. The biggest single unit of the biggest shipbuilding program ever seen was erected at Hog Island, Pennsylvania. Though the Hog Island freighter arrived too late to help with World War I (only four were delivered before the Armistice) she taught us invaluable lessons.

The greater your hurry, it turned out, the greater your compromise with ideal ship design. The efficient hull is full of subtle feminine curves. The fastest hull *to build* is a rectangular box, but it gives you a ship hard to push through the water, and wasteful of fuel. The Hog Islander was a compromise between the ideal hull and the rectangular box; her machinery could be built quickly. She was not a competitive ship.

BUT AFTER the war, fast, efficient foreign ships ran off with the business, and hundreds of thousands of tons of Hog Island shipping rusted at their wharves.

To say that American shipping had fallen on evil days by the 1930's was not to say that all Americans liked it. A small but clamorous group bellowed every hour on the hour that fast foreign ships, including German and Japanese, were running our pitiable fleet of scows off the seas. The group calling for better ships was not hampered by the fact that F. D. Roosevelt is not a bad sailor him-

self. In 1938 the Maritime Commission launched its program of 50 commercial ships a year.

With the outbreak of war, however, everything accomplished in the way of shipbuilding proved utterly inadequate. Up to 1943 the Germans had sunk some 12 million tons of shipping, almost as much as our entire losses in World War I. The President asked for 24 million tons of shipping in two years, a pace three and a half times as fast as that of 1917.

The prime need now was for speed in construction. We came up with the Liberty Ship, which had exactly that; any other virtues she might possess were windfalls. Her hull had no more subtlety than a half-watermelon. Her old-fashioned reciprocating engines stood three stories high and took up an unconscionable amount of room for the 2500 horsepower they delivered. But parts for such engines could be made quickly in hundreds of non-specialized machine shops.

The Liberty Ship was designed to be built in 210 days. Shipbuilders were soon turning them out in an average of 39 days. Henry Kaiser cut that to two weeks, and once, for a record, built one in three days, 23 hours and 40 minutes. By early 1943 we were getting five Liberty Ships a day.

But there were murmurs of displeasure in high quarters. As chief murmurer, Rear Admiral Howard L. Vickery of the Maritime Commission pointed out that if we kept it up we'd have the Hog Island story all over again, only worse. The Liberty Ship could make only 11 knots, and it cost too much to run her even at that speed. She'd

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be helpless against international competition. The thing to do, he said, was to taper off on Liberty Ships and build a ship good enough to take on the field.

He had such a ship in mind. As a matter of fact, he had the blueprints right under his arm. She was to be 455 feet long by 62 feet beam—wider and longer than the Liberty Ship. She had lines and speed. Her geared turbine power plant took up no more room than the Liberty's engines, but delivered 6,000 to 8,500 horsepower. And the Victory Ship was economical to operate; her hull, boiler and turbine design saw to that.

Yes, she'd take longer to build. But not so long as you might think, and she *was* a long-term investment.

That was July, 1943. It was hot in Washington, and tempers were short. William Francis Gibbs, who had helped design the Liberty Ship, and now was U.S. Shipping Controller, said no, and Donald Nelson backed him up. Gears and turbines for such a power plant, steel for such a hull, copper and tubing for such a boiler, were more urgently needed in other phases of our war production, they said.

At this interesting moment, President Roosevelt issued his famous order suggesting that members of his official family keep their differences at home. For weeks, only muffled thuds and grunts were heard from under the blanket. Then came news. Contracts for 346 Victory Ships had been let.

The first Victory Ship keel was laid on the West Coast late in 1943; the first on the East Coast early this year; mass production will have been reached this sum-

mer. From then on fewer Liberty and more Victory Ships will slide off the ways.

The implications are far reaching. Our government has said that there can be no lasting peace without world prosperity. There can't be world prosperity without continual development of every nation's resources and productivity, which means world trade. And there can't be trade without ships.

WE COULD again allow the bulk of American cargoes to be carried in foreign bottoms, including those of nations bent on our destruction. But one can't escape a feeling that the job is safer in American hands.

We will have other ships, of course. Our C-type ships, whose production was begun in 1938, will hold their own with anything of their tonnage. We will have flashy superliners like the *Manhattan*, the *Washington* and the *America* for the North Atlantic carriage trade. Even a few Liberties will find useful work at not-too-strenuous jobs.

But the ball will be carried by the Victory Ship—and here are some reasons for believing she'll carry it to a touchdown:

She's fast. As this is written, her exact speed is censored, but you can make some guesses from her size, horsepower and lines. Guess: she's faster than the C-3, which, with 16 knots, is the fastest of the C ships and they were fast enough to top Japanese competition. If the Victory turns up 18 knots or better, she'll queen it over the working freight ships of the world. She's economical. You can look forward to comfortable and inexpensive vacation cruises on her after the war.

She's versatile. She's a first-class general cargo ship as she stands. Her seamless welded hull makes her easily convertible to a tanker. She can be refitted to accommodate a goodly passenger list.

She "rides well"; she is designed to be a fine sea boat.

If you're inclined to be at all sentimental, perhaps the most appealing thing about her is that she revives a great American tradition of the seas. Though it was so long ago that even the history books have almost forgotten it, our trading ships once led the world.

In the early days of this Republic, Americans had many uses for fast ships. Overland routes were slow and difficult, and the businessman who wanted to get from Jamestown to Boston went by sea.

Americans developed ever bigger and faster ships until, in 1833, the first Clipper was built in Baltimore and called the *Ann McKim*. With their low freeboard, slanting masts and graceful lines, the Clippers soon made a name for themselves in every port in the world. Some of them averaged 15 knots on long voyages, which is not a bad clip even today, and at the time was almost unbelievable. The Clippers, clipping as much as a week from the voyage, skimmed the cream of the Atlantic business. Then they went after the China tea trade.

Foreign shipowners hastily placed orders for Clipper-type ships of their own. But the foreign yards never quite got the knack, and when they wanted a real Clipper they had to order it in America, usually from such firms as Donald McKay of Boston, or from William Henry Webb of New York,

biggest shipbuilder of them all.

For two decades the Clippers queened it over the oceans. Then gold was discovered in California, and American shipowners began hauling gold-seekers around Cape Horn at an easy profit. The opening of the transcontinental railroads ended that trade—and ended America's leadership on the seas. From then on, American enterprise concentrated on developing the American West. In 1830, almost 90 per cent of American cargoes were carried in American ships; in the 1900's it sank to less than 10 per cent.

Now, for the first time since Clipper days, we're to have the best ship for the most important jobs.

For those who have not kept up with the work of the Maritime Commission, several questions may be answered. First, who is going to own and run the Victory Ships?

The answer is subsidy. Since 1620 England has directly or indirectly supported her merchant fleet. Other foreign maritime countries have done the same. The United States has awakened to what we must do if we are going to be able to compete for sea traffic. Under the Act of Congress of 1936, the Maritime Commission was authorized to promote and subsidize an American merchant fleet.

The Victory Ships are built on a construction subsidy and will be turned over to private lines far enough below cost to equalize any difference that foreign ships enjoy because of their government subsidies. American shipowners will be on an equality with foreign lines for the first time since the age of steam.

In addition, the American ship-



owner will have the advantage of ships fast enough to make three trips to a slower ship's two. They also have the most modern cargo handling equipment. In one instance, unloading in a foreign port took six days, a job that formerly had taken 47 days.

You may say that even if we have the ships we can't get American seamen to run them except under non-competitive conditions of high pay, superior food and accommodations.

The answer again is subsidy. The Maritime Commission pays the difference. Sea life is one of the most attractive occupations if the pay and living are right. The Merchant Marine is training officers

and crews, many of whom will follow the sea after the peace.

As long as other nations subsidize their merchant fleets we shall have to do the same or not have a merchant fleet. While it is needed the Maritime Commission will be on the job to see that American ships and seamen are not undersold and forced off the seas.

We have the cargoes. We have the finest and best paid crews. We have the finest and fastest ships. And, if men like Admiral Vickery and Henry Kaiser have anything to say about it, we'll have the most of them. The American flag will once more be a familiar peacetime sight in every port in the world.

Happy voyages, Victory Ships!

### ***Trade Maker***

WHEN CECIL RHODES SENT Rochfort Maguire to wangle mining concessions from the powerful ruler of the Matabeles, King Lobengula, he knew it was a ticklish job. Others who had gone on similar errands had never been heard from again.

As luck would have it, however, Maguire was given a cordial reception, and once sure of a hearing, he proceeded to clean up after his dusty journey. While the Matabeles swarmed and stared, his collapsible bath tub was set up and the unabashed agent stripped and calmly stepped in. As he washed, the natives followed each move, jabbering loudly.

But when the Englishman started to brush his teeth, the black men went wild. Never before had they seen a man thrust a strange object in his mouth, foam at the lips and turn water into milk. Surely he was a god!

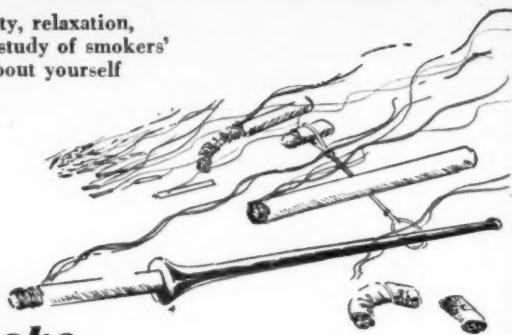
In wild alarm, their yells renting the air, the Matabeles scooped up the Englishman's clothes and made for their chief's quarters. Lobengula ordered an immediate hearing. Witnesses told of how the white man had patted on strange-smelling liquids from bottles. The king took a whiff of the toilet waters and grimaced pleasantly.

The inquiry lasted the entire day, during which, coincidentally, Lobengula's mother-in-law died. As the loss was not unwelcome to the king, he attributed it to more of the visitor's "magic."

The upshot was that Lobengula took the Englishman into royal favor, granted him unexpected concessions, and not only did Cecil Rhodes profit, but Maguire acquired a fortune as well.

—JAMES ALDREDGE

Why do you smoke? For sociability, relaxation, to steady your nerves? From this study of smokers' habits you may learn something about yourself



## Why People Smoke

by ERNEST DICHTER

**D**O YOU THINK when you light a cigarette that you are indulging in a purely physical luxury? Sorry, you're wrong.

Case studies recently were made of some hundreds of cigarette smokers, men and women, in various walks of life. It was not an inquiry into the physical effects of tobacco but was limited to the psychological. What was sought was the nature of the pleasure that people get from smoking cigarettes. The study revealed that smoking is as much a psychological pleasure as a physical satisfaction.

So, when you are having a smoke after meals, or in a conference, or at a party, you are seeking, in part, a psychological release.

Study your smoking habits and see how this analysis fits you.

Psychologically, smoking is chiefly a substitute or a conditioned reflex.

Smoking is fun. We are inclined to look back at the carefree enjoyment we had in childhood. Smoking, for many, is a substitute for our early habit of following the whim of the moment. It gives us a legitimate excuse for interrupting work and

snatching a moment of pleasure. An accountant said: "When I drop work and sit back for the length of a cigarette I feel much fresher. I wouldn't think of just relaxing without a cigarette."

Smoking is self reward. Most of us are hungry for rewards. A cigarette is a reward you can promise yourself as often as you wish. You can say to yourself, "When I have finished this piece of work I'll have a cigarette." The first and last cigarette of a day are important as such rewards. The first, after breakfast, is an anticipated reward. You ease yourself pleasantly into the day. The last cigarette is definitely a "closing of the door" on the day.

Smoking is a substitute activity. A waiting period, as for someone who is late, stimulates almost automatically the desire for a smoke. It seems to make time pass faster. It permits you do something. Being restrained in activity while compelled to wait is a very unpleasant experience. The cigarette thus has a useful effect. This is one reason why prisoners of war or soldiers awaiting the signal to attack sometimes

crave a cigarette more than food.

Smoking is also a playful creative activity. The smoke is manufactured by the smoker. Watching the smoke is fascinating to some smokers. This brings into the picture the psychological affinity of the human being to smoke and fire—especially in moments of contemplation and at night.

Smoking is often a conditioned reflex. Certain situations, such as coming out of a place where you can't smoke, beginning and ending work, voluntary and involuntary interruptions of work, hunger feeling, or reading, cause an automatic reaching for a smoke. A frequent reflex is that of taking out a cigarette when you see someone else do so, even though at the moment you had no desire to smoke.

Fun, reward and conditioned reflex all apply to smoking as an accompaniment to other pleasures. Smoking introduces the holiday feeling. After a meal, a cigarette is like another course. It is an expected completion of other forms of enjoyment.

Physically, smoking is an oral pleasure. The physical pleasure of smoking cannot be explained by taste sensation alone. We must consider the powerful sensitivity of the oral zone. Reactions of the oral area stem from earliest childhood. There is a direct connection between thumb-sucking and smoking.

"In school I always chewed a pencil or pen," a journalist told me. "You should have seen the collection I had. Whenever I try to stop smoking for a while I get something to chew on, like an empty pipe. Also I chew a lot of gum."

Various methods of making defi-

nite use of smoking also are psychological and carry with them pleasures of power and control.

"Smoking helps me think," is a common expression. Concentration is facilitated when all outside stimuli are excluded. Smoking provides in its way a "smoke screen" blurring out the outside world. In the same way smoking provides a screen and a covering occupation in embarrassing or tense moments. Besides providing companionship, and perhaps consolation in solitude, smoking promotes sociability and friendship. People doing the same thing have at least one point of agreement. Life and literature are full of stories of situations smoothed out and people brought together by smoking.

ONE OF THE most frequent uses of smoking is for aid in relaxation.

I might interpolate here some results of a study of smokers reported by Dr. Emil Bogen in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. In this report 50 per cent of 600 smokers questioned said they did it for relaxation. Other responses were: for sociability, 65 per cent; for the fragrance, 60 per cent; for stimulation, 50 per cent; to steady the nerves, 45 per cent; to quiet hunger, 30 per cent; visual pleasure in the sight of the smoke, 25 per cent; feel of the lips (oral pleasure), 25 per cent; feel of the hands, 10 per cent; taste, 5 per cent.

The matter of inhaling or not inhaling the smoke is incidental to the present inquiry but it may be noted that research by a leading manufacturer of cigarettes showed a high percentage of inhaling. Of 201 smokers queried—164 men and 37 women—86 per cent of the men and

92 per cent of the women inhaled.

Mannerisms of smokers are psychologically revealing. Some smokers twirl the cigarette in their fingers, revealing that they have a sensuous pleasure in the handling of it. Holding the cigarette with the thumb and forefinger, the fire end inside toward the palm, is an indication of toughness or of the desire to simulate that quality. Stinginess or fear of poverty is shown by smoking the cigarette down to the last possible puff. Waste and lavishness are revealed by the opposite type who throws away a cigarette half or a quarter smoked. One who scatters ashes in a room may be a loose thinker or one who is contemptuous of the rights of others. A very cautious person taps the cigarette continually, never allowing a crumb of ash to accumulate. A show-off type may smoke a long ash which ends in dropping on his clothes or on the floor.

Almost every person has his own way of smoking, just as he has a specific handwriting. People will assume a way of smoking because they have found that it fits what they think is their personality. One "glamour girl" smoked with a long dark holder. She said: "I studied that very carefully. Don't you think I'm the Latin type?" The long holder is like a big hat, it's alluring and yet it warns "don't you dare come close" at the same time.

In this study of hundreds of smokers there was one point on which all had the same reaction. Every responder, even among those who were not excessive smokers, was worried about the quantity he smoked. Nearly every person had tried at one time or another to cut down smoking. One said characteristically: "I give up smoking one month every year. I wish to prove that I can do without it."

This periodic worry or abstemiousness points to an underlying guilt feeling that many smokers have. The buried feeling is that smoking is not only harmful physically but also has the taint of immorality.

Most of the smokers questioned, who are now of mature age, said that in their adolescence smoking was a forbidden and sinful thing.

An elderly man said, "We were a bunch of boys on our way to a football game. I had trouble in lighting a cigarette, my first. A man passing yelled to me, 'Throw that thing down, you little rascal!' I was shocked and frightened. Yes, I certainly remember my first cigarette."

In sum, the advantages and pleasures that the cigarette has to offer are such that their power is difficult to defeat by warning or preachment. It is a safe bet that the cigarette is here to stay. The writer is a non-smoker. But the analysis left me with the feeling that I might be missing something.

■ ■ ■

A SIMPLE WAY to prevent secret treaties would be to employ women diplomats.

—*Marine Corps Chevron*

THE WAR NEWS makes you feel pretty good—if you don't stop to think how many Americans are dying to make it good.

—*Arizona Contact*



Solving a quadruple murder through mind reading looked like a large order to the police; but Dr. Langsner took it in stride

## Mind over Murder

by ARCHIE McFEDRIES

"YOU BETTER COME OVER right away, Doctor," said the voice on the phone. "Everybody's been murdered."

Dr. Harvey Heaslip, a prominent physician of Mannville in the Canadian province of Alberta, grabbed his emergency kit after that call, left an office full of patients, hurried to his car and sped toward the source of the message. His destination was the 300-acre farm of Henry Booher, a scant five miles out of Mannville.

It was 8:30 on the night of July 9, 1928, when Dr. Heaslip arrived at the Booher homestead. The place seemed plunged in gloom, absolutely deserted; but presently Vernon Booher, the sullen-looking 22-year-old son of the family who had made the alarming telephone call, put in an appearance.

"Follow me," he greeted the doctor quietly, "and I'll show you what happened."

Speechless, Dr. Heaslip followed young Booher through the front door of the farmhouse and into the dining room. There, Vernon's mother, Mrs. Eunice Booher, sat

slumped over the table, her hands resting near a bowl of strawberries she had been hulling. The crown of her head was virtually blown off.

As the doctor gazed in horror at the sight, Vernon said, "Fred's out here," and jerked his head in the direction of the kitchen. When Dr. Heaslip stepped into the kitchen, he saw Vernon's 25-year-old brother lying on his back near the outside door with several bullet holes through his face. Before the doctor could speak, young Booher said laconically, "There's another one out in the bunkhouse."

Upon entering the bunkhouse, located some hundred feet from the main house, the doctor saw the body of Gabriel Goromby, a young Hungarian immigrant who had been a hired hand on the Booher farm for over a year. He lay sprawled on the floor.

"Who do you suppose did this, Vernon?" Dr. Heaslip asked, speaking for the first time since his arrival at the scene.

"Search me," Booher replied. "I was out in the field after supper, about eight o'clock, when I heard



a noise that sounded like shots; so I came in and found—all this.”

When the doctor queried Vernon as to his father's whereabouts, he answered matter-of-factly, “Out in the fields somewhere I guess. We left in different directions after supper, and I haven't seen him since.” Then he stopped to light a cigarette before adding, “I sure hope Dad ain't dead too.”

The young man's calm in the midst of the horrible triple tragedy made Dr. Heaslip shudder as he asked, “Why did you call me instead of the police?”

“Because we always think of calling you when anything's wrong, Doctor,” young Booher replied.

BACK IN THE house with the imperturbable Vernon, Dr. Heaslip phoned the Alberta Provincial Police. Just as he completed his report to the authorities, Henry Booher came in. Like his son, the elder Booher, a toilworn man nearing 50, stood up remarkably well when he was told what had happened, and insisted on viewing the three bodies.

After he had looked at the body of Goromby in the bunkhouse, he turned to his son and asked, “Say, where's Rosyk?” William Rosyk, a Ukrainian, was the second hired man on the farm. He was found, after a few minutes' search, in one of the large barns behind the house—dead from bullets in his face and abdomen.

It was shortly after nine o'clock when Constable Frederick A. Olsen, veteran of the Provincial Police, walked into the Booher house. It took him less than 10 minutes to view the four bodies. Then he asked

Dr. Heaslip, Vernon and his father to sit down on the sofa in the living room, and he took a chair opposite the three. “Now, tell me all about this,” he said.

Supper, according to the Boothers, had been at five o'clock. Everybody on the farm—eight persons in all—had been present. Mr. and Mrs. Booher, the boys, Fred and Vernon, the two hired men and the Booher daughters, Dorothy and Algirtha, teen-age girls, who had left about seven o'clock to attend a basketball game in Mannville.

After the evening meal, the father and the two sons, together with the hired men, had left to resume work. Vernon and his father had gone to distant separate points in the fields, while Fred and the hired hands went out to do the chores. Fred had been working within 100 feet of the house, and the hired men had been repairing the tractor a few hundred feet behind it.

The surviving Boothers, including the two girls, and acquaintances of the family, insisted to Constable Olsen that the family had been a happy one. They had no outside enemies of a type to commit the quadruple crime. But their statements didn't satisfy the keenly observant official. He was of the opinion that some violent, though possibly unperceived emotional stress, either close to or right in the family, had motivated the murders.

On the basis of visible evidence, the constable reasoned that Mrs. Booher had been the real object of the killer's vengeance. The three other victims had been slain to prevent their becoming witnesses against her murderer. The location of Fred Booher's body, and the fact

that there were bullet holes through his hat, led Olsen to believe that the brother had been killed as he entered the house to investigate the source of the shots which had killed his mother.

The noise made by the tractor engine, Olsen deduced, had probably prevented the hired men from hearing the shots. Why, then, he pondered, had the killer wasted precious getaway minutes by murdering Goromby and Rosyk? Had the murderer been an outsider, the hired men would never have seen him. But had he been, say, young Vernon Booher, the men would have seen him come from the field and enter the house when he should have been at work.

Whoever the murderer was, he had been cunning enough to pick up and take with him the incriminating empty cartridge shells that had undoubtedly dropped from the gun as he committed the wholesale slaughter. And Olsen was well aware that the absence of this vital evidence would put positive identification of the murder weapon out of the picture.

Combing the premises for clues, Olsen finally got a break. At the bottom of a basin filled with soapy water in the kitchen, he found one shell that had escaped the killer's vigilance. It had been fired from a .303 British rifle and there was a bright ring around the shell, about half an inch from the case, clearly indicating that the weapon from which it had been fired had a faulty chamber.

The only drawback to this evidence was the fact that there was no such weapon on the Booher place. This stymied officials until

they learned that a neighbor—a man named Stevenson—owned a .303 British rifle with a faulty chamber. Stevenson, a citizen of high repute, reported to police that his rifle was missing. Moreover, he stated, it had been found missing following a visit of none other than Vernon Booher.

When investigators delved into Vernon's affairs, they learned that he had been going with a girl who recently had jilted him. When the young lady was questioned she said she had given Vernon the air because of his mother. "The old lady," the girl stated frankly, "didn't think much of me."

That, together with other circumstantial evidence, pointed to Vernon Booher as the mass murderer in the opinion of the authorities. Forthwith, he was lodged in the Alberta Provincial Police barracks cells in Edmonton, 100 miles from Mannville.

But young Booher just laughed at the authorities when they put him through the stiff police grueling. "You could never make a case against me stand up in court," he blandly informed them, "unless you found that .303 rifle. And you can't find it."

It looked as though this sullen young man was going to prove that statement, until Inspector William F. W. Hancock (now Colonel Hancock, officer commanding the R.C. M.P. for all of Alberta) of the Provincial Police read a news item that intrigued him. It said that Dr. Maximilian Langsner, a Viennese mind reader, was then in Western Canada, en route to the Far East. In the Orient, he had, from time to time, brought truly remarkable

mental powers to play on mysteries puzzling to the British government, King Fuad of Egypt and the Shah of Persia.

There were some skeptics among the Provincial Police when it came to hiring a mind reader to solve a crime. Nevertheless, they sent for Dr. Langsner, with the idea that if he really could read Vernon Booher's mind and find where the murder weapon was hidden, the case might be broken. And when the doctor arrived in Edmonton, he explained his methods so convincingly that the skeptical officials felt encouraged.

"Mind reading," Dr. Langsner explained to Inspector Hancock, "is simple, if you know how to do it. I operate on the principle of radio. A radio picks up vibrations from the air. So do I, only they are vibrations from other people's minds. Every mind generates thought waves. All I do is pick them up."

When the Booher case was outlined to the doctor, he smiled. "It should be easy to find where that rifle is hidden, because the location of the weapon means a great deal to the prisoner. He thinks he is clever in hiding it where it can't be located. In this train of thought, he pictures in his mind just where he did hide it."

"And you will actually be able to get the picture of the hiding place from Booher's mind?" queried the inspector.

"Precisely and in great detail," the doctor replied confidently as the inspector accompanied him to the prisoner's cell.

Of course young Booher was ignorant of the mind reader's iden-

tity as the doctor sat down on a camp stool in the jail corridor just outside the prisoner's cell. Not a word was exchanged between them, and as Langsner continued to stare at him, Booher pretended to ignore him completely.

When an hour had passed, Booher commenced to get fidgety. At the end of the second hour, he was staring back at the doctor, sometimes for minutes at a stretch. After four hours, Booher's face was streaming with perspiration and he was circling the cell like a caged animal. Toward the end of the fifth hour, the prisoner stopped his pacing, came to the door of the cell and broke the long silence by screaming, "Go away! Stop torturing me!"

Langsner didn't answer, but he never shifted his gaze, and finally Booher sat down as though the doctor had shoved him. His gaze was locked in Langsner's and he seemed powerless to look away. The color began to leave his wet face. Then, for fully five minutes, Booher sat motionless, trapped by the doctor's burning brown eyes.

Suddenly, Langsner smiled and left the corridor, still not having uttered one word to the prisoner, and walked into Inspector Hancock's office. "*The rifle,*" he announced, "*is hidden in a patch of tall scrub about two hundred yards from a farmhouse.*" And he proceeded to draw a sketch of the Booher home he had never seen, but which was familiar to the officials, even to the location of trees and outlines of the house and barns.

That was convincing evidence that he had obtained the promised details. And the doctor proved he

was correct at the end of the 100-mile trip to the Booher homestead with the Provincial Police. As the car approached the spot he had described, he ordered the car stopped. Jumping out, he walked directly to a clump of bushes and pointed to the gun lying there.

Confronted with the rifle, Vernon Booher confessed to all four murders. Just as Constable Olsen had

figured it, the motive for the crime stemmed from Vernon's hatred of his mother because she had meddled and broken up his love affair. So the sullen young man with the close-cropped hair went to the gallows. But Dr. Langsner, the gentleman who had sent him there, was not present at his execution. He was in the Far East, reading the mind of another criminal.

### ***Of Men and Presidents***

■ A FAMILY OF STATESMEN, the Harrisons boasted two Chief Executives, William Henry Harrison, the ninth President of the United States, and his grandson Benjamin, the 23rd. Between the two generations stood the relatively insignificant figure of John Scott Harrison, a member of Congress.

One day, during a quarrel, Benjamin accused his father of lacking ambition and neglecting his family. John Scott refused to be convinced. "Nobody can say I haven't done well by my family," he pointed out philosophically. "I am the son of a great father and the father of a great son." —ALBERT A. BRANDT

■ AN ADVOCATE OF CLEAR and simple expression, Abraham Lincoln avoided the fancy, high-flown words so common to his time. Once Secretary of State Seward took exception to the plain and forthright language in which Mr. Lincoln had couched a message to the British Prime Minister. He suggested that more diplomatic terms be used to befit the lofty station of the President of the United States.

"Mr. Secretary," replied Lincoln, "do you believe Palmerston will understand our position from my letter?"

"Of course, Mr. President."

"Will the *London Times*?"

"Certainly."

"Do you suppose the average Englishman will?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. President."

"Very well, Mr. Secretary, then let us send it along just as it is."

—WILLARD OWEN

■ AN INQUISITIVE REPORTER ONCE asked President Calvin Coolidge, "Is it your ambition to leave footprints on the sands of time?"

"No," returned Coolidge tersely, "I'm trying to cover my tracks."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

■ WHEN ONE OF Abraham Lincoln's friends suggested that the President was taking too much advice from a certain judge, Lincoln replied calmly, "Up in New Hampshire they used to have side judges who gave advice when asked for it. Well, after 20 years, one of them retired. In a parting statement he said that the only time the chief judge ever consulted him was at the end of a long day's session when he turned and whispered, 'Doesn't your back ache?'"

—IRVING HOFFMAN

#### **Changing Your Address?**

Subscribers changing addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

Doc Holliday always said the odds were eight to five that a bullet would end his career; but Fate dealt a hand that proved him wrong



## ***Tombstone's Fighting Dentist***

by CLEVELAND AMORY

THE MONTANA SALOON in old Deadwood, boom-town camp of the Black Hills, was unusually quiet. In the back the tables were well filled as always, but there was only one man at the bar, a weather-beaten old miner.

Suddenly the bartender's voice rose. "Drink it," he said, shoving another drink toward the old man. Apparently the miner couldn't afford another; he protested weakly. The bartender drew a six-shooter from under the counter. "Drink it," he said again.

A single shot echoed in the saloon. The bartender's gun fell from his hand and he seized his wrist in pain. Fifty feet away, at one of the tables, a man got to his feet. He was a tall, pale man, with ash-blond hair, a mustache, and sunken blue eyes. Slowly he walked over and took a position close to the miner with his back to the nearest wall. In his hand was a small nickel-plated six-gun.

The men from the tables began to close in. They were friends of the bartender and they had their hands on their guns. They wanted to

know who this fellow thought he was, anyway.

The tall man watched them. Then, in a cool, level voice he said, "My name is Doc Holliday, gentlemen, and I come from Tombstone."

The men melted back to their tables. Deadwood wasn't that tough. The fracas was over.

That little incident took place more than 60 years ago, but there are still old-timers in the West who remember the story well. They will tell you about it, and more about Doc. Most of them say that from Dodge City to Deadwood to Tombstone and back, there wasn't a man alive in those days who wasn't afraid of John Holliday. He was indeed tall, they say, close to six feet, but he had tuberculosis and he never weighed more than 130 pounds in his whole life. He was called Doc because, professionally, he was a dentist.

Before their deaths both Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp, who between them knew firsthand just about every killer in the old West, stated many times that Holliday was the toughest of them all. Bat,



who never liked him, readily admitted Doc was afraid of nothing on earth: dying slowly from his disease, he was the most dangerous type of outlaw—a fatalist at heart. Wyatt, who was perhaps Holliday's only real friend, declared that Doc was the coolest, quickest, deadliest man with a six-gun he ever met.

Not that Holliday was by any means the old West's best shot. In any plain or fancy shooting contest he wouldn't have been one-two-three with such characters as Wild Bill Hickok. Doc used his six-gun for one single purpose—to kill men with whom he had a difference—and at least 23 of these differences were recorded in his stormy career.

The career started in Valdosta, Georgia, where, in 1850, Doc was born into a reputable Georgia family. His father was a major in Lee's army. Reduced in circumstances after the war, the father, nonetheless, managed to send the son to college in Baltimore. The son chose to study dentistry. Then, with graduation, he found out he had contracted tuberculosis. His doctor gave him three years to live and advised him to go west.

He went to Dallas and hung out his shingle. A few customers came, but none came back. He was a good dentist, but he was also a sick man. He coughed incessantly.

With no income, Doc took down his shingle and took up gambling. He studied card playing from every angle and he also bought a gun and practiced drawing it. In the West good gamblers were also good on the draw. So was Doc. In a short time he was the best.

His first fight was over the card

table, with the ace gunman of Dallas. Both went for their guns at the same time and Doc shot him dead before the man's weapon was out of its holster. A little later he went to Jacksborough, just off the Fort Richardson Military Reservation. There he killed five men in quick succession, and all in gambling rows. That was par, even for Texas, and Doc had to light out for Colorado. He made the trip on horseback, despite his ill-health, across 800 miles of waterless, Indian-infested desert.

There is a difference of opinion as to just how many men he killed during his tour of the North country. But he met two of the top triggermen of the area: one, Kid Colton of Trinidad, he seriously wounded; the other, Mike Gordon of Las Vegas, he shot dead. Doc's killings, however, were not murders. They were, rather, duels—killings of men who had a chance to kill him. His most famous difficulty occurred in Denver where he ran up against both an ordinance forbidding the carrying of guns and a gambler named Bud Ryan who carried one anyway. For this situation Doc carried a knife, slung on a cord around his neck. The night was still young when Ryan, despite warnings that Holliday was "not a man to crook a game with," made use of an extra ace. Doc looked at the card and then at Ryan. Then Bud went for his gun and Doc for his knife. The fight ended with Ryan asking for his life.

The knife also came into play some time later when Doc had drifted back down into the Texas Panhandle to Fort Griffin. Here Ed Bailey, a notorious leader of the

town's outlaw element, had a habit during poker games of disinterring dead poker hands and making caustic comments about the way they had been played. Because of his position in the town and his handiness with a gun, no one had ever challenged this right, though according to the rules of the time, anyone who even looked at one discarded card forfeited all rights to play for the pot.

When Ed and Doc met, Doc warned him on this point. Bailey laughed. Then a good pot turned up and all the players were out except the two of them. Bailey reached for the discards. Without a word, Doc reached for the pot. Bailey, who had three kings, went for his gun. This time it was a fight to the finish, and Doc's knife ended Ed Bailey's career.

Bailey, however, had many friends, and for the first time in his life Doc was arrested. He was hustled off to the Fort Griffin hotel and held prisoner in the office by the town marshal and two policemen. His situation was desperate. He faced almost certain death, if not by lynching in a matter of minutes, at least by a legal hanging later. He had no men friends in town and only one girl friend.

This girl was Katherine Fisher, who went by the nickname of Big Nose Kate. One of the most notorious belles of the Old West, Big Nose Kate was no debutante but she was better than that. At heart she was a one-man girl, and the man was Holliday.

She was also resourceful. She had two six-shooters, but she saw that a frontal attack on the hotel would be hopeless. Yet there was

no time to lose. Bailey's friends were crowding the hotel bar and talking lynching. Quickly she packed her own and Doc's belongings, saddled two ponies and hitched them in a convenient spot, then she went around to the back of the hotel and lit a fire.

Fires were desperate things in frontier settlements. Every male in Fort Griffin except the town marshal and his prisoner ran to fight this one. With their exit, Big Nose Kate walked in the front door of the hotel, held up the marshal with one of her guns, and tossed Doc the other. In a few moments they were on their way to Dodge City.

DOC HIT Dodge, 400 miles from Fort Griffin, in January, 1878. He liked the town. He ran into a streak of gambling luck and put up in style at Deacon Cox's Dodge House. Doc's friendship with Kate lasted two years, and broke up with no hard feelings.

The marshal of Dodge City at this time was a young man named Wyatt Earp. Doc had met Wyatt once at John Shanssey's saloon in Fort Griffin and they had made an indelible impression on each other. Most of Wyatt's great reputation was still to come, and Doc had little use for peace officers, but he liked Earp as a man. On his side Earp never forgot his first sight of the already highly-reputed killer. "In a rough-and-tumble-fight," he once recalled, "the man I met that night couldn't have whipped the average 14-year-old boy. Holliday looked like a ghost. His appearance haunted me."

It was only a short eight months later when Doc Holliday's appear-

ance did far more than haunt Wyatt Earp; it saved his life. He was out of town on a posse one September evening when a crowd of Texas cowboys, led by the famed Ed Morrison, came in and "took over." As was their custom, they began shooting things up. They shot every saloon on Front Street but one into darkness. That one hadn't seemed important. There were only two people in it anyway—Frank, the saloonkeeper and a pale young fellow for whom he was dealing faro. The cowboys decided to let them alone.

Late in the evening Wyatt Earp returned. He sensed trouble at once and hurried to the Long Branch saloon where he kept a shotgun hidden for just such emergencies. But he was too late. He hadn't his guns out of their holsters before 50 cowboys were on him.

Cursing, Morrison yelled at him, "I've waited five years for this."

More of the cowboys flung taunts. The commotion disturbed the little faro game in the back room. The player asked the dealer what was going on. The dealer went to look. He came back and reported.

Seconds later, just as the cowboys were about to get rid of Dodge City's marshal forever, the door of the Long Branch saloon burst open and Holliday appeared, a six-gun in each hand. He told the cowboys to put up their hands. Some of them did.

In a flash Wyatt Earp's two guns were out, but they were still four guns against 50.

"What'll we do with them, Wyatt?" Doc asked.

That remark was too much for one Texan in the rear of the crowd.

He drew a bead on Earp. But, a split second before he fired, Holliday fired on him. Earp was unhit but the Texan was done for. Almost docilely, the rest of the gang submitted to being herded to jail.

From that time on Doc Holliday, outlaw and killer, and Wyatt Earp, peace officer, were fast friends. Together they went from Dodge City to Tombstone and side by side they fought through the most famous gun battle in the history of the Old West, the battle at the O.K. Corral, when five of the cowboy crowd of Ike Clanton determined to rid Tombstone of Earp and Holliday control. The battle, in which 34 shots were fired, ended with three of the five cowboys dead on the street and two of the Earp boys, Wyatt's brothers, wounded. Wyatt himself and Doc were untouched.

TODAY Tombstone's old-timers have few good words to say for the fighting dentist. But it is perhaps noteworthy that the Rev. Endicott Peabody, founder of the exemplary Groton School, who was in Tombstone at the time as a young minister, to this day refuses to pass judgment on Doc as all bad. And on one point all are agreed: Wyatt Earp brought out the best that was in him.

In deference to Wyatt's position as marshal of the town, Doc had to pass off many insults and forego many a fight. Bat Masterson once said that only those who knew the real Holliday knew what a sacrifice this must have been.

Of course, there were times when his limit was reached. One of these was when John Ringo, the lion of Tombstone's outlaws, approached

him one day and flipped the corner of his handkerchief at him.

"They say you're the gamest man in the Earp crowd, Doc," roared Ringo. "I don't need but three feet to do my fighting. Here's my handkerchief. Take hold."

Holliday stepped forward. "I'm your huckleberry, John," he said. "That's just my game."

He took the handkerchief and both went for the guns. Only the mayor of Tombstone himself, who stepped between them, prevented what might have been the greatest individual duel that ever took place in the Town Too Tough To Die.

Tombstone was the twilight of Doc Holliday's career. Sometimes he needed as much as a full pint of

whisky to get going in the morning and it was not unusual for him to drink three quarts in a day. Still, he was rarely too far gone for gambling. During a single engagement in Prescott, Arizona, according to statistics still extant, he made 50 thousand dollars at faro.

On one gamble, however, he was not so lucky. He always had given odds of eight to five that a bullet would end his career before his tuberculosis. In a little sanitarium in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, in 1886, at the age of 36, he lost his bet. With a few moments to live he asked his doctor for a tumbler of whisky. He drank it at a gulp.

"This is funny," Doc Holliday said, and died.

### ***The Moaning After***

THE FUNNIEST newspaper story Mark Twain ever wrote never got into print. While reporting for a Denver paper, he was assigned to cover the opening of a saloon. He decided it would be amusing to make his account bear silent witness to the effect of the free refreshments. His piece began soberly enough, but soon his sentences became a jumble, then the spelling grew confused and the thing finally wound up in a maudlin, incoherent eulogy of the saloonkeeper. Reading it over Mark laughed till he cried. Then he turned it in.

But the next morning when he looked through the paper, he found only a two-line item, buried in an obscure corner, announcing that "the Alcazar saloon had been opened with appropriate festivities."

Mark rushed to the office, snorting about the "outrage," but no one knew what had happened to the story—until suddenly a proofreader nudged him and led him to a quiet corner.

"You owe me a cigar," the man whispered. "I saved your job."

"What's that?" snapped Mark.

"Maybe you don't know how the old man feels about such things, but he's fired three men since I've been here—just that way."

"Just what way?"

"Why, just as you were last night. You know. Your stuff wouldn't do at all. I knew if the old man ever saw it, you'd be through, so I fixed it up myself."

—JAMES ALDREDGE

*me Book Section:*

"I Saw It with My Own Eyes" 142	
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### ***"I Saw It with My Own Eyes"***

WHILE WALKING THROUGH the park one day—you just might happen upon a delightful trysting scene such as the one above. Of course you won't stare. But this is a test of your observance, and we ask you to give the picture a really good look. Then, after answering the questions on page 145, turn back to this page to check yourself. If you are able to answer seven or more of the ten questions correctly, you're doing well.

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INET

## Anagrams



HERE IS A SUPER-COLOSSAL puzzle for you anagram fans. Test your ability at maneuvering letters in this two-way quiz. You are given 25 words. From each one you are asked to build two additional words, one of which must be *minus* one letter of the given word, and one of which must be the given word *plus* one letter. Definitions are given of the words you are to build. In the first question the correct answers are *Marne* (the given word minus one letter) and *Fireman* (the given word plus one letter). Out of a possible 50-correct score, which of course is perfect, and at two points per word gives you a grade of 100, consider anything over 80 very good, between 70 and 80 good, and just 70 fair.

You will find the answers on page 150.

### MINUS ONE LETTER

### GIVEN WORD

### PLUS ONE LETTER

1. Famous battle	MARINE	Locomotive crew member
2. Payments for use of land	SENTRY	Strictly
3. To incline	PLANE	City in Italy
4. Metal cutting tool	RIFLE	Aviators
5. Bogs	ARMIES	Weds
6. Killed	SIGNAL	Navigating
7. Piece of furniture	BATTLE	Writing pads
8. Titles	SEAMAN	Controls and directs
9. A getting together	REGIMENT	Moderating
10. Quarrels	SWORD	Universe (possessive)
11. A step or degree	BARGED	A large body of troops
12. To chatter	PIRATE	A rank in the army
13. To join metals	SOLDIER	Dirtied again
14. To wander	ARMOR	A type of cannon
15. A banquet	STRAFE	Roof supports
16. Coaches	RATIONS	Public certifiers
17. Firmly fixed	TORPEDO	Door ledge
18. Indigent	TROOP	Dormancy
19. Remarked	RAIDS	Filters
20. Range of mountains	GLIDER	Woman's garment (pl.)
21. To decay	PISTOL	Surface soil
22. Force	POWDER	Condensed moisture
23. A part of speech	BRAVE	An animal
24. To haul	GUARD	Debated
25. Weepers	CRUISER	Runs in a hurry

## Have You Noticed?



THE PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that highly intelligent people are those who make efficient use of their senses. They're observant by way of sight, touch, taste, hearing, feeling, etc. This test will show you how observant you are. Below are 25 incomplete statements, each of which can be completed correctly by selecting one of the alternates. Scoring four points for each one you complete correctly, consider 72 fair, between 76 and 88 good, and over 88 very good. Answers are on page 150.

1. President Roosevelt wears
  - (a) pince nez
  - (b) horn rims
2. Hedy Lamarr's eyes are
  - (a) light
  - (b) dark
3. Bing Crosby sings
  - (a) tenor
  - (b) baritone
4. Bob Hope's program . . . . .  
Fibber McGee and Molly
  - (a) precedes
  - (b) follows
5. The first stripe under the blue field of the American Flag is
  - (a) white
  - (b) red
6. A general wears
  - (a) stars
  - (b) eagles
7. Florida is . . . of California
  - (a) south
  - (b) north
8. When crossing their legs, most people put the . . . one on top
  - (a) right
  - (b) left
9. The likeness of . . . is on the American dollar bill
  - (a) Lincoln
  - (b) Washington
10. Winston Churchill smokes
  - (a) a pipe
  - (b) cigars
11. Colored service stripes are worn
  - (a) over the left breast
  - (b) over the right breast
12. Bittersweet berries are
  - (a) brown
  - (b) red and yellow
13. Johnny, the Philip Morris boy, wears . . . buttons on his uniform
  - (a) red
  - (b) brass
14. To back an auto to the right you turn the steering wheel
  - (a) clockwise
  - (b) counter-clockwise
15. "Aunt Jemima" sells
  - (a) cornflakes
  - (b) pancake flour
16. Ed Wynn changes his
  - (a) hats
  - (b) eye glasses
17. Martha Washington's famous picture shows her with a
  - (a) cap
  - (b) hat
18. To wind an alarm on most clocks you must turn the key
  - (a) counter-clockwise
  - (b) clockwise



19. Most women usually rouge the . . . lip first.  
(a) lower  
(b) upper
20. Carmen Miranda's head-dresses are usually ornamented with  
(a) feathers  
(b) fruit
21. The Camel on Camels has  
(a) one hump  
(b) two humps
22. Walter Winchell's speech is  
(a) rapid  
(b) drawling
23. The *Star Spangled Banner* ends on a . . . note than that on which it begins  
(a) higher,  
(b) lower
24. Lieutenant General Mark Clark is . . . than King George of Great Britain  
(a) shorter  
(b) taller
25. Before Frank Sinatra went to Hollywood he wore a  
(a) bow tie  
(b) four-in-hand tie

### **Questions for "I Saw It with My Own Eyes"**

(Do not read the questions until you have studied the picture on page 142.)

1. *The locale represented is:*  
a. Hollywood  
b. Chicago  
c. New York City
2. *The girl is dressed as a:*  
a. dancer  
b. nursemaid  
c. mother
3. *The boy is dressed as a:*  
a. soldier  
b. sailor  
c. policeman
4. *Both are seated on a:*  
a. fallen log  
b. bench  
c. terrace
5. *The girl is holding:*  
a. the boy's right hand  
b. the boy's left hand  
c. neither of his hands
6. *The boy is looking:*  
a. at the ground  
b. at the carriage  
c. at the girl
7. *The sign's direction is:*  
a. West  
b. East  
c. South
8. *The carriage has a:*  
a. canvas hood  
b. wicker hood  
c. metal hood
9. *In the carriage is a:*  
a. doll  
b. live baby  
c. teddy bear
10. *The lower sign says:*  
a. Keep Off the Grass  
b. Keep Off  
c. Please

## Three on a Match



THERE'S A TIME and a place for everything, including the 20 times and places listed in this quiz. Your task is to determine where and when the events mentioned here took place.

Take question 17, for example. The answer to that is 17.—f.—(5)— meaning the Japs attacked the U.S. on December 7, 1941 at Pearl Harbor. The other 19 questions aren't quite so easy.

Count four points where you correctly match the event with the place and one point where you match it with the time. Thus you may score five points on a question (event, time and place all matched correctly), four points (event and place only), one point (event and time only) or zero points. No credit is given for matching place and time only.

A fair score is 70; 80 or more is good and 90 or over is excellent. Answers will be found on page 150.

- |   |                   |                          |
|---|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Burning of the <i>Normandie</i>            | a. Dec. 17, 1903  | (1) Sarajevo             |
| 2. Assassination of Lincoln                   | b. July 4, 1919   | (2) St. Helena           |
| 3. Abdication of Edward VIII                  | c. Feb. 15, 1898  | (3) Mid-Atlantic         |
| 4. Execution of Edith Cavell                  | d. May 28, 1934   | (4) Havana               |
| 5. Second Dempsey-Tunney fight                | e. May 5, 1821    | (5) Pearl Harbor         |
| 6. Death of Napoleon Bonaparte                | f. Dec. 7, 1941   | (6) Fort McHenry         |
| 7. Birth of Dionne Quintuplets                | g. Sept. 14, 1814 | (7) Mexico City          |
| 8. Writing of <i>The Star Spangled Banner</i> | h. Dec. 16, 1773  | (8) Callendar, Ont.      |
| 9. The famous "Tea Party"                     | i. April 18, 1775 | (9) Yorktown             |
| 10. Signing of Atlantic Charter               | j. Aug., 1941     | (10) Kittyhawk           |
| 11. Wright Brothers' first flight             | k. Oct. 19, 1781  | (11) New York            |
| 12. Surrender of Cornwallis                   | l. Feb. 9, 1942   | (12) Boston              |
| 13. Assassination of Archduke Ferdinand       | m. April 14, 1865 | (13) Boston to Lexington |
| 14. Burning of the <i>Hindenburg</i>          | n. June 28, 1914  | (14) Brussels            |
| 15. Parachute landing of Rudolph Hess         | o. Aug. 20, 1940  | (15) Lakehurst, N.J.     |
| 16. The ride of Paul Revere                   | p. May 6, 1937    | (16) Scotland            |
| 17. Jap sneak attack on the U.S.              | q. Dec. 11, 1936  | (17) Chicago             |
| 18. Dempsey-Willard fight                     | r. Oct. 12, 1915  | (18) Washington          |
| 19. Assassination of Leon Trotsky             | s. Sept. 22, 1927 | (19) London              |
| 20. Sinking of the U.S.S. <i>Maine</i>        | t. May 12, 1941   | (20) Toledo, Ohio        |

## Cherchez La Femme



**F**IND THE WOMAN!" The old cry of the detective has here been simplified for you. But, having found the women, how many of them can you identify?

Following the clues given below, fill in the names of the famous feminine characters, real or fictitious. Some of the clues are a bit informal, but each should instantly bring to mind a famous female. Count four points for each correct answer. A score of 60 or more is fair; 80 is good, and 86 or over is excellent. You will find the answers on page 150.

1. Her face was said to have launched a thousand ships.
2. She saved John Smith's head.
3. This obscure German princess became Empress of Russia.
4. She was an actress, described as "Divine," and held up as a model for students of the drama.
5. This truly great woman was the first to attend the sick and wounded on the battlefield.
6. This gal, who changed her name when she entered the movies, is known for her glamorous legs.
7. This woman, with her husband, set the dance styles during the first World War.
8. This queen was reputed to be bald and to wear a wig. She also established an era.
9. She will be remembered for her platinum-blond hair.
10. This woman was a favorite of a king, and had a hair style named after her.
11. She was a notorious woman of pioneer and gold-secking days in the Black Hills.
12. This girl rode a white horse, led an army and saved her country.
13. She was the consort of Louis XVI who, by her extravagance and elaborate costumes, precipitated a great rebellion.
14. She's more famous for the diamonds she received from Jim Brady than she is for her acting or singing ability.
15. This woman has only one name, is the heroine of one of the Bible's greatest love stories.
16. Queen famous for her charm and beauty, who lured many to the banks of the Nile.
17. This woman, scourge of bartenders, was known as "The woman with the axe."
18. She performed miracles, healing through faith, and built a tabernacle for her evangelistic work.
19. It's a question whether hers is fame or notoriety. She made popular the art of disrobing to music.
20. She is best known for her story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.
21. Her lovely green eyes attracted Rhett Butler.
22. Greer Garson recently portrayed her on the screen and showed how she discovered radium.

23. She has only a given name, but because she was Lohengrin's bride the famous Wedding March was written.

24. She came up with five of a kind, and papa could not find a

joker in the deck. They put a Canadian town on the map.

25. This sweet little gray-haired woman is known as the "Little Mother" to thousands of convicts in American prisons.

### Armchair Golf

**T**AKE OUT YOUR mental mashie and tee off on this golf quiz. The idea is to supply the shortest possible synonyms for the words given. Add up the letters of these synonyms in each group for your score. There are four courses of nine holes, with the pro's scores listed. A few traps are scattered around, but you may be able to snatch a birdie on some holes—which means your vocabulary is above par. Answers on page 150.

**No. 1**

**Pro's**

**score,**

**30**

1. Qualified
2. Automobile
3. Marionette
4. Declare
5. Antiquated
6. Orchestra
7. Artillery
8. Bluejacket
9. Prohibit

**No. 2**

**Pro's**

**score,**

**29**

1. Monarch
2. Headgear
3. Corpulent
4. Wickedness
5. Paradise
6. Cognizance
7. Favorite
8. Eavesdropper
9. Cover

**No. 3**

**Pro's**

**score,**

**27**

1. Compensation
2. Lubricate
3. Insane
4. Illuminated
5. Indisposed
6. Torrid
7. Abbreviate
8. Statute
9. Tawny

HOLES	STROKES	SCORES
	<b>TOTAL</b>	

**No. 4**

**Pro's**

**score,**

**32**

1. Married
2. Gigantic
3. Prejudice
4. Pandemonium
5. Cautious
6. Firmament
7. Hazardous
8. Excavate
9. Apprehension

## Animal Crackers



THE MERE MENTION of a person's name, a book title, or even a simple phrase can bring to mind a vivid picture of some inhuman creature, lovely or unlovely. For instance, the mention of Charles Darwin gives many of us a mental picture of monkeys. The mention of Ernest Hemingway might make many people think of bulls. *The Ancient Mariner* brings to mind the albatross. What animal, bird, reptile or fish do you associate with each of the following names, titles and identifying phrases?

Check your answers with those on page 150 and count 2 points for each correct one. Between 70 and 80 is fair, between 80 and 90 is good, and more than 90 is excellent.

- |                                  |   |
|----------------------------------|---|
| 1. Little Miss Muffet            | 26. Little Bo-Peep                        |
| 2. Jenny Lind                    | 27. St. Patrick                           |
| 3. Izaak Walton                  | 28. King of the Jungle                    |
| 4. Edgar Allan Poe               | 29. Symbol of Peace                       |
| 5. Cleopatra                     | 30. Dracula                               |
| 6. Daniel (in Bible)             | 31. John Audubon                          |
| 7. Jonah (in Bible)              | 32. The Pilgrim Fathers                   |
| 8. King Kong                     | 33. Full-dress suit                       |
| 9. Lassie Come Home              | 34. Black Beauty                          |
| 10. William Cody                 | 35. Santa Claus                           |
| 11. Goldilocks                   | 36. Hannibal                              |
| 12. Albert Payson Terhune        | 37. "Mr. Pathé News"                      |
| 13. John Silver                  | 38. Earle Sande                           |
| 14. Dick Whittington             | 39. Tom, the Piper's Son                  |
| 15. Whistler                     | 40. Mr. Blessed Event                     |
| 16. Walt Disney                  | 41. My Friend Flicka                      |
| 17. Guardian of American Liberty | 42. "Mr. M-G-M"                           |
| 18. The Pied Piper               | 43. Bringer of Easter Eggs                |
| 19. Lady Godiva                  | 44. Billy Whiskers                        |
| 20. Maeterlinck                  | 45. Barnyard alarm clock                  |
| 21. Cinderella                   | 46. Wise men (in Bible)                   |
| 22. Walter Reed                  | 47. Heidi                                 |
| 23. Christopher Robin            | 48. Chicago National League Baseball Team |
| 24. Symbol of Democratic Party   | 49. Little Red Riding Hood                |
| 25. Symbol of Republican Party   | 50. Herman Melville                       |



# Answers...

## "Anagrams"

- |          |         |            |           |            |          |
|----------|---------|------------|-----------|------------|----------|
| 1. Marne | fireman | 9. meeting | tempering | 18. poor   | torpor   |
| 2. rents | sternly | 10. rows   | world's   | 19. said   | drains   |
| 3. lean  | Naples  | 11. grade  | brigade   | 20. ridge  | girdles  |
| 4. file  | fliers  | 12. prate  | private   | 21. spoil  | topsoil  |
| 5. mires | marries | 13. solder | resoiled  | 22. power  | dewdrop  |
| 6. slain | sailing | 14. roam   | mortar    | 23. verb   | beaver   |
| 7. table | tablets | 15. feast  | rafters   | 24. drag   | argued   |
| 8. names | manages | 16. trains | notaries  | 25. criers | scurries |
|          |         | 17. rooted | doorstep  |            |          |

## "Have You Noticed?"

- |        |         |         |         |         |
|--------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. (a) | 6. (a)  | 11. (a) | 16. (a) | 21. (a) |
| 2. (a) | 7. (a)  | 12. (b) | 17. (a) | 22. (a) |
| 3. (b) | 8. (a)  | 13. (b) | 18. (a) | 23. (a) |
| 4. (b) | 9. (b)  | 14. (a) | 19. (b) | 24. (b) |
| 5. (a) | 10. (b) | 15. (b) | 20. (b) | 25. (a) |

## "Three on a Match"

- |            |            |             |             |
|------------|------------|-------------|-------------|
| 1.—l.—(17) | 6.—c.—(2)  | 11.—a.—(10) | 16.—i.—(13) |
| 2.—m.—(18) | 7.—d.—(8)  | 12.—k.—(9)  | 17.—f.—(5)  |
| 3.—q.—(19) | 8.—g.—(6)  | 13.—n.—(1)  | 18.—b.—(20) |
| 4.—r.—(14) | 9.—h.—(12) | 14.—p.—(15) | 19.—o.—(7)  |
| 5.—s.—(17) | 10.—j.—(3) | 15.—t.—(16) | 20.—c.—(4)  |

## "Cherchez La Femme"

- |                         |                         |                            |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Helen of Troy        | 10. Madame de Pompadour | 18. Aimee Semple McPherson |
| 2. Pocahontas           | 11. Calamity Jane       | 19. Gypsy Rose Lee         |
| 3. Catherine the Great  | 12. Joan of Arc         | 20. Harriet Beecher Stowe  |
| 4. Sarah Bernhardt      | 13. Marie Antoinette    | 21. Scarlett O'Hara        |
| 5. Florence Nightingale | 14. Lillian Russell     | 22. Madame Curie           |
| 6. Marlene Dietrich     | 15. Ruth                | 23. Elsa                   |
| 7. Irene Castle         | 16. Cleopatra           | 24. Mrs. Oliva Dionne      |
| 8. Queen Elizabeth      | 17. Carrie Nation       | 25. Maud Ballington Booth  |
| 9. Jean Harlow          |                         |                            |

## "Armchair Golf"

- |                  |                   |                  |                  |
|------------------|-------------------|------------------|------------------|
| <b>1. 1. FIT</b> | <b>2. 1. KING</b> | <b>3. 1. PAY</b> | <b>4. 1. WED</b> |
| 2. CAR           | 2. CAP            | 2. OIL           | 2. BIG           |
| 3. DOLL          | 3. FAT            | 3. MAD           | 3. BIAS          |
| 4. SAY           | 4. SIN            | 4. LIT           | 4. DIN           |
| 5. OLD           | 5. EDEN           | 5. ILL           | 5. WARY          |
| 6. BAND          | 6. KEN            | 6. HOT           | 6. SKY           |
| 7. GUNS          | 7. PET            | 7. CUT           | 7. RISKY         |
| 8. TAR           | 8. SPY            | 8. LAW           | 8. DIG           |
| 9. BAN           | 9. LID            | 9. TAN           | 9. FEAR          |

## "Animal Crackers"

- |                |                     |                   |              |             |
|----------------|---------------------|-------------------|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Spider      | 11. Bears           | 21. Mice, Lizards | 31. Birds    | 41. Horse   |
| 2. Nightingale | 12. Dogs            | 22. Mosquitoes    | 32. Turkey   | 42. Lion    |
| 3. Fish        | 13. Parrot          | 23. Bear          | 33. Penguin  | 43. Rabbit  |
| 4. Raven       | 14. Cat             | 24. Donkey        | 34. Horse    | 44. Goat    |
| 5. Asp         | 15. Butterfly       | 25. Elephant      | 35. Reindeer | 45. Rooster |
| 6. Lion        | 16. Duck, Mouse     | 26. Sheep         | 36. Elephant | 46. Camel   |
| 7. Whale       | 17. Eagle           | 27. Snakes        | 37. Rooster  | 47. Goat    |
| 8. Gorilla     | 18. Rats            | 28. Lion          | 38. Horse    | 48. Cubs    |
| 9. Dog         | 19. Horse           | 29. Dove          | 39. Pig      | 49. Wolf    |
| 10. Buffalo    | 20. Bluebird or Bee | 30. Vampire Bat   | 40. Stork    | 50. Whales  |



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*Book Excerpt:*

# The Curtain Rises

*by Quentin Reynolds*

Having led the fame of the RAF and the Red army in his earlier best sellers, Quentin Reynolds has discovered the men of America. From backstage in the theaters of war, he watched them at work, preparing and rehearsing for the great drama of D-Day. This is his report . . . an excerpt.



## The Curtain Rises

by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

SIX DAYS AFTER leaving Miami in March, 1943, the big transport plane glided serenely over the snow-capped mountains that surround Teheran and then dropped into the heat of Iran's capital. Seen from the air, Teheran seems clean. Actually, like any city in the Near or Middle East, Teheran should be admired from afar.

As we circled the huge airport I noticed that it was fringed with fighter aircraft. There were about 150 P-40s and about 40 Airacobras, all en route to Russia. Many of these would be at the front within 48 hours. Their guns were cleared, their war paint was on and they lacked only good weather ahead.

A car was waiting for Colonel Edward Brown of General Connolly's staff, and we rolled into the city some six miles away. The first impression you get of Iran's capital is one of filth and poverty. The gutters in the streets are wide and deep and filled with slowly flowing water. This is the Teheran water supply. It comes from the moun-

tains. Colonel Brown pointed out a sight which is common in Teheran streets. A small boy was using the gutter as a bathroom. Fifty yards down the block a woman was washing clothing in the water. No one can understand why these open gutters do not spread plague over the city. But it has been like that for three thousand years, and by now the citizens of Iran are quite immune to diseases which Europeans or Americans contract easily.

Virtually every American and British visitor gets dysentery immediately. General Donald Connolly, in charge of the Persian Gulf Service Command, has forbidden his men to eat or drink local products. Our army serves excellent chlorinated water. And for the most part, our army in Iran lives on the excellent army C rations.

Colonel Brown said he knew that General Connolly would be only too glad to put me up. The general and his staff were quartered in a lovely villa that had once belonged to an Iranian bandit chief.

*Excerpted and condensed from the book published at \$2.75 by Random House, 20 East 57th Street, New York; copyright, 1944, by Random House, Inc.*

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General Donald Connolly is a very big, stern-looking man with an outthrust chin. The general is in charge of one of the most important military operations in the world. He has the Persian Gulf Command—which means delivering the goods to Russia. His men often have to work in temperature well over boiling point, and Connolly has to watch out lest the hard work plus the murderous heat cause mental and physical crackups among the men.

"Every man on my staff," he said at breakfast the next morning, "knows more about his particular job than I do, and I'm proud of that. I worry about my men working in the Persian Gulf ports. That's the hottest part of the world, you know, but you never hear any complaints from the boys."

He opened two telegrams which had both come from the same Persian Gulf port and then, without a word, handed them to me. The first merely said: "Temperature today 129 degrees." The second was from his man in charge at the same port. It read: "Because unexpected size latest convoy to arrive, mer: afraid we may fall behind schedule. They suggest until cargo disposed of their eight-hour day be increased to twelve."

I looked at Connolly. "Do you wonder I'm proud of them?" he queried.

I didn't wonder at all. There is nothing glamorous in the transportation job done by the Persian Gulf Command. Ships arrive in the ports, loaded to the gunwales with war material for Russia. They unload it, put it on trains and trucks, transport it north, deliver it to the

Russians and then go back to do it all over again. At the height of its traffic, the Burma Road delivered 18 thousand tons of material a month to China. Today more than 10 times that amount of war material flows through the Persian Corridor to the Soviet front.

"Every weapon we can put into the hands of a Russian may mean an American life saved," Connolly cries again and again to his staff and to his men.

The respect which Russians, British and Iranians show for General Connolly is an indication of how well he has done his job. Actually, Iran hates the British, fears the Russians and tolerates us. Connolly, therefore, has to play the role of mediator between Iran on the one hand, and Russia and Britain on the other, as well as intervene between the Allies themselves in straightening out difficulties which arise.

We, the Allies, are not in Iran by invitation. If we hadn't arrived there first, the Germans would be in occupation and then the material which now flows smoothly through the Persian Corridor from the Gulf, through Teheran and north to Kazvin and Pahlevi and thence to the Russian fighting forces would not be possible.

Iran's peculiar and rather tragic position is caused entirely by an accident of geography. Iran (Persia until 1935) was born to be the gateway to India, and, to use the other cliché, the back door to the Caucasus. British, Russian and German interests have always conflicted in Iran. The tired old country tried to remain neutral in the last war, but circumstances pre-

vented her. There was a strong Turkish-German threat at that time, and Britain and Russia "occupied" the country as allies.

The war over, Reza Shah Pahlevi, former Persian Cossack leader and a very tough citizen, tried to streamline his country. He built a magnificent railroad station at Teheran, part of which was his private domain. This private royal station cost about three million dollars. The Shah didn't have that much change in his pocket, so he allowed the Germans to build it for him. Naturally the Germans expected payment for their help. The Shah merely sent his agents through the country to announce an arbitrary and absurd price on wheat.

As soon as anyone in Iran managed to put aside a surplus in either produce or money, it somehow found its way very quickly to the pockets of the Shah or his representatives—or to bandits or grafting soldiers. Reza Shah built many modern government buildings. He liberated women from wearing the veil. The power of the priests was broken by edict and decree. He built some factories, hoping to make Iran less dependent upon outside countries for staple commodities.

Until about 1930 there is no doubt that the Shah did a fine job of modernizing his country. At about that time his avarice and his cruelty began to dominate his actions. He was something less than a Dream Prince to his subjects.

Once he ordered that a road be built from Teheran to his palace in the Shimran foothills. He drove to inspect it. The road was a bit bumpy and he hit the royal noggin once or twice when ruts in the road

jolted the car. When he arrived at the palace he asked for the engineer who had built the road. The pleased engineer came forward, all set to take a few bows.

"Lie down on this road you have built," His Majesty said. The bewildered engineer did so, and then the Shah calmly gave orders to his chauffeur to drive over the poor wretch. The engineer was hardy; most of his bones were broken, but he did not die.

Meanwhile, the Germans gave the Shah more and more help. They helped Iran build its 870-mile Trans-Iranian Railway which stretches from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea. Today it is being used almost exclusively to transport American goods to the Russians.

When the war came, there is no doubt that Iran was pro-German. For once Britain and Russia cooperated nicely in putting the heat on Reza Shah. Reza Shah quibbled and talked but did nothing.

IN AUGUST, 1941, Russia and Britain stopped sending diplomatic notes and moved in. Reza Shah abdicated a month later in favor of his 24-year-old son, Mohammed Shah Pahlevi. There was virtually no resistance to the occupation. A treaty was drawn up which gave Iran a chance to save face and she broke relations with all countries which were at war with Britain and Russia. Britain and Russia agreed to get out of Iran six months after the war ended and promised to give Iran a vote at the peace table.

Then came the business of America's getting material to Russia under the Lend-Lease agreements. Convoys were having difficulties in

the North Sea, the Barents Sea and the White Sea. Obviously other routes would have to be established. The Persian Gulf ports were the only answer. And so we moved in, by tacit agreement, and no one objected. We agreed to deliver Lend-Lease goods not to the gulf ports alone but to the Russians at Kazvin, situated some hundred miles north of Teheran.

It is not a simple matter to help the Russians. They suggested to General Connolly that they would appreciate it if he would send the material even farther north to Pahlevi. This would involve a long haul, requiring trucks. General Connolly said that he'd be glad to comply with their request. He said that he would build installations along the route where his men could be barracked and fed. The Russians refused to allow this. This was too close to Russian territory and the Russians regretfully told Connolly that Moscow had not yet given permission for large groups of Americans to enter the region. Connolly shrugged his shoulders and said, "I'm sorry, but that's how it will have to be."

It was an unfortunate impasse. Neither Connolly nor his opposite number in the Russian Army, big, hulking General Alexander Korolev, liked it very much. Actually, our flow of materials was so great that the Russians were unable to move them along fast enough to keep up with Connolly's men. Hundreds of crates filled with ammunition, food, guns, leather, etc., were piled high at Teheran and at Kazvin, waiting to be shipped to Pahlevi. General Korolev pleaded with Connolly to send the loaded

trucks north and then have them return immediately to the ports. Connolly refused bluntly.

"By the way, General," he suggested casually, "why don't you and I run up to Pahlevi and look the road over ourselves?"

Korolev agreed. Canny Connolly knew that Korolev loved hunting. There were plenty of wild boar in the Elburz Mountains through which the road ran. He got four Garand rifles, plenty of ammunition and loaded a truck with good army C rations. Their luck was in. Just before nightfall they got a boar.

There was a Red Army outpost on top of the mountain and they headed for it. Red Army soldiers sliced the boar. Soon all of them, generals, sergeants and Red Army privates were roasting the boar outside the outpost hut in the time-honored Russian way by sticking slices of the meat on swords and holding the swords over the fire. Then they sat around the fire and the Russians sang folk songs. It was democracy at its best and a side of it which these Russians had never seen. They didn't realize that American generals ever sat around eating with sergeants, joking with them, laughing with them.

They had three days and three nights of roaming about the mountain passes, killing boar and living in the open. The friendship between the two generals was cemented when Connolly sent to Cairo for two Garand rifles which he presented to the Red Army general.

A few days later Korolev told Connolly that Moscow had decided to grant permission for American soldiers to build barracks in the district that surrounds Pahlevi.

Connolly's diplomatic methods may be unorthodox, but they work. Last April 14th was Army Day even in Teheran. Our troops held a celebration at the big Iran airport. At the conclusion of the ceremonies 40 officers stepped forward, the band struck up the Russian national anthem and the 40 American officers sang it—in Russian.

The State Department would have shuddered, had it known.

On May Day last spring, Connolly was asked to review the Russian troops. At the conclusion of the review a group of Red Army men came forward, the band played *The Star-Spangled Banner* and the Russians sang it—in English. That is typical of the way this Iowa-born Presbyterian gets along with the Russians. For one thing, Connolly likes them. Russians may be hard to understand, but they're very easy to like.

Connolly's staff is the hardest-working group of men I have ever encountered in any army. At one time last spring 50 per cent of the staff was in the hospital from overwork. When they arrived in Iran, they found a very worn-out railroad, incapable of carrying large loads. Today, modern Diesels pull tremendous loads over the strengthened roadbed. They found two thousand-year-old camel roads winding through the mountains. Today these are modern roads over which travel mechanized convoys.

While I was in Teheran a rather historic event occurred. A train puffed into a station. It was a long train with about 45 freight cars loaded with goods from America. It was one hundred per cent American-manned. Until then Iranian

crews had run the railroad. It was exciting to stand there and realize that these cars were filled with goods made by American labor; that the two locomotives which pulled the train were made in America; that the crew which immediately went to work to service the engine were all Americans.

British, American and Russian troops in Iran get along very well together. The Russian transportation troops wear small insignia on their caps, a crossed hammer and a wrench. These are much prized by our own railroad troops and most of them have managed to persuade Russian pals to give. Our men and the Russians have this common bond: they sit around the freight yard at Teheran swapping stories, cigarettes and food, and it is seldom you see one of our men who doesn't proudly wear the crossed hammer and wrench on his cap.

TEN-YEAR-OLD Vadim is the hero of a tale which the Russians never tire of telling. He quite unwittingly played a practical joke on the Germans. Vadim lived in a small village called Uspenskoe. The Germans were approaching and Vadim was greatly worried. He had a small pig which had become a pet to him. The thought that his beloved pig might fall into the hands of the Nazis filled Vadim with terror. He hid the pig in the kitchen of his home behind the huge stove.

The Germans came. Vadim held his breath as they went through the kitchen, afraid that the pig might squeal and reveal his presence. But the little pig never uttered a sound. When the Germans left, Vadim found out the reason for the porker's

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silence. The heat from the stove had smothered the poor pig, and he was quite dead.

Vadim, his heart heavy, decided to bury his pet. Another difficulty arose. Germans always dug up any spot which showed fresh earth because they knew that the farmers often buried food and weapons. Then, too, parachutists often buried their telltale silk parachutes. Vadim didn't want his pig to be found by the hated Germans.

He went out of the village and into the fields beyond. At night he buried his dead pet. He pushed a stick into the ground at the head of the grave and placed a German steel helmet on it. He hung an iron cross over the helmet.

This grave he was sure would not be defiled by the Germans. But the general in command of this sector of the front decided to move his headquarters to the village of Uspenskoe. He wasn't there long before he held an inspection of the graves of the Nazi dead. He came to the grave which Vadim had dug. Curious, he turned over the iron cross and then cried out with grief when he saw the name engraved upon its surface.

"This is the grave of my son," he said. "It is unfitting that he lie in hated Russian earth."

He gave orders. His staff brought a nice pine coffin, on which was emblazoned the swastika. Soldiers came hurrying with shovels. They dug into the fresh earth. As they came to the remains the general bowed his head in sorrow and a guard of honor set off a volley of 20 rifle shots in honor of the son of their general. The general leaned over the grave only to be confronted

with the contented face of Vadim's beloved pig.

The story was heard by a guerrilla band, which spread it over the countryside. And the poor general was never able to command the respect from his men which he had hitherto enjoyed.

FOR THE MOST PART, OUR troops came to Iran with greatly mistaken, preconceived ideas about their Russian allies. They were slightly suspicious at first. Then they were impressed by the discipline in the Red Army and finally they wound up liking these big, healthy-looking almost perpetually smiling troops in the gray-green uniforms and red tabs of the Red Army. They found amazingly good discipline and esprit de corps among the Russians.

Two incidents happened while I was in Teheran which emphasized the behavior and discipline of the Red Army. When the Russians marched into Iran, their commanders told them that any looting would be punished by death. Two Russian sentries stopped an Iranian merchant one day to ask for his credentials and took his wrist watch away from him. The Iranian merchant went to the nearest Red Army commander and told his story. The sentries were searched and the watch was found on one of them. Both were immediately shot for looting.

It is very seldom one finds Red Army officers in the restaurants or night clubs of Teheran. But one night some British M.P.'s found a very drunken Russian officer waving a gun and threatening dire things to an assembly. It was a tough spot for a couple of British



M.P.'s. They finally decided to take the Red Army man to the local Russian headquarters.

The next morning at nine o'clock Iranian, British and American authorities received identical notes from General Korolev apologizing for the bad behavior of the officer. He added that he had intended to take strong disciplinary measures against him, but that he was unable to do this as unfortunately the officer had "died during the night." That is Red Army discipline.

We have a great many American troops in Iran, far more, perhaps, than the enemy realizes. Chiefly, of course, their job is to transport material; but they are ready for combat too. They don't have much fun, these exiles from home. Their post exchanges are excellent and that makes life easier.

Our army has done its best for the men. Canned beer has been sent to them and that helps them stave off the horrible heat. Our medical men believe that it helps both their health and morale. As far as our troops everywhere are concerned, beer is the aristocrat of all drinks. The staple drink in Iran is a concoction called V and V. It is half Persian vodka and half Persian vermouth, and it tastes like liquid soap. Occasionally an officer manages to get a bottle of Scotch. The standard price in Teheran is 18 dollars a bottle.

Inflation is no obscure academic problem in Iran: it is a fact. The Iranians have little in the way of goods and when their merchandise is gone they can't get any more. A small electric bulb costs seven and a half dollars, toilet paper is a dollar and 80 cents a roll, American ciga-

rettes outside of the post exchange are 80 cents a package, a pair of shoes costs 35 dollars and a second-hand portable typewriter will bring 400 dollars. This is Iran. When the war is over our boys are unanimously in favor of giving it back to the Iranians. But as long as the war continues they'll work their heads off and echo General Connolly's creed: "The Russian front is merely an extension of the American front."

HOME AGAIN for a month now and for the first time in seven months I'm completely bewildered. It was a shock to pick up the papers and read columns of criticism of our war effort. Everything I saw in the war zone led me to believe that our matériel was the best in the world; that a military miracle had been achieved in the rapid training of our troops; that our war effort was being handled with a minimum of red tape, lost effort and inefficiency. I knew that neither General Marshall nor General Eisenhower could wave magic wands and have the ships arrive in the Mediterranean right on time, loaded with just what we needed for combat. I knew that when an American soldier set foot on an enemy beach he had the best equipment possible. I felt that somebody back home must be doing a wonderful job of organization and administration to effect this result. The army couldn't do it alone. Yet, from the papers, one would think that Washington was a madhouse, inhabited by certified lunatics, crooks or shady politicians.

When you return you are laboring under the apparently absurd delusion that we are at war with Japan

and Germany. Reading some newspapers, you might be pardoned for thinking that we are at war with Britain and with the President of the United States.

I arrived home and immediately went to a quiet resort for a week to catch my breath. I felt that every now and then one of the elderly gentlemen who were dozing in the hotel lobby would wake up and stop a passing bellboy to ask, "Is Roosevelt dead yet?" When the bellboy said "No," the elderly, black-tied gentleman would look disappointed and then go back to sleep.

At the resort a man asked me where I lived. I told him I lived in New York City. "How awful!" he said, "All you see there are Jews."

"I'm used to being with Jews," I told him. "Where I've been lately the place is full of them."

"Where have you been?" he asked, evincing much interest.

"I've been with the First Division in Sicily," I said. "Full of Jews. It'll please you to know a hell of a lot of them were killed."

He looked at me and blinked, not understanding, and I walked away because I was a little afraid that I might get sick or slug him.

This was the America I returned to. Our men abroad deserve something better than a country which is still stupid with reaction and prejudice. There are no Democrats, no Republicans at the front. There are no Protestants, no Catholics, no Jews at the front. There are men in uniform who, at the very best, are giving up a year or two of their lives to serve a country they believe in. To paraphrase Tolstoy, those maggots who continually gnaw at the healthy body of America per-

haps can do no permanent harm, but we would be fools to allow them to go too far.

I know of no one in America (except the parents and wives and children of the dead) who has as yet been called upon to make any real sacrifice. We suffer some minor inconveniences, but actually the war hasn't touched us yet. It hasn't touched us as it has touched the people of Britain or Russia. I am sure that if we were called upon to make the sacrifices they have made we, as a people, would be quite equal to our destiny. Whether that time will ever come, I don't know. I doubt it very much. But if the time does come it may find us unprepared, mentally.

It is a shock to anyone returning from the front to hear people talk and write of the German Army with contempt. Our people, for some strange reason, fear and hate the Japs but dismiss the Germans casually. Maybe Germany will crack suddenly from within. I hope so. I know that neither the American nor British G-2 have any concrete information which would provide evidence to that effect.

I do know that within the past few months Germany has put into combat the Focke-Wulf 200, a magnificent heavy aircraft, so well armed that nothing we have can as yet cope with it on equal terms. I know the German submarines were inactive for some months and, while credulous wishful thinkers chortled, "The submarine menace is ended," our naval men warned, "The chances are they've been called in to be fitted with new weapons." That proved to be the case. I know that no fighter plane in the world

(with the possible exception of the Spitfire 9) can compare with the German Focke-Wulf 190. Our pilots have told me this.

I know that the Germans have designed a bomb, rocket-propelled, that has our research men going gray. This was the bomb that hit the *Savannah*; the one that sank the battleship *Roma*.

Our combat generals think the German Army is as strong as ever. They may be wrong but, after all, their opinion, based on experience, seems worth considering. They don't think that we can lose this war, but

they don't yet see how we can win it. Neither do I. Once we really take Italy and have air bases in Northern Italy the real job of invading Germany will come. The great air invasion of the past few months has been the prelude. I can't forget what General Montgomery said: "The war has finally begun." I think he is right. The preliminaries are over. The actors have learned their lines. The dress rehearsal has been held. The orchestra has played the overture. The play is about to begin. The curtain rises. \*

\* The curtain did rise—on June 6, 1944.

### Quoteworthy

■ **MONEY CAN TALK**, but it never gives itself away.—(EARL RINEY) . . . He commanded in a tone that meant either the order or the person who received it would have to be carried out.—(LLOYD C. DOUGLAS) . . . He's as conceited as a person who starts to work on a crossword puzzle with a fountain pen.—(EDWARD DOWLING)

■ **ORATORY IS THE ART** of making deep sounds from the chest seem like important messages from the brain.—(H. I. PHILLIPS) . . . I know a fellow who's as broke as the Ten Commandments.—(J. P. MARQUAND)

■ **SUCCESS IS LIKE ALCOHOL**—both are all right until they go to your head.—(JACK HALEY) . . . I call them my "impatients."—(DR. LEO MICHEL) . . . We all hope for the day when isms will be wasms.—(J. W. LOSCH)

■ **EVERYTHING IS FUNNY** as long as it happens to somebody else.—(WILL ROGERS) . . . The difference between the right word and the almost right word is the difference between light-

ning and the lightning bug.—(MARK TWAIN) . . . Hitler is a child of nature who would be quite capable of frying a chop over a Stradivarius violin.—(KONRAD HEIDEN)

■ **BLACK GLASSES** have ceased to be the badge of the afflicted, and are now compatible with youth, smartness and sex appeal.—(ALDOUS HUXLEY) . . . Though forced to study piano for eight years, George Jean Nathan still loves good music.—(JIM TULLY)

■ **HE MONOTONIZES** the conversation.—(ELEANOR CLARAGE) . . . If you do favors for your friends they never forgive you for it.—(GENE FOWLER)

■ **BOOKS ARE** the only friends who can turn their backs on you without getting uninteresting.—(DR. GEORGE WILSON VANDEGRIFT) . . . Horse sense is that instinct in horses that keeps them from betting on people.—(SENATOR E. H. MOORE OF OKLAHOMA) . . . The test of a real comedian rests in whether you laugh at him before he opens his mouth.—(GEORGE JEAN NATHAN)

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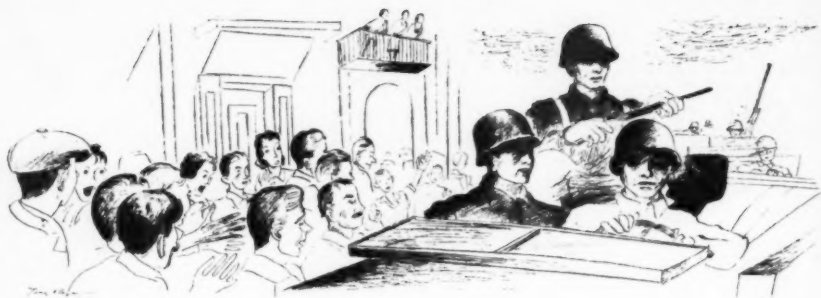
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## A Bell for Adano

**FOREWORD:** Major Victor Joppolo, U. S. A., was a good man. You will see that. It is the whole reason why I want you to know his story.

He was the Amgot officer of a small Italian town called Adano. He was more or less the American mayor after our invasion.

Amgot, as you know, stood for Allied Military Government Occupied Territory. The authorities decided, shortly after the happenings of this story, that the word Amgot had an ugly sound. So they decided to call it A.M.G. and forget about the Occupied Territory.

That was later, though. When I knew him, Major Joppolo was Amgot officer of Adano, and he was a good man, though weak in certain attractive, human ways, and what he did and what he was not able to do in Adano represented in miniature what America can and cannot do in Europe.

Therefore I beg you to get to know this man Joppolo well. We have need of him. He is our future in the world. Neither the eloquence of Churchill nor the humaneness of Roosevelt, no Charter, no Four Freedoms or Fourteen Points, no dreamer's diagram so symmetrical and so faultless on paper, no plan, no hope,

no treaty—none of these things can guarantee anything. Only men can guarantee, only the behavior of men under pressure, only our Joppolos.

**A**LL THROUGH THE TOWN of Adano, the Americans were not getting much resistance.

At one of the sulphur loading jetties at the port, a major with a briefcase under his arm stepped from the sliding gangway of LCI No. 9488.

"Borth," he said to the sergeant who followed him onto the jetty, "this is like coming home, how often I have dreamed this."

This man was Major Victor Joppolo, who had been named senior civil affairs officer of the town of Adano, representing Amgot. He was a man of medium height, with the dark skin of his parents, who were Italians from near Florence. He had a mustache. His face was round and his cheeks seemed cheerful but his eyes were intense and serious. He was about 35 years old.

The sergeant with him was Leonard Borth, an M.P., who was

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by John Hersey

to be in charge of matters of security in Adano: he was to help weed out the bad Italians and make use of the good ones.

The two men walked up the Via Barrino. There was nobody in the street. All the people had fled to the hills or were hiding in bomb shelters and cellars. Here and there, where a house had been hit, grey bricks had cascaded into the grey street.

They came in time to the town's main square, which was called Piazza Progresso. And on that square they saw the building they were looking for.

It was an old stone building with a look of authority about it. At its second floor it had an old balcony, a place of many speeches. This building had served kings before Fascists and now was about to serve democracies after them. In embossed bronze letters across the front were the words *Palazzo di Città*.

There was a clock tower on the left-hand front corner. On top of the tower there was a metal frame which must have been designed to hold a bell. But there was no bell.

Both men went inside the building and up marble stairs to a door marked *Podestà*. The office on the other side of that door took Victor Joppolo's breath away. It must have been 70 feet long and 30 feet wide. The ceiling was high, and the floor was marble.

After all the poverty which had shouted and begged in the streets, this room was stiflingly rich. The furniture was of a heavy black Italian style. The curtains were of rich brocade, and the walls were lined with a silken stuff.

They went out through the white

door, at the end of the room and walked through several offices. In the big office, they found an Italian who had evidently been hiding in the building.

The small Italian gave the Fascist salute and said in Italian: "Welcome to the Americans! I am Zito Giuseppe, usher in the *Palazzo di Città*, native of Adano. I am well known as anti-Fascist."

The Major said: "Usher, I love the truth, you will find that out. If you were a Fascist, you were a Fascist. There is no need to lie. Why did you work for the Fascists if you hated them?"

Zito said: "One had to eat."

Major Joppolo said: "So you were a Fascist. Now you will have to learn to live in a democracy. You will be my usher."

A brief burst of machine gun and rifle fire echoed from distant streets.

Major Joppolo said: "Has it been bad here?"

Zito started jabbering about the bombardments and the air raids. "We are very hungry," he said when he had cooled down a little. "For three days we have not had bread. And our bell is gone."

Major Joppolo said: "Your bell?"

Zito said: "Our bell which was 700 years old. Mussolini took it to make rifle barrels. It rang with a good tone each quarter hour. The town was very angry. And only two weeks before you came."

"Where was this bell?"

"Right here," Zito pointed over his head.

When Zito and Borth left on an errand, Major Joppolo opened his notebook. The pages were filled with notes on his Amgot school



lectures. He turned to the page marked: *Notes to Joppolo from Joppolo.*

And he read: "Don't make yourself cheap. Always be accessible to the public. Don't play favorites. Speak Italian whenever possible. Don't lose your temper. When plans fall down, improvise . . ."

There was a knock on the door. "Come in," he said in Italian.

The door opened. A man came in who resembled a second-rate Italian gangster in American movies.

The Italian said in English: "I'm Ribaudo Giuseppe from a Cleveland, Ohio. I been here a three year. You got a work for me? I'm a hate these Fascisti."

Major Joppolo said: "I'll hire you. You will be an interpreter for Americans who don't speak Italian. Just one thing now, Giuseppe. You've got to be honest with me. Now tell me, what does this town need the most?"

"Food, a boss."

AT THAT moment there were two simultaneous knocks on the door. Giuseppe opened the door.

The older visitor, Cacopardo, said: "The Americans coming to Italian countryside need some advices." The old man looked straight at Giuseppe, the interpreter, and added: "I wish to advise you to be careful, in Adano are many men who were illegal in America."

Major Joppolo, seeing Giuseppe's embarrassment, said: "Giuseppe, I want to speak to the priest of the town. Will you get him for me?"

Cacopardo said: "In Adano are thirteen churches, Major, and in some churches are two or three priests. But Father Pensovecchio

of the San Angelo is the best of all."

Major Joppolo said to Giuseppe: "Get him for me, will you?"

Then turning to his visitors, the Major said: "Tell me, what does this town need the most right now?"

This time the other caller, fat Craxi, replied: "To eat."

Cacopardo said: "It needs a bell more than anything. By this bell the people were warned of the invasion of Roberto, King of Naples, and he was driven back."

Borth and the usher Zito came back. Borth said: "What brings these guys here?"

Major Joppolo said: "They are arguing which is more important, food or restoring the bell."

Giuseppe came in, bringing the priest. Major Joppolo said to the priest: "Father, we are speaking of the old bell which was taken away."

The priest said: "This bell was the center of the town. All life revolved around it. The farmers in the country were wakened by it in the morning, the drivers of the carts knew when to start by it and the bakers baked by it."

Then Major Joppolo said in Italian: "Thank you for telling me about the bell. I promise you that I will do all I can to get another bell."

When the others had gone, Major Joppolo said to Father Pensovecchio: "Father, I wish to tell you that the Americans want to bring only good to this town. It is possible that some Americans who come here will do bad things. If they do, I can assure you that most of the Americans will be just as ashamed of those things as you are annoyed by them."

Father Pensovecchio said: "I

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think we will understand weakness in your men just as we try to understand it in our own."

Major Joppolo said: "Father, I should like to ask you to say a few words before your Mass tomorrow morning about the proclamations which the Americans have posted which ought to be read."

Father Pensovecchio said: "That I can easily do."

Major Joppolo said: "I myself am a Catholic. If you will have me, I should like to attend your Mass."

The priest said: "It will be a pleasure to have you. The service begins at seven in the morning."

It was a pleasure to have so many come to the Church of San Angelo. But now Father Pensovecchio had a thought which made him uneasy. What if the Mister Major should not come?

The Mister Major, at that moment, was sitting in his office discussing with Borth and with the usher Zito the matter of the bell.

The service in the Church of San Angelo was taking a most unusual course. Having completed the supplication, Father Pensovecchio started reciting the longest litany he could think of offhand.

Suddenly Father Pensovecchio beckoned to the senior acolyte and whispered in his ear: "Have old Guzzo ring the bell."

In his office Major Joppolo blotted a letter. Suddenly the church bell began ringing.

Zito said: "That is a church bell. From the tone I would say it was the bell of San Angelo."

"San Angelo!" The Major jumped up. "My Lord," he said, "I promised the priest I would

come. Run, Zito, show me the way."

The entire congregation stood up as they entered the church. Father Pensovecchio smiled and turned from ashen white back to his normal pink. His confidence was now very much in evidence. He had his crowd and he had his Major.

"My children," began Father Pensovecchio, "God has sent us these liberators after all our prayers. But as you all know, no matter who you have as the authorities, you must obey the law. When you go out from Mass, read the proclamations which your new governors have posted, and spread the word that all must obey them exactly as they are written."

"Right here now," continued the priest, "is an American of Italian descent who is attending Mass. Because of this man, I believe that the Americans are my friends. You must believe the same thing."

ON THE FIFTH day of the invasion a babel stood in line in front of the shop of the baker Zapulla. Gargano, Chief of the Carabinieri, came up to the line. He went up to Carmelina, squeezing between her and the door of Zapulla's shop, and stood there.

Carmelina said truculently: "Mister Gargano, you were Chief of the Carabinieri under the old regime, and that entitled you to stand at the head of the line. I am not sure that you are still Chief of the Carabinieri."

Gargano said: "I have always come to the head of the line. I shall continue to do so."

Carmelina startled him by whispering, "I question your right."

Gargano shouted: "Woman, you are under arrest."

He dragged Carmelina into Major Joppolo's office. The Major jumped to his feet.

Gargano said: "This woman questioned my authority."

Major Joppolo said: "Your authority to do what, Gargano?"

Carmelina shouted: "To push his way to the head of the line in front of Zapulla's bread shop."

The Major decided the case officially with a speed which dazzled Gargano. He decided that the woman was right but that he could not say so, because if he did the Chief would never regain his authority, and the Major wanted to keep him in office. Therefore he said: "I sentence this woman to one day in jail, suspended sentence. Let her go, and gather all the officials of Adano for me at once."

In the Major's office, the officials gradually assembled. Some were held-over Fascists, some were new appointments to take the place of Fascists who had fled.

"I want you to be my friends," the Major said. "As my friends, I will consider it my duty to tell you everything I think. Adano has been a Fascist town. But now the Americans will run it as a democracy.

"Democracy is this: democracy is that the men of the government are no longer the masters of the people. What makes a man master of another man? It is that he pays him for his work. Who pays the men in the government? The people do, for they pay the taxes out of which you are paid.

"Therefore you are now the servants of the people of Adano. I

too am their servant. When I go to buy bread, I shall take my place at the end of the line, and I will wait my turn. You too must behave as servants now."

One afternoon a day or two later, the Major found himself alone with Giuseppe, the interpreter. Major Joppolo said: "Giuseppe, who was this blonde I saw you with last Sunday in church?"

"Name's a Tina. She's a daughter a Tomasino. He's a best of all fisherman," answered Giuseppe.

Major Joppolo said: "Good, I want to see him, Giuseppe. Bring him in to see me early next week, Giuseppe. I want to start the fishermen going out again. It'll supplement the food supply. I'm sure I can get permission from the Navy."

ON THE NINTH morning of the invasion, General Marvin was driving along the road toward Vicinamare and came to the town of Adano. From time to time along the road his driver had had to slow down behind the little Italian two-wheeled carts until traffic from the opposite direction had gone by. Then he passed the carts.

As they passed each cart, General Marvin waved his riding crop in such a way as to indicate that the cart should move over. Since there was nothing to move over into except the ditch, the carts never did move over. The General grew angrier and angrier.

Now it happened that just as he came to the river just before Adano, the General's car was obliged to slow down for a cart which meandered along in the center of the road.

The General stood up in his car

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and shouted: "Damn your damn cart, get off the road!"

Unfortunately the driver of the cart was one Errante Gaetano, who had been drinking wine and was now sleeping a deep and happy sleep on the seat of his cart. He did not pay much attention to the voice of General Marvin, because he could not hear it.

General Marvin roared at his driver: "Blow your horn. Blow him off the road."

The cart kept right down the middle of the road.

"I've had enough of these damn carts," the General roared. "Do they think they're going to stop the damn invasion with damn carts? Throw him off the road!"

Colonel Middleton, the General's Chief of Staff, and Lieutenant Byrd, his aide, and the driver got out and enlisted the aid of three sergeants who were riding in a jeep.

The six men walked forward on the road and surrounded the cart. Colonel Middleton reached up to waken Errante, but the General's roars grew louder. "What are you doing?" he bellowed. "I told you to throw the damn thing off the road."

"We were just going to wake up this fellow and get him off first," Colonel Middleton shouted back. "Throw him too."

The only thing which was said was muttered by Lieutenant Byrd: "The old man hasn't been getting enough sleep lately."

Colonel Middleton went to the head of the mule and guided it to the side of the road. He directed the other five men to take positions on the left side of the cart and to lift together when he gave the signal.

Errante rose up and soared off into space. Then Errante hit the earth hard. He woke up, but what with his dazedness, his drunkenness, his surprise and his natural stupidity, he was unable to do anything except roar wordlessly.

A new fury rushed up the General's cheeks. "Middleton," he shouted, "shoot that damn mule."

Colonel Middleton shouted back: "Do you think it's wise, sir?"

The General shouted: "Dammit, Middleton, you trying to stop the damn invasion too? Do what I say."

So Colonel Middleton fired three shots into the head of the mule. The men got back into the armored car and the jeep. As they started up, General Marvin said: "Take me to the mayor of this town."

The General's armored car pulled up in front of the Palazzo di Città. Lieutenant Byrd burst into Major Joppolo's office.

"General Marvin's\* downstairs and wants to see you."

When Major Joppolo reached the armored car, he realized that he was in pink pants and khaki shirt, when he was supposed to be in woollens.

Major Joppolo saluted. General Marvin roared: "You've been keeping me waiting one minute and 20 seconds. Dammit, do you think I have all day to wait for you?"

General Marvin remembered the cart and was apparently too angry even to notice Major Joppolo's uniform. "Dammit, Major, keep these Italian carts out of this town. Don't you let another cart come across that bridge back there into this town, you hear me?" And before Major Joppolo could salute,

## A Bell for Adano

the armored car had roared away.

With a heavy heart Major Joppolo cranked his field telephone, asked for Captain Purvis, head of the M.P.'s in Adano, and ordered him, in the name of General Marvin, to keep all carts out of Adano.

Then he asked Zito to assemble all the officials of the town.

When they entered his office, Major Joppolo said: "I have promised to tell you every important thing which the American authorities decide to do in this town. In a democracy one of the most important things is for everyone to know as much as possible about what is going on.

"The American authorities have decided that because of military necessities it will no longer be possible for mule carts to come into the streets of town. I am not happy to have to announce this decision to you. It is because of military

necessities. I am sorry. That is all."

Early next morning, Zito came up to his desk and said: "Mister Major, there are three men to see you about the carts."

The three Italians were evidently poor but respected men. They were the chosen delegates of all the cartmen to argue this thing out.

"I am Afronti Pietro, Mister Major. I desire to tell you that the two wooden wheels of my cart sing to me," old Afronti said. "I can hear the wheels singing that the Americans are men of justice. But there is no more music, Mister Major." And he sat down abruptly.

"I am Erba Carlo," said the next delegate. "I have come because you will not let my cart across the bridge. Since yesterday morning at 11 o'clock there is a great thirst in Adano. But my water cart is on the other side of the bridge."

When he had finished, the Major

### Neapolitan Story

Shortly before the evacuation of Naples, the Germans prepared to sink all the fishing boats. But in a grand gesture, they promised each boat-owner that his property would be spared on payment of a ransom. To save their means of subsistence, the fishermen dug into their family hordes, brought watches, wedding rings and crucifixes. But at the appointed hour, the Nazis sank the entire fleet and fled with their loot.

Within a few hours after the Allies entered the city, ships were waiting outside the harbor to unload desperately needed supplies. Allied salvage crews, working frantically to clear

channels, could not be spared to raise the fishing vessels. But Commodore W. A. Sullivan, the U. S. Navy Salvage Chief, had another idea. With a little instruction in salvage technique, the fishermen were taught to raise their own boats. Within a few weeks they had salvaged almost the entire fleet and were pouring tons of food into a city which the Germans had left on the verge of famine. And for the benefit of any who may some day see them and wonder, that's why so many Neapolitan fishing smacks are called *Il Comandante Sullivan*.

—JOHN K. LAGEMANN



**by John Hersey**

said: "Let the next one speak."

"Basile Giovanni is my name, Mister Major." He spoke gravely and slowly. "Mister Major, the worst of all the things about the carts is the food. There are four scenes on my cart and they are all concerned with eating. Now, all the people in these pictures are fat people, like me and my Elizabetta, because mine was a cart for food, to make other people fat and jovial."

"How can I drive my cart now, even in the country?" queried Basile. "How can I put my fat horse between the shafts, and drive around with my pictures of fat and holy people—when the people of Adano are starving?"

And then, with great craft, Basile added: "There is nothing in all the proclamations which says that the Americans came here to make people die of hunger. Why then do we have this thing of the carts?"

The Major reached for the field telephone, cranked the handle and said: "Captain Purvis, please."

"Purvis? Joppolo. By one sentence General Marvin destroyed the work of nine days in this town. No food can get into the town if the carts don't come. People will die. I'm not here to kill people. Purvis, I order you to start letting carts back into the town. I take complete responsibility for countermanding General Marvin's order . . ."

Major Joppolo hung up. He turned to the cartmen: "You may bring your carts into the town."

At the Command post of the M.P.'s, Purvis put down the telephone and said to his assistants, "That Joppolo has had the nerve to tell General Marvin *he* wants the

carts to come back into town."

"Well, I got my orders," the Captain continued. "But I'm not going to burn for this guy Joppolo. To cover ourselves, we'll make out a report saying just what happened, that General Marvin ordered us to keep the carts out, that Major Joppolo countermanded the order. You make it out, Trapani, and send it to G-one of the division."

"Yes, sir." Captain Purvis left.

Sergeant Trapani said to Corporal Chuck Schultz: "That's a hell of a note. Once you get the thing on paper, it's a sure way to ruin the Major. And he's so right about these carts anyway."

Sergeant Trapani rolled a slip of purple paper off a Fascist pad into his typewriter. He wrote:

FOR Lieutenant Colonel W. W. Norris, G-1, 49th Division.

FROM Captain N. Purvis, 123rd M. P. Company, Adano.

SUBJECT: Mule Carts, town of Adano.

1. On July 19, orders were received from General Marvin, 49th Division, to keep all mule carts out of the town of Adano. Guards were posted at bridge over Rosso River and at Cacopardo Sulphur Refinery. Order carried out.
2. On July 20, guards were removed on order of Major Victor Joppolo, Civil Affairs Officer, town of Adano, because carts were essential to town and town was in bad shape without same.

Then Sergeant Trapani said: "Schultz, listen to this, do you think this'll get the Major in trouble? I hate to see him in trouble when he's trying to do right."

Schultz said: "Well, then, why don't you let the order get lost in Captain Purvis's papers?"

"Good idea," Trapani said.

Early the next week, Giuseppe came to Major Joppolo in some embarrassment. "Boss, I'm sorry. Tina's old a man Tomasino no want a see you. He say he never been in a Palazzo di Città in a life. He hate a Fascist a crooks. He don't know you're a different. He won't a come a here."

"That's easy, Giuseppe. We'll go see him."

And so it happened that another precedent was broken in Adano. Never in the memory of anyone in the town had an official gone calling on a citizen on business.

Giuseppe led the Major down to the harbor.

When the Major appeared, Tomasino morosely said: "All right, man of authority, arrest me."

"I haven't come to arrest you, Tomasino," the Major said. "I came because I want you and the others to start fishing again."

"Why?" said the morose Tomasino. "So we can line the pockets of the authorities?"

"No, Tomasino, so that you can line the stomachs of the people of Adano. Tomasino, the Americans are different from the Fascists."

"Hah," said Tomasino. "I've heard that before. How much protection money do you want?"

Here Major Joppolo got angry. "Old fisherman," he said, "you will have to understand something. The people of Adano are hungry. They must have fish. You won't have to pay any protection money, tribute or special tax to the Americans. Do you think you could get together crews for five or six boats?"

"No protection, no tribute, no

special tax. You are making fun of me, American."

"Why in the name of God should I make fun of you?"

Tomasino stood up. "American," he said, "I begin to think you are different from the others. But it is too good. There is a trick."

"Yes, as a matter of fact there is a trick, fisherman. The trick is that we have to get permission from the Captain of the Navy who runs this port before you and the others can go fishing."

And so the Major and Tomasino went to see Lieutenant Crofts Livingston. The Lieutenant said: "What do you want, Major?"

Major Joppolo said: "I want the Navy's permission to send out six fishing boats to get fish for Adano."

Lieutenant Livingston said: "Impossible. Not a chance."

Then Major Joppolo declared: "This town is hungry. If it doesn't get something to supplement its diet, people are going to die of starvation. Are you going to let these men go out fishing, or aren't you?"

"They might hit loose mines and be blown up," Lieutenant Livingston said defensively.

"This is a war. Some people've got to get killed so others can live. Unless you give permission for these men to go out, I'm going to send a separate letter naming each person who dies of hunger in this town to your commanding officer, and in each letter I'm going to say it's your fault."

"Maybe we could work something out," the Lieutenant said.

"You're damn right we could," Major Joppolo said. "By day after tomorrow I want you to have six

**by John Hersey**

charts ready showing exactly where these boats can go and not run into our mine fields."

And before he could catch himself, Lieutenant Livingston of Kent and Yale had said to Major Joppolo of the Bowery and Tammany Hall: "Yes, sir."

THE DAY THAT Mayor Nasta came down from the hills, an angry crowd followed him, shouting its derision. Major Joppolo acted quickly to save the situation.

He held up his hand for silence and declared: "Go home, people. I will take care of this man as he deserves. He is under arrest."

"Please be generous with me," whimpered Nasta.

"Generous. For the crimes you have committed against the people of Adano, you deserve to be shot outright, without a trial. I am being more than generous. I am putting you on probation. You are to report every morning to Sergeant Borth of the American Army," answered Major Joppolo.

When Mayor Nasta reported to him, Borth said sharply: "Listen, Nasta, is it correct that you came to Adano to repent your sins?"

Mayor Nasta was white with anger, but he said: "I suppose you might say so."

"Thank you," Borth said with exaggerated politeness. "In that case you will repent one sin each morning when you report to Sergeant Borth. This morning we will discuss the sin of your disgraceful running away from your post in the face of the American invasion."

On the second morning, Sergeant Borth made Mayor Nasta repent

for the sin of having had such a big house in this poor town. And so, day after day, the repentances went. And every day the crowd outside Sergeant Borth's office in the Fascio grew, and the laughter got louder and louder.

Sergeant Borth went to Major Joppolo many days later. "Major," he said, "we've got to put Nasta away. He's been planting rumors against us. I hate to admit it, but he's done it very systematically."

Nasta was taken away to the prisoner of war cage. A short time later he escaped, but was recognized by Sergeant Borth, who escorted him back to see the Major.

Major Joppolo said: "Nasta, you are a disgrace to your people. There is goodness in them, but not in you. The world has had enough of your kind of selfishness. We'll have to send you to Africa."

One morning Tomasino the fisherman called on Major Joppolo at the Palazzo. He said: "My wife made me come here. She said that if you had lowered yourself to come see me on my boat, I could lower myself to go to you in the Palazzo. She wanted me to invite you to come to our house tonight."

Promptly at nine o'clock Major Joppolo knocked on the door at 9 Via Vittorio Emanuele.

Tina, Tomasino's daughter, said: "Mister Major, do you like it in Adano?"

Major Joppolo said: "I've never been so happy in my life."

"Where do you live in America?"

"The Bronx, Tina."

"It is beautiful for Florentines in the Bronx?"

"For my Florentine parents, I

## **A Bell for Adano**

think it is beautiful. For me, it was not always so beautiful. I always wanted a little more than we had."

"I know what it is to be restless," said Tina. "That's why my hair is blonde, I guess. I dyed it because I was not satisfied. My dark hair was my Bronx. Tell me some more about yourself."

"I went to school until I was 16. After clerking in a grocery, I was given a job as a clerk in the Department of Taxation and Finance in the city government. When there was a change in party leaders, I was thrown out. I borrowed some money from my mother-in-law and bought a grocery store."

"Later, things went badly, and I had to sell out. My next job was in the Sanitation Department. I was earning 42 dollars a week when I went into the Army."

Tina said: "I want to ask you something. How long do you think it will be before our Italian prisoners of war are released?"

"You have a sweetheart who has been captured?"

"I don't know whether he has been captured or killed or what. Can you find out for me whether he is a prisoner, Mister Major?"

"Is this why your family was cordial to me? So that I could track down your lover?" Major Joppolo stood up. "If you have business to do with me, come to my office. I will give you equal treatment with all the others."

When he got back to his own villa, Major Joppolo felt miserable. It made a man feel very unhappy to be as far from home as the Bronx, New York, is from Adano, Italy.

CAPTAIN PURVIS was in a bad humor. In due course he picked up a purple slip on his desk and said: "What's this?"

"That's the report on the mule cart situation, sir," Trapani said coolly. "I put it on your desk for approval, sir."

Captain Purvis huffed and puffed. "Well, damn it to hell, let's send it out of here. I want personally to see you put that thing in the pouch for Division."

Sergeant Trapani addressed an envelope and put the slip in it. He addressed the envelope to the wrong person at Division, but then, Captain Purvis didn't notice that.

SERGEANT TRAPANI'S having addressed the purple slip reporting the countermand order on the carts to the wrong person did not help much. The wrong person forwarded it to the right person.

The right person was Lt. Col. W. W. Norris, G-One Officer of the 49th Division. Col. Norris wrote on a corner: "Usual copies for Division files. One extra copy to be sent to Colonel Middleton marked 'For General Marvin's Information.'" And later the slip and the four copies were tossed in an outgoing basket where Norris' assistant, Lieutenant Butters, discovered them.

"The Major was right," the Lieutenant said to the Technical Sergeant. "Here, you file these others, I'll take care of the Information copy. I'll put it in the courier pouch for Algiers. You know how much stuff we've been losing on that run. Maybe—"

The Technical Sergeant smiled

**by John Hersey**

and said: "It might get lost accidentally on purpose?"

Tina went to see the Mister Major at eight o'clock one morning. She said defiantly: "You said that if I had business with you, I should come to your office."

Major Joppolo said: "I am sorry I said that. I have been trying to find out the thing you wanted to know. I may have some good word for you on all the prisoners soon."

"Oh, Mister Major, I thank you."

Major Joppolo had not had occasion to talk with Lieutenant Livingston of the Navy since the day he politely blackmailed him into letting the fishermen go out. As he called up this time, he decided that a new tactic might be advisable.

The Kent-Yale voice said: "Livingston, Port of Adano."

Major Joppolo said: "Hello, Livingston, this is Joppolo. Say, I just called to tell you that a lot of people have told me that this whole town's grateful to you. And every mouthful of fish I take, I say a little word of thanks to the Navy for sending the fishermen out."

Lieutenant Livingston was in the bag. "As a matter of fact," he said, "we had some fish at the Navy Club last night. It was all right, too. Did you know I'd organized a little Club down here? Come on down and have a drink some time."

Major Joppolo said: "I sure will."

"OH, DEAR," said Private First Class Everett B. Banto, clerk in A.P.O. 917, in one of the annexes of the Saint George Hotel in Algiers.

"Gosh, Walter," he said to Sergeant Frank, another clerk, "but we're inefficient. This is supposed to

be addressed to someone in the 49th Division which is at the front, and it's been sent all the way to Algiers. Isn't that terrible?"

Sergeant Frank glanced at it and said: "It's about General Marvin? Throw it in the dead letter basket!"

"Oh no, I wouldn't dare." And Walter put the memorandum in the pouch to go back to the front.

MAJOR JOPPOLO showed up at the Navy Club for his drink at exactly six o'clock. Lieutenant Livingston introduced Major Joppolo to his fellow officers.

They talked for a while about the big part the U. S. Navy was playing in the whole operation.

"Navy's the only bunch that can get anything done around here," the Major said. "Don't know what I'd do without Livingston."

"That reminds me," Livingston said politely but importantly. "You said you had something on your mind this morning. Want to go in the other room?"

"Nothing hush-hush," the Major said. "Might as well tell you now."

And he told about Adano's 700-year-old bell. He made the town's need for a new bell seem something really important, and he made the bell seem a symbol of freedom in Adano. And not just any bell. He described what he thought was needed in the bell. His story was nicely told and his audience was just right. The Navy has a quick sense of tradition.

Commander Robertson stood up and said: "I think maybe I can get just the kind of bell you want, Major. There's a ship, a destroyer—she's named for an Italian-



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American, the U.S.S. *Corelli*. Well, all destroyers have ship's bells. The sound of my ship's bell means the whole ship to me. I think a ship's bell eventually could get to be that way for a town."

Commander Robertson went on: "There's a reason why the *Corelli's* in on this invasion. The guy it was named for did something in the last war over here in the Mediterranean. There's a good tie-in there, Major."

Lieutenant Livingston said: "Do you think we could get the *Corelli* to give up her bell?"

Commander Robertson said: "The good thing is that Toot Dowling, who has the *Corelli*, was in my class at the Academy. Hell, I'm sure I could persuade him. The *Corelli's* putting in day after tomorrow just up the line. Major, I think we'll get you your bell."

Major Joppolo stood up. "Gee," he said, "I didn't expect action like this. I don't know how to thank you." He left quite abruptly.

Commander Robertson said: "If that chap thinks the Navy is efficient, he's really going to get a surprise this time."

The idea of a party for, Major Joppolo grew up in a peculiar way. It came up partly because of real affection for the Major. But it was also partly because Captain Purvis was eager for some social diversion.

Giuseppe stopped in to see Captain Purvis one afternoon.

"How's a thing, a Cap?" he asked. "How you like a party? How about a Major?"

"Yeah, I suppose we got to think of him. You know what I think we ought to do? I think that we

ought to throw a party for him."

Giuseppe said: "How many you want, a Cap?"

"Oh, I don't know, you can decide. I'll put up whatever dough you need. We could have it down at the villa where my men stay."

Two or three days later, Major Joppolo got a card, on which was written: A COMMITTEE OF THE PEOPLE OF ADANO REQUEST THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY AT A PARTY IN HONOR OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE MISTER MAJOR VICTOR JOPOLO ON FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 29TH, AT VILLA ROSSA, 71 VIA UMBERTO THE FIRST, AT 8:30 P.M.

THE MORNING the prisoners were released the sun was bright and Adano looked its best. The war aim of most men is to go home. And so these Italian boys were incredibly happy as they walked up the street. The men sang and shouted: "Coming home! Coming home!"

The women all ran back to the sidewalk in front of the Palazzo and watched with their hands at their throats. The men saw the women standing there. Their happiness was terrifying; they walked slowly toward their women.

One of the women in the crowd was Tina. Major Joppolo was in the street. He wanted to be there to savor the happiness in Adano.

The two crowds mingled. It was a crazy sight at first. You could begin to see the ones who were not going to find their men at all. The faces of these women went paler and finally they began to cry silently.

Major Joppolo happened to be standing close beside Tina when she found out. A young man stood

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before Tina and shook his head. Tina knew.

Major Joppolo stepped forward and consoled Tina. His sympathy seemed to help her.

GENERAL MARVIN believed in what he called "keeping in touch." When the courier pouches arrived from Algiers, a Lieutenant read him various things from the pouch.

Lieutenant Byrd picked up one of the memoranda and read: "On July 19, orders were received from General Marvin, 49th Division, to keep all mule carts out of the town of Adano. Guards were posted at the bridge. Order carried out . . ."

He droned on: "On July 20, guards were removed on order of Major—"

Lieutenant Byrd suddenly realized what he was reading. He put the memorandum down.

But the General roared: "Finish it, dammit, finish it."

The Lieutenant read: "—were removed on order of Major Victor Joppolo, Civil Affairs Officer."

"Joppolo," shouted the General, "Come here, Middleton. Remember the name of Joppolo?"

Colonel Middleton said, with a tired face: "Yes, sir. The carts."

General Marvin bellowed: "I just remembered something. Joppolo was out of uniform that day. You remember? He had on pinks and a khaki shirt."

Lieutenant Byrd said: "I: goes on to say here, sir: 'carts were essential to town and town was in bad shape without same.'"

The General stood up. "Dammit," he said. "I've had enough of that Joppolo. Middleton, make out

an order recalling that Italian wop from that town. Order him to report back to Algiers for reassignment. Get it off today. None of your damn delays."

"Yes sir," the tired voice said.

THE DAY of the party came, and many things happened. At about 9:30 in the morning, a U.S. Navy truck pulled up in front of the Palazzo. A Chief Petty Officer and five men unloaded a crate from it onto the sidewalk, and the Chief went inside and delivered a note for Major Victor Joppolo.

Major Joppolo opened the note and read:

*"Dear Major:*

*"The U. S. Navy is delighted to be able to do the U. S. Army a favor. Here is your bell . . ."*

The Major shouted: "They have brought us our bell!"

He telephoned the Engineers and arranged to have the bell raised at 11:30 a.m. that day. Next, he called up Lieutenant Livingston and thanked him for his part in getting the bell.

Then the Major picked up the note and finished it:

"Toot Dowling said the full name was Vincent Corelli and he had a destroyer in the last war. Corelli was on escort duty in the North Atlantic, and an Italian freighter got in a hell of a storm and broke down. Corelli left his station with a convoy and took off all the Italians with breeches buoy. It was very dangerous to close with the freighter in that kind of a storm. That was on November 12, 1917, Toot says.

"Yours for collaboration between the services,  
"Rock Robertson (Lt. Comdr., USN)."

## A Bell for Adano

At a few minutes past one o'clock, Major Joppolo went home to his villa to take a nap. He also wanted to think a little about his speech about the bell. He would say a few words about Corelli and what he had done for Italians in the last war, and then the meaning today of the inscription on the bell, *America ed Italia*, America and Italy, and then perhaps something about the Americans' Liberty Bell. He would tell the people of Adano about the inscription on that bell, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

Words came to him which were beautiful and about what he, Victor Joppolo, wanted for the people who resided in Adano.

At about two o'clock the courier came by motorcycle from Vicinamare. Sergeant Borth went across to the Palazzo and up to Major Joppolo's office to see what was in the pouch.

In time he came on a paper addressed to Major Joppolo. He read it:

"1. You are authorized to proceed by first available transportation to A.F.H.Q., Algiers, via port of Vicinamare.

2. Reassignment of station will be made by A.F.H.Q.

3. Reason for this order is that reference (1) did wilfully and without consultation countermand orders issued by General Marvin, 49th Division, re-entry of mule carts into town of Adano."

And the order was signed by General Marvin.

Sergeant Borth put the order in his pocket and resolved not to say anything about it to the Major

until after the party that night.

The Major got back to his office at about a quarter to four. A group of officials came in. Then the usher brought in a portrait of the Major.

When the Major saw it, he stood up in delight.

Then Gargano said: "You can see in the picture that that man wishes each person in the town of Adano should be happy. That is a very big thing in a face."

Old Bellanca said: "Lojacono has painted a good picture. We wanted you to have it."

"Thank you," Major Joppolo said. It was all the Major was able to say.

The party started out to be a success from everyone's point of view. The people of the town were immensely happy: they had not had such a time for years. Giuseppe, the organizer, basked in constant congratulation.

And Major Joppolo confided to a group of townspeople of Adano. "Of all the happy days I've had in Adano, this has been—and still is—the nicest."

As the Major chatted happily, Giuseppe met him, wringing his hands. "Mister Major, Fat Craxi and your Sergeant, they are misbehaving. I can't do anything with either of them."

The Major went off with Giuseppe to find Craxi and Borth. They were in the library.

Major Joppolo said sharply: "Borth, behave yourself."

The other men tiptoed out of the room. "Sergeant Borth, behave yourself or go home," the Major said, with obvious emphasis on the word Sergeant.

**by John Hersey**

Borth was drunk because of the Major. He had never been drunk in uniform before. He said thickly: "You can't boss me around. You have no 'thority to boss me. Joppolo, you're fired: You been relieved. You're nobody round here." And Borth began to cry.

"Borth, I don't know what you're talking about, but I—"

Borth reached in his pocket and said: "Here, read that."

"Where did you get this?" the Major asked.

Borth was crying again. "Your desk. I wanted to keep you from seeing it until after the party."

The Major walked out of the room. Victor Joppolo put up a beautiful front for the rest of that eventful evening.

It was in the middle of the morning before Major Joppolo could get his papers straightened up and his last-minute directions given. The Major called the motor pool and asked for a jeep to transport him to Vicinamare.

Then he told Borth: "I don't want to say goodbye to anyone. I don't know whether I could. Borth, try to help whoever takes my place to try to do a good job in Adano."

Borth said: "Adano needs you."

The Major said: "Too late to talk about that. I wonder how General Marvin ever found out about the carts."

Borth suspected Captain Purvis, but he said: "One of his staff must have driven through or something."

The Major said: "Yes, I guess so."

The jeep came. Major Joppolo went downstairs and got in.

The driver said: "Where to, Major?"

The Major did not want to say Vicinamare so that Fatta or anyone else could hear it. Perhaps he could not say it. Anyhow, he just said: "This way," and he pointed out the Corso Vittorio Emanuele.

About four miles outside the town the Major said to the driver:

"Listen, do you hear something?"

It was a fine sound on the summer air. The tone was good and it must have been loud to hear it as far as this.

"Just a bell," the driver said. "Must be 11 o'clock."

"Yes," the Major said. He looked over the hills across the sea, and the day was as clear as the sound of the bell itself, but the Major could not see or think very clearly.

"Yes," he said, "11 o'clock."

***Coronet Is on the Air!***

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**May  
Round Table  
Roundup**

Young folk especially took sharp issue with Dr. Artur Rodzinski's contention that "Jive is a Cause of Delinquency." Seventy per cent of the letters that poured in from indignant young jazz fans and their parents and teachers, believed that jive was a good safety valve for the exuberant and restless spirits of the young, a healthy outlet for nervous energy and a means for keeping youngsters out of mischief—provided the "jive sessions took place in respectable surroundings." The real blame for delinquency, they contended, lay with "delinquent and

neglectful parents," broken homes, and the general insecurity of a world at war. Jive's defenders also stoutly proclaimed that "jazz is as truly American folk music as *Turkey in the Straw*," and members of an older generation recalled that it had its counterpart for Sinatra and jitterbugging in Valentino and the 'bunny-hug.

The 30 per cent who backed up Dr. Rodzinski, contended just as stoutly that jazz is "a nervous stimulus, releasing inhibitions . . . a contributor to emotional instability . . . an index of degenerate taste . . . mass hysteria, exhibitionism and neurosis."

**WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR MAY**

For the best answers to "Is Jive a Cause of Delinquency?", first prize of \$100 has been awarded to Cpl. John Upcraft of Biggs Field, Texas; second prize of \$50 to Yeoman Billy Reed of Jacksonville, Fla.; third prize of \$25 to Bonnie Addleman of Vancouver, Wash.; and prizes of \$5 each to Ned L. Adair, Marquette, Mich.; Mrs. Mattie Hussey, Tucson, Ariz.; Walter Locke, Cleveland, Ohio; George Mair, Van Nuys, Cal.; and Pfc. W. B. Hanford Jr., Camp Howze, Texas.

**Winners of Coronet's \$1,000 Prize Contest**

Cash awards of \$500.00 each have been awarded the following contestants for their letters commenting on the article "Dear Mr. Striker" which appeared in the March Coronet.

The award for the best letter in agreement with Seaman Kenneth Walsh goes to Mrs. James O. C. Bean of Los Angeles, California. The award for the best letter taking exception to his comments goes to Lt. Ray Owen of Palacios, Texas.

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## *The Coronet Round Table*

### ***Are the Comics Harmful Reading for Children?***

*An opinion by Milton Caniff, originator  
of the comic strip "Terry and the Pirates"*

THE comic strip of today is a widely assorted picture of contemporary Americana that is rivalled only by the motion picture as an educational medium. This fact is being recognized by educators, intellectuals and the armed services alike. Children and adults will invariably pass up a written treatise in favor of a continued set of pictures which bear the same message more colorfully and dramatically.

The moral impact exerted during another generation by the Merri-



wells, Horatio Alger and company, is being carried on in far greater scope by comic strips. True, villainy and wrong-doing are daily exposed to the juvenile's gaze, but the powers of good, though often strained to the utmost, never fail to win out over evil.

Good taste has become of paramount importance in the presentation of this general theme, with the result that, rather than being harmful to children, the comic strip has reached a new high as a continuously good influence.

#### ***200 Dollars for the Best Responses to this Query!***

Eighteen million comic magazines are sold monthly on American newsstands and millions of children today are being raised on a literary diet of comics. Educators and psychiatrists have posed these questions among others: Do comics stunt the reading ability of children, kill their appreciation for good literature, give them bad dreams, imbue them with doubtful morals? Milton Caniff thinks not, but what is your reaction to the question? For the best answer of 200 words or less, Coronet will pay \$100. For the second best, \$50. Third best will net \$25 and the five next best, \$5 each. August 25th is the deadline. Letters should be addressed to Coronet Round Table, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



**Ezequiel Padilla** (p. 101) **Vice Adm. R. T. McIntire** (p. 55)



**Quentin Reynolds** (p. 151)

**John Hersey** (p. 161)

### *Between These Covers*

- • • Mexican Foreign Minister Ezequiel Padilla is the brilliant orator who helped spark Latin America into the Allied camp . . . Surgeon General of the United States Navy, Vice Admiral Ross T. McIntire has been President Roosevelt's personal physician for more than a decade . . . Quentin Reynolds, top ranking journalist, reveals anew his uncanny ability to be invariably in the places where history is made and the fighting is hottest . . . Born in Tientsin in 1914 and educated both here and there, correspondent John Hersey wrote *A Bell for Adano* after accompanying our invasion forces to Sicily.

